PAUL JONES;

A ROMANCE.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM,

AUTHOR OF

"SIR MARMADUKE MAXWELL," "TRADITIONAL TALES," &c.

Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand, can always hit:
For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, we're steer'd by Fate,
Which in success oft disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.

BUTLER.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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PAUL JONES.

CHAPTER I.

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,
  And from the shores of Erin,
Across the wave, a rover brave
  To Binnorie is steering:

Right onward to the Scottish strand
  The gallant ship is borne,
The warriors leap upon the land,
  And, hark! the leader of the band
Hath blown his buglehorn.

WORDSWORTH.

AUTUMN had died into winter, winter had quickened into Spring, and Spring was nigh gone, as Lord Dalveen stood one evening on his castle-top enjoying the freshness of the sea-breeze and the beauty of the night; there were many stars in the sky, and many pleasant sounds on the earth. His cousin, Lady Phemie, was with him; indeed, he had found her there, sitting looking on the Solway, and he now stood by her side, and, said,—"The night-dew is beautiful on a lily; it freshens up its bloom and renovates its loveliness; but it is far too cool for the roses of a lady, my pretty Phemie, and some of yours have begun to fade of late. But that is much owing to the settled and anxious looks which, evening after evening, you cast on the sea. The air of the salt water has nipt all the trees which I

planted along the side of the merse,—it will do the same to you, my thoughtful cousin, if you continue to give it so much of your presence."

"I thank you, Lord Thomas," said Lady Phemie; "and in return for your kindness you shall profit by my wisdom. I have extracted an admirable lesson from that sea now glimmering before us. With a mighty stir, and putting itself into a foam, it has succeeded in filling all that wide expanse up to the grass with its waters. In a little while it will be brimful,—and the waves will then rush back into the ocean, with a sound and a din as if some notable deed had been done. And what will it have done?—borne a cockle-shell of a boat on its bosom. Yet this is as much as my ambitious cousin has made of his manhood,—he has swelled, he has swaggered, he has sworn,—and, to use the language of an old dame who desired to praise him, he has been haughty with the humble, and humble with the haughty, and with the backward as forward as fire."

"This is what I call a regular comparison, my fair cousin," said Lord Dalveen, "and your wit must be commended for discovering the resemblance. It is one of Seth Mackie's intractable similes, and may be found in his sermon on 'Sin and seafaring men.' But, come come, I know what you are looking for; you have heard how deeply our friend Paul vowed vengeance against old Scotland, castle, tower, and town; and you expect him to come in a fishing-boat, and carry off this worm-eaten hold of ours with a fair young lady in it, who has a romantic turn, and will never love a man unless he carries her away as Eneas bore his gods from the sack of Troy."

"You are thinking, Lord Thomas," said his cousin, "on a deed which ought to give you great pain, since it robbed Scotland of two of its ornaments. In the taunt with which you seek to insult me, you have glanced at an event which I shall ever regard as a misfortune to myself, and one of your darkest acts. I told you, then, that you were losing one of your firmest friends by your conduct. I am not your enemy, but I am sorry we are of the same kindred."

"I know, my pretty cousin," answered Lord Thomas, "that you are fond of giving good advice,—that you have great dependence on your own judgment,—and I feel, that you like a man all the better who puts himself in a situation which calls forth Lady Phemie Dalzell's sage remarks and wholesome counsel. I confess readily, that, in order to gratify you, I have sometimes done little light things,—thrown a speck or two on the white robe of purity to see how prettily you would clean it. You know not with what awe and joy I see you sit in judgment with a grave brow, and that pretty mouth delivering a delicate and elaborate opinion upon human frailty."

"It suits you well, Lord Thomas, never to be serious," said the young Lady, "and I believe your conduct sits as lightly on your conscience as it sits upon your tongue. But, if you can be serious and sincere for once, will you tell me what has become of Maud Paul? I will save you the confession of having caused her to be carried off, and a description of the scene of violence which ensued. Suppose her on the Solway—"

"Suppose her on the Solway, then, my pretty cousin," said Lord Dalveen, "and suppose her seated on the prow of the ship, while the green waves below and the rude mariners above both marvelled at her beauty. Then you must know, that Captain Corbie, for so was the gallant called with whose wings she flew away, grew desperately in love with her,—the same misfortune befell the first mate,—the second mate became infected,—the whole crew took the fever, and there was a general letting of blood by way of cure. Now I know your belief is ample, and I am about to draw largely upon that virtue. In the middle of this quarrel there came up two dolphins abreast, with a mermaid seated on their backs. Maud Paul, whose taste was ever of a marine nature, was struck with the romance of the thing, and seating herself on a spare dolphin, accompanied her new acquaintance. I see you are sceptical,—well but believe this. When Capatin Corbie concluded peace with his crew, and the young lady was declared to be a prize which it was lawful to share, she was no

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where to be found. There is one thing certain, my fair Phemie, that Corbie shall seek her in the bottom of the sea whenever it is my fortune to find him."

"Alas! alas!" said Lady Phemie, "and is it in this tone of levity you tell me that one so innocent and so fair preferred death to dishonour, and drowned herself rather than endure the horrors to which your villany exposed her?—But I knew her heroic nature,—my Lord, there are crimes which God and man unite in punishing, and you have committed them."

"Think not so hardly of me, Phemie," said Lord Thomas. "I told you before, that I sometimes erred purposely to give you the pleasure of counselling me. Now I have told you a maritime legend concerning Maud, because you love the marvellous, and must acknowledge, that you have a kind of marine anxiety upon you which it is my duty to gratify. I can tell you a far prettier story about her than that, and equally marvellous; but you are an unbeliever. Her brother Paul has a very pretty taste for poetry; and, unless his turn for cutting of throats acquires the mastery, he will be able to sing us some fine naval ballads, while our ships are sinking in the bay, and our houses blazing about our ears."

"You talk of Paul as if his anger were a light matter," replied Lady Phemie. "The just anger of a determined mind is to be dreaded; and goaded, and injured, and insulted as he has been, we must think of him as an enemy, and prepare to meet him with anger on his brow and arms in his hands. The unnatural war, which our island wages at present with its colonies, will arm all heroic and intrepid spirits against it,—and the new doctrine of citizenship will bring a crusade against rank and property which will shake Europe."

"O! then," said Lord Thomas, "you believe in some of the changeful rumours of these idle times. Indeed, madam Rumour gives us a large choice of events, and each may pick a fate for Paul according to his fancy. Those who are fond of melancholy things,—and, I confess, man's belief is ever ready for the tragic,—have only to recall a winter storm to mind,—the wind, the

hail, and the snow,—picture a heavy sea and a frail ship,—a starless night and a stony shore, and the thing's done at once. Down goes the ship,—some shepherd hears a shriek, and next morning counts seven score bodies on the beach—all bonnie corses,—tall young men,—as gallant sailors as ever sailed the sea."

"And those," said Lady Phemie, "who think he merits better fortune, may find a place of peace and honour for him, far from the insults and machinations which combined against him in his native land. Some pleasant spot, in some sunny isle, where oppression is not found, which deceit has yet failed to find; and where he may abide quiet and happy among fruits and flowers, and all the sweets which are showered so abundantly over the isles which he took so much pleasure in describing."

"Indeed, then, my cousin, you know nothing of Paul if you believe his ardent and fiery spirit can find repose under cabbage-trees, groves of pines, and ranks of sugar-canes. He never spoke of those sweets but as things purchasable by his sword rather than by his sweat. No, no, he can write verses, and he believes he could revive the primitive simplicity of old Arcadia, and carve your name on the trees, and plait garlands, and do ten thousand other fooleries. Yet not one of them could he do for ten hours at a time. Paul was born in a thunder-storm, and the tempest and the tumult are his native elements. Give him a bark with twenty brass cannon,—put him at the head of a lawless banditti,—and set his foes before him, and then you see your hero in character. He cannot play the pastoral shepherd, Lady Phemie, except in verse,—and pastoral verse is no such mighty matter,—the rhymes are all ready, and the crooks and the brooks, and the trees and the bees, and the loves and the doves, at hand. I could rhyme to you myself three hours, by Seth Mackie's sand-glass, and that's the length of his sermon. I assure you I am a very pretty poet, as the critics say, with a very chaste and classic fancy,—and I can see now that your eyes would sparkle divinely in song. You have, as it were, a kind of lyric look, and your

beauties ought to be done into verse and sung to a pastoral air. Sit silent a moment and let me try my hand."

"Have done, Lord Thomas," said the young lady; "I have a wish to be serious. The various rumours concerning this young man disturb me greatly, since the house of Dalveen has, by its persecution, influenced his fate whether of good or evil. Old Lorimer, the wandering merchant, was here this morning, and the rumour which he tells, as he deals out laces, snoods, and ribbons, is, that Paul had allied himself with the wild pirates of the West Indies, had become their chief leader, laid many towns in ashes, several islands under contribution, and attaked indiscriminately friend and foe. One or two armed ships had been taken which engaged him, and he was dreaded and admired from leeward to windward."

"My tale is as pretty as thine, my fair Lady," said Lord Thomas, "and far more likely to be true. But look not on me so very, very anxiously,—put not so much heart and soul into your glances, or by my faith, I shall not be able to tell you. There, turn your head aside,—now for it, Lady Phemie. Paul has not joined the pirates,—Paul has not taken to a hermitage in a lonesome isle,—Paul is not sunk in seventeen fathom of water,—but Paul has—there now, these dark eyes can mar the wisest tale——"

"I can help your Lordship out with it," said the Lady gravely. "Paul has united himself with our brethren of America,—he has raised the banner of the stripes and stars, and is leading against his native land many a fierce and warlike spirit,—he will be here soon, and wo to those who oppressed him,—wo to those who drove from Scotland one of her bravest sons,—and, but for this treason, one of her best."

Part of this conversation reached the ear of Airngray, who now appeared on the tower-top, and having whispered something in the ear of Lord Thomas, spoke out to both with the liberty of a domestic who knew many family-secrets, and was too important a personage, in his own eyes, to dread the pride of others.

"I was owre the moor," said he, "at Charlie Lagengird the cooper's, and there I forgathered with Davie Bell of Whauphouse; and Davie, in his turn, had met with auld Allan Peevers the piper frae the isle of Man, and Allan told Davie, and Davie told me, that John Paul had changed both his coat and his name at one and the same time. His coat was nae langer of hamely hodan gray, and his name was nae langer plain Jock Paul. Lord, what will this world turn to!—I could have forgiven him for the change of the coat,—but to change the good auld-fausoned name into mongrel Welsh. But I'll warrant he'll no be a bit wiser under the name of Paul Jones than he was below the other. I ance put on Seth Mackie's hat and coat with the hope of being able to preach,—and the moment I opened my lips out leaped an oath, as I'm an unforgiven sinner."

"And have you heard," said Lord Thomas, "how Paul Jones, since that must be the name, has sailed for the Scottish coast, with many a bold traitor by his side, for the purpose of burning our towns, and of slaying those who seek to sloken them?"

"Ay, that have I, my Lord Thomas," said the menial. "This has been a quiet and orderly country since he fled away. Where think ye Edgar Wright the smuggler is flown to?—where but to his auld comrade and bosom-mate, Paul Jones. What's become of Wattie Beattie, ane wha never lifted his hand but for mischief, and who never opened his lips but out flew a lie?—where is he but rocking and rowing in the Ranger with his douce cronie Paul Jones,—he may lie as fast as he likes there; there's nae Sunday in seven fathom of water, and ye canna commit sin south o' the line. And aboon a', where's Robin Macgubb,—a robber by land and a pirate by sea,—ane wha never would serve under mortal man,—ane wha was his own god, and made all men, frae Ruthwell to the Roons, kneel and knuckle?—whare is he, but, hand and glove, with our ain Johnie Paul. God, an we have nae fun afore the midsummer bud's blown, make me an elder of the parish and banish brandy frae parsons' feasts and cummers' caudles."

"It is even as you say, Airngray," said Lord Thomas; "these, and many a district-worthy, have joined themselves with that intractable traitor Paul,—a fellow whom fortune has kicked into notice for a moment."—"Ay, my Lord," said the menial, "when the pot boils o'er, the scum falls into the fire first. I would like now, aboon a' blessings, that he would land here, with his tawny Americans, and light a spunk in the land. It's lang since I tried a shot out of my lang Queen Anne, and it's langer since I shot at a mark so broad as a man's bosom. The French never came to give me a day's shooting; and when the gentlemen of the star and the stripe come, I maun ca' cannie—take my time—a pleasant deed's aye o'er soon done."

As Airngray left the castle-top the night began to thicken around,—the stars glimmered dimmer and dimmer; cloud after cloud crept silently up from the Solway, till the whole air was filled with a white and misty vapour, which covered sea and shore like a shroud. Lord Thomas and Lady Phemie looked on in silence,—they saw the tide sparkling and widening, and they heard it chafing among the caverns and the cliffs,—they saw sloop succeeding sloop gliding half visibly along amid the wreaths of mist, and now and then, as the silvery vapour was wafted off them, they saw for a moment the faces of the anxious mariners who were seeking their way among the dangerous banks which shut up to all, but skilful men, the mouth of the river Nith.

"I protest to thee, fair Phemie," said Lord Dalveen, "that I love thy scolding or thy counsel,—they are the same thing,—much better than I like this silence. Let us talk of something. See, yonder is a ship half hid, half seen among the mist, it comes moving across the bay from Cumberland,—the moon has just raised its edge over the hill, that it may glance on its white sail. You see I have an eye, my sweet Phemie, for the picturesque, and can see a ship by moonlight.—And, stay, stay, this is no dirty dealer in coals and tar-oil, an armed ship by the moon and stars!—a creature with mischief under her wings by Saint Saltpetre! What, in the name of idleness, can one of his majesty's vessels lack here! See

how like a wild swan it comes breasting the waters. There now, thanks to the Carlisle moon, it stands as clear as if the Solway were a lake of looking-glasses. A sloop of war of twenty guns in our little herring-pond!—I take off my bonnet and bow to thee, moon, for this is one of thy wise freaks."

The armed sloop which attracted the eye of Lord Thomas had now reached the middle of the bay; her cannon glanced in the moon, and the armed men on her deck seemed numerous compared to the vessel which contained them. So much had this unusual sight employed Lady Phemie and her cousin, that they had failed to observe another ship of seemingly the same size, which under a press of sail, and aided by a gentle wind, came up the bosom of the frith as swift as the sea-eagle, which roused by the glittering of arms from one of the distant cliffs, joined the sloop of war on its way, and hovered over it as if it smelt out carnage.

Lady Phemie on beholding this rose suddenly up, and said,—"O war, destruction, and death, have found out our quiet bay, and the cormorants of Colvend will be gorged to-morrow by sunrise! It is a beautiful image of heroism which is presented to the eye in the account which history gives of the single combats between ships at sea. Ah! little did I think that I was doomed to be judge of the truth of historical description. These ships my heart tells me are enemies. Wo to the mothers who have sons on board! Wo to the sisters who have brothers!—and wo, wo to the maidens whose lovers are there! The sharp boarding-pike and the cannon-ball will make fearful havock with the image of God. What are these ships about to do, Lord Thomas?"

"Why, my pretty Phemie," said the young nobleman, "it is no easy thing to say exactly what they are about to do; I believe with your fears,—they are come into this quiet place like two birds of prey, to rend each other without dread of interruption. Yon ship which comes so gallantly up the middle of the bay we shall presume is British. I know our national make in naval matters. I see now her colours display-

ed,—see, she makes a signal,—now she fires a gun,—the signal is not answered,—her rival moves steadily down to meet her,—there will be a salutation from the hot cannon's mouth, Phemie, my pretty cousin, and as a ball may glance landward, let me lead thee down to a safer place, and I shall return and see out the battle, and give thee a most clear and glowing description, denuded of all bearings and soundings, and names of ropes and timbers,—a plain matter-of-fact communication concerning limbs lopt off and blood spilt."

Lady Phemie trembled from head to foot, but it was not from fear. "You advise well, Lord Thomas," she answered, "but I cannot obey you. Here I shall abide and see the issue of this meeting. I know the manly mind of Franklin and the sedate spirit of Washington are seeking to establish a democratic empire in the new world. France has promised her aid, and now behold the first fruits of this family quarrel. The fleur-de-luce unites with the stars and stripes, and on every mainland and in every isle will the fires of war be kindled,—such I know is the resolution of the American leaders,— and the heads and hands to which this mandate is intrusted are too subtle and too daring not to attempt the enterprise."

"A very pretty exposé of the measures and machinations of our enemies, Lady Phemie," said her cousin, "and so you think that the ships we see before us are come here for an hour's mischief with each other? And, by the soul of my ancestors, your surmise is just,—they are preparing for battle. Now for the torn plank, the shattered sail, the broken mast, and the mangled corse."

As Lord Dalveen spoke, the ships approached close to one another; a single shot was fired from each,—the balls were heard dipping in the waters in different directions, and then succeeded a close and incessant cannonade, which made the hills and the shores re-echo. The thick smoke and the mist mingled, ascended high and rolled heavily along, while in the midst the flashes were seen and the shots were heard frequent and fast.

"I have seen sea-fights," said Lord Dalveen, gazing

calmly on the scene before him, "and there are marks by which the modes of the maritime warfare of all nations are known. Your Frenchman fires gaily for a little space, but his soul of endurance by land forsakes him by sea. Your Dutchman fires slowly and constantly, but his veins seem to be filled out of the sluggish dykes of his native land, rather than with the blood which animated Van Tromp or De Ruyter. Your Spaniard is a sedate homicide,—he invokes one saint while he loads a gun,—he fires it without aim under the patronage of another, and he thinks it is doing too much honour to a heretic to fight in the ancient grave heroism of his character. Now this little Solway battle is fought on different principles; for mark you not that quick successive rattle?—there is none of the peculiarities such as I have noticed about it; you would think, so rapid is the discharge, that the guns are loaded by demons. Well, my fair cousin, what think you of our little lonely Solway now?—our herring-pond may vaunt with the best,—we have got a battle of our own, to vary the monotony of human life, and make time glide more gladsomely away."

"And it is that," said Lady Phemie, "which makes this sight so painful to me. You see no difference in their valour, for they are manned by brave hands, and, alas! by British hearts. This is a discord between two bosom-bones. The proud son and the prouder parent have lifted their hands against each other, and the victor is doomed to mourn as deeply as the vanquished. I am glad that the smoke and the mist have shrouded up this unnatural combat. Will it last long, Lord Thomas? —the sound is terrible in my ears. I am no heroine,— feel how the smell of sulphur chokes the sweet air, and hear how the balls rattle among the rocks."

"I have known a sea-fight last," said the young nobleman, "for the half of a summer day; and, considering how awkwardly men cut one another's throats by night, I shall think the victor, whoever he may be, a very adroit fellow, if he finishes his work cleverly before dawn of day. It is an unfortunate thing that all

this has happened in darkness. How well it would have looked in the day time, when every bullet finds its right billet, and you can see at every tack of the ship the havock which has been made! Yet, I own, these flashes, so thick and fast, suit my fancy somewhat,—it is as well perhaps as it is."

Lady Phemie turned away, and leaning over the battlement, gazed anxiously and long. The battle still continued with unabated fury. The cannon flashed in rapid succession, and the glancing light of musquetry glimmered far and near on the waters. She beheld hill-top and rock crowded with anxious people; while others, more venturous, leaped into the fishermen's boats and moved towards the place of strife, eager to find name and nation for the hostile ships. Nor was this a safe experiment; the smoke and mist indeed covered them from observation, but many balls, missing their aim as the ships moved, went scudding along the top of the waves; a boat was sunk by one of these random shots; and even the trees of Dalveen grove bore token for many a year of the fury of the battle.

The cannonade had continued a full hour, when it ceased all at once; a dash and a cry were heard,—the smoke was lifted up from the sea,—the moon gleamed suddenly out on the waters,—one ship alone was to be seen. The curl on the tide, the whirling foam yet unsubsided, a hand stretched out for help, and a head held up to utter a cry, were all that remained to tell the fate of a fair ship and her gallant crew. The victor stayed for a moment—trimmed her disordered sails—cleansed her crimsoned decks—gave to the waves several bodies—then crowded all her canvass, and sailed unmolested away.

The wind and tide wafted slowly towards shore the wreck of battle; the waves were white with splinters and with fragments of sails; and as each successive dash of the tide conveyed the relics of the fight to the shore, the peasantry uttered a cry of surprise or sorrow, and word flew from mouth to mouth describing what they had found.

"Here's a capital wine-cask," cried one, "with a

couple of shot holes through it, which have spilt its heart's-blood in the sea. I'll warrant the ship that's sunk is a French ane. Mounsier never fights without wine on the water; he has o'er meikle water for his wine now, poor devil; but he had nae business to come and get himself shot or drowned here."

"Hilloah!" cried another, "here's a beef-tub—fiegh! how it smells of rotten junk and filthy brine. Now I'll warrant the ship that's sunk is an English ane. Johnie, when he gaes to sea for a week, victuals himself for a month. He shuts up his soul in a pickling-tub, and bungs up his heart in a gin-cask; and till he opens them both, he's as sapless as a December twig. It's an English ship that's sunk, sae my sorrow is the less."

"Sorrow!" cried an old woman, tottering over a staff with age, "sorrow indeed; the southron's our born enemies; have they not stolen away our parliament, and carried off our king, and shot our hearty highlandmen?—I could see them skin and birn fluttering in the Solway foam, and no hold out the crook o' my crutch to save them. But what's this?" she said, with an altered tone, picking, at the same moment, a hat from the tide; "ah! sirs, here's the fruit of human folly—a hat half cloven with a sword, and a lock of yellow hair sticking in the gash. The head on which this gowden lock hung was dear to some poor mother's heart, and here her darling lies deep in the Solway. I can look nae langer—the gowden locks which I loved, the last time I saw them they were on the Scottish gate o' cruel Carlisle; I can look nae mair; I think my auld een are aye dimmer after looking on gowden tresses, and nae marvel,"—she went slowly away, nor for once glanced behind her.

Lady Phemie had followed with her eye the victorious ship till it sailed out of sight; she then looked on the sea-shore, which, for half a mile or more southward from the Mermaid-bay, was bare and unsheltered by rock or tree. She observed the remains of a mast floating in the tide, and a dark figure clinging to it; she looked anxiously, and thought once or twice that she saw it moving; she heard an exclamation of mingled

sorrow and joy bursting at once from the people; they rushed into the water, and in a moment she beheld them bearing towards the shore the body of a man; she could see, too, by the care they took, that life still remained. She flew down the stair—gave a hasty order to her domestics—and soon, pale and breathless, stood beside the body, now laid on the grassy bank. The peasants fell back, except one or two who were chafing the temples, and permitted the young lady to look on the form before her.

Lady Phemie gazed in his face, and the colour which before had left her cheek, at once returned with a sudden glow. The mariner murmured something about "colours," and "go to the bottom first;" and, turning on his side, and opening his eyes, sprung suddenly up, exclaiming—"Fire on—fire on, while two planks stick together! Would you strike the colours of old England to a stripe and a star?"—He sunk on the grass, and, gazing round him for half a minute's space, sat silent, like one revolving past events in his mind. The people crowded eagerly around, and conversed in whispers—respecting, even in that moment of sorrow and dismay, the misery of one vanquished in battle, and saved, and scarcely saved from a watery grave.

He was a young man in the prime, nay in the morning of life; but his sun-burned face and close-curling locks had withstood, for a dozen years, the burning climate of the west and the tempests of the north; he seemed to be but a common seaman; he was clean and coarsely clad—a silk handkerchief was knotted round his neck—a pair of heavy silver buckles were in his shoes—and a brace of pistols stuck in his girdle. His right arm was stained with blood to the shoulder—the hilt of a broken cutlass was still unrelinquished in his hand—and he that bore it looked like one likely to use a weapon well.

He glanced at the fragment of his cutlass, and at his pistols, and sitting upright, said—"It is of no use to make a moan; she's gone to the bottom, with many a good fellow with her; but she went with her colours flying and her cannon flashing, that's some comfort; so,

my good people, if you can give me a glance of your fire and a glass of your rum, why then I shall say, hale be the heart of old Scotland; and if not, why you saved my life, and I shall say hale be its heart still, though I may wish for merry old England again."

"A glass o' rum and a glance o' the fire!" cried half a dozen voices at once, "puir chield, ye shall have that, and meikle better."—But about the house in which these pleasures should be administered they did not seem so unanimous.—"Bring him into my house," said an old woman to the domestics of Lady Phemie, who, enveloping the youth in their mantles, and lifting him from the grouud, were proceeding to obey the signs of their young mistress; "bring him into my house," she said, putting herself at the head of the croud; "maun the house o' Dalveen do a' the acts of mercy that's done? My house is a hamely ane, but my bed's as saft, my fire as warm, and my table as cleanly spread, as those of the proudest of the land."

"Na, na, Nanny Halbertson," cried another ancient dame, "ye mauna just vaunt sae high when the house of Clifton's sae near. Bring the puir young creature to my fireside; I have six son's of my ain, and may weel ken what's due to the son of a fremmit body. Did I no nurse Felix Bludestane o' Belfast yule was a year, wha was wrecked when Johnie Younghusband was drowned? I found him a frozen lump no sax ells frae where we're now standing; I set him on his feet, I trow, wi' warm spoon-meat and kind nursing; and he grew so weel, that he was able in three weeks to rob my house and rin away. He took but little, puir fallow—less than he guessed I would have given him of fair free-will; sae his freedom might be weel meant—weel meant."

"There's no a proud Crake in a' Clifton," said an old man, who came suddenly out of a cottage, with spectacles on his nose, and the Crumb of Comfort in his hand, "there's no a proud Crake in Clifton shall deprive me o' doing ane lawful act of loving kindness to ane frail creature, who has suffered shipwreck on the great deep. Bring him into my house, and my daugh-

ter shall spread his couch by the fire, and my wife shall give him warm milk and rum—she drinks it for the hoast herself,—and I shall minister, amid these creature-comforts, spiritual nourishment from this blessed book."

"Hout, hout, we're a' mad thegither," said a young woman in widow's weeds; "the puir lad maun have speedy succour. My house is here; see the door's open—a warm fire's glowing on the floor. I'll make my ae son—wee Jamie Grierson—start out of his ain warm bed, and we'll just pop the poor half-drowned creature intill't. Nannie Halbertson will help me; there's no the like of her in the land for handling ailing folk; and the Crakes of Clifton will send us something nourishing. Here's the goodwife herself; she's never far frae hand when there are deeds of mercy to be done. And what am I about?—here's our ain young Lady Phemie too. It ill becomes silly bodies to speak when the like of her's before them;"—and she stept aside, and stood silent.

The domestics, who bore the young man in their arms, looked to Lady Phemie—then carried him into the widow's cottage—gave him dry clothes, a drink of warm rum and water—and obliged him to wrap himself up in blankets, and lie down on an oaken settle, which sat near the fire. While this was doing, Lady Phemie said—"Now, my good friends, you must not leave the deeds of mercy half done. There has been a fierce battle, and one ship has been sunk—enemies I hope; but whether foes or friends, God has commanded us to be kind and merciful to all; so go—go and search the coast—look into each creek, and bay, and cavern. If you find a living soul, carry him to the nearest house—if you find a dead body, bear it to the nearest barn; and O be gentle whether the breath be fled or no;—those who handle the hapless dead rudely offer an insult to the living."

All the peasantry, save three or four of the most infirm, hastened at Lady Phemie's bidding. "It's a pleasant thing," said one fair-haired and handsome young man, "to be desired to do a deed of kindness by such

a pair of sweet lips. I would run from Colvend to Cosincon, at the mirkest hour o' night, for ae kind glance of her ee."—"And I," said another, "would rin when she bade me, whether she gave me a glance of her eye or no—ane that could withstand the witchcraft of her tongue might weel resist the glamoor o' her ee."—"Gowks baith," said an old fisherman,—"what will a' this silly servitude of love bring ye?—I might as weel hope to haul a whale in my halve-net as either of you may hope to catch the love of sic a lofty and rosie madam. It's like gripping grampuses wi' a crooked pin and a worm.—Gowks baith--gowks baith."

"Nae such gowks as ye trow, neighbour Gaffhook," said an old woman; "love's like the tide, it maun rin its course, whether it carries a fleet on its bosom or a dirty fish-boat. And I could tell ye a tale about a certain lofty and rosie young madam giff I liked,—she looks nae sae lofty as ye may trow. There's as gude blood in the veins of my sister's son as ever ran in the veins of Jock Paul,—Paul Jones though he calls himself now, and captain nae less—it sets him weel! I have nipped his lug myself for sailing boats in the burn when I was bleaching my linen. Him a captain!—captains maun be scant when a churl's son's made ane." And, dispersing as she concluded, they proceeded along the creeks and inlets of the coast, picking up as they went the relics of the fight with which the shore was in several places bestrewn.

Lady Phemie seated herself beside the young mariner, and, having ordered refreshments from the castle, proceeded to make inquiry respecting the battle which had lately been fought in the bay. "Why, miss, it was no great battle either," said the young mariner—"it was a smart action enough, and some pretty lads got knocked on the head. If we had not got foul of the enemy's ship we would have made a sieve of their hull in a turn of the wheel,—but our time will be next—though time has done with his Majesty's sloop the Charlotte and all her pretty men—they are all in the

bottom of this little damned ducking pool of yours, Miss."

"Young man," said Lady Phemie, "who were they with whom you fought?—were they French, or were they Americans?"—"Why, Miss," replied the other, "may I be chopt into ballast if I can well tell you—it could be no regular ship of war after all I believe; for they showed no colours like Christians, and they fought better too than Turks. They hoisted a kind of pennon, with stripes upon it, and stars, and underneath that nameless rag they fought like as many devils seeking to break loose. All would not have done for them, had not their captain—if ever the devil gets a commission at sea he has it now—their captain, Miss, boarded us, and swept our decks with a brace of pistols in his belt and a cutlass in his hand,—all he struck or shot at fell—our captain and lieutenant too,—I threw myself in his way,—and I have fought where sharp strokes were plenty, and pistol-bullets were as thick as black-berries. It would not do, Miss; he came on me like a thunder-clap, and a blow on the head and a duck in the sea were what I got from him. But I'll meet him yet, Miss, I will,—for I shall know him were he one of ten thousand, and I don't always miss my blow,—I don't."

"Of what nation did he seem?" said Lady Phemie, "and did he look so unlike all other men that you would be sure to know him should you ever chance upon him at sea?"—"Nation, Miss! why, Miss, a man don't wear his nation in his face,—he don't come ready ticketed and labelled into battle; and yet the fellow must have Scotch or English blood in him. Damn me, Miss, if I can believe that the best blood of France would have fought with such fierce resolution; and as for these Americans, why they are as unlike our own home-born lads as a mast is like a marlin-spike,—the good old heroic blood grows thin and mean among their swamps and lakes. He was no American, Miss, a bold stern face and a bright black eye,—a frame that sprung to the stroke like steel and whalebone,—I think I see him and hear him now, when he leaped on board with a look like a thunder-cloud and a voice like the deep sea.

I have him in my eye, Miss, and when we meet again I shall mind the blow and the damned duck he gave me,—I shall."

"Forget them baith, my man, forget them baith; it will be safer for ye," said Dame Halbertson, else the next blow will be a waur ane, and the dook a langer ane. Sup yere drap supper, and leave spite to the Spaniards,—sup yere drap supper, and leave revenge to the wild Irishers. I ken a little about the lad that slew your men and sank your ship; if he spares you a blow when ye meet him again, that may get ye acquaint with another world. He's no the lad that leaves the stroke half done, whether of good or evil."

"So you know him, then, good dame," said the young mariner, starting up with great animation,—why, I suppose he must be some bastard brat of an Englishman, or some Scotchman who has stolen a sheep, and destroyed the hope of mutton and wool for the whole county. His name, good woman, his name?"

"There spoke," said Dame Halbertson, "the collective courtesy of a whole English county at once. A southron kens na, nor cares na, about who begat him,—ye wad think the whole land was peopled by act of parliament. And then, his scorn of poor Scotland,—a true southron thinks nae country Christian unless there's a steam rising from the soup-pan and the roast in which ye might make dippit candles. And the lad's name, said ye? who should it be but my ain auld friend, Johnie Paul, visiting us in his anger for our sending him away in wrath,"

"John Paul!" said Lady Phemie, with a faltering voice; "but I expected this. Tread on a worm and it will turn,—he who is stricken will strike again. A warm heart, a lofty mind, and courage fit for any undertaking of labour or endurance, are lost to this land for ever. But are ye sure, woman, of the truth of what ye speak,—had ye proof of eye,—had ye assurance of ear?"—"Ay, ay, my Lady Phemie, assurance sure enough. My sister's son rowed his boat amid the mist, and, saw, for several minutes, the strife atween the American ship and ours. He saw John Paul dap-

pled with blood from head to heel, and smeared with gunpowder; a sword in ae hand, and a pistol in the other, flying frae deck to deck, and crying with a voice as loud as a carronade, 'Board, board!'"

The mariner's face glowed as she spoke. "I was right then!" he exclaimed, "and my nymph of oak, my handsome Charlotte, went to the bottom by British hands after all,—that's some consolation. Damme, this Poule must be a chap of some spunk.—I'll tell ye what, Miss, he sent such a hurricane of iron against our ribs and rigging, it was a pleasure for a mariner to behold it. Here we lay, Miss, and there lay Poule,—the sea crying between us with a voice as low as a baby's,—our guns muzzle to muzzle, Miss, and the smoke and flame boiling and flashing up between us; while, with pistol and carabine, the ships glimmered from stem to stern. It was such a sight as was worthy of the centre of the Atlantic. And so his name is Poule,—here's his health—and a fair wind, a deep sea, gun for gun, and man for man to him—and may the devil have to seek the ship in the bottom of the sea that runs for't. That's what I call a kindly toast, Miss. I have no ill-will to Poule, my pretty Miss, not I, he gave me a touch with his steel and a hearty duck,—and I'm none the worse for either. I would have looked damned sulky, had Mounseer-lace-and-ruffles, or yellow Jonathan, taken the shine out of Ned Selby and his nymph of oak;—but honest Poule—he's a damned hearty cock to be a Scotchman,—here's his health again."

As the Englishman raised the cup of mingled milk and rum to his lips, Dame Halbertson began:—I'll tell ye what, Ned Selby, my bonnie man, there's twa or three wee fauts about ye that it would be wise in ye to amend. First, ye see, if ye wad learn to tell a story without swearing, it would look mair graceful;—but it's the vice of your people,—I hope ye dinna swear when ye serve yere Maker. Secondly, ye err in courtesy, for this is Lady Phemie Dalzell, the daughter of a noble race, and yet ye persist in your—— "I'll tell ye, Miss, and damme, Miss."—Though I winked, and nodded, and stamped wi' my feet. And, thirdly, ye may be a

gude sailor, but ye're a blind servant, else ye would not drink luck to auld Scotland's faes in a glass of her ain liquor."

Loud laughed the Englishman, and said,—"Me a swearer! why I'm as abstemious in the matter of oaths as any parson in broad Scotland—damme I'm always called devout Ned. And want of courtesy, dame? why I'm known by the name of gentle Selby; and, damme, if any one ever calls my pretty Miss here less than a lady, let Ned Selby see him, that's all. And as for being a blind servant, dame—that won't do. What's this man or t'other man to me, so long as I have the flag of old England flying above me, and her tough red wood of oak under my feet?—Let the enemy come, be he Frenchman, American, Spaniard, runaway Englishman, or vagabond Scot,—it's all one to Ned Selby—devout Ned—gentle Ned. He loves a brave man, here's Poule's health again. This I call right warm stuff for this cold country."

CHAPTER II.

If we look farther, what shall we behold
But every where the swelling seeds of ill,
Half-smother'd fires, and causes manifold
Of strife to come; the powerful watching still
For fresh occasion to enlarge his power,
The weak and injured waiting for their hour.

SOUTHEY.

THESE words, put by the poet into the mouth of the false prophet, illustrate the days of which I speak. America, in her woodland solitudes, drew an honest and successful sword for her liberty, and sat down happy when she attained it. France was then trembling on the eve of that convulsion which made her the example and the curse of Europe. The courage of the Americans was worthy of the cause for which they fought, and of the people from whom they sprung. But if the French fought like heroes, they ruled like slaves. Their skipping and volatile spirits found Liberty a dull and a demure dame, and so they took up with their old friend Tyranny again, leaving Liberty to the more sedate Americans, who had the sense to love her for all her English looks.

From the fight in Solway-bay, the echo of the cannon, and the bustle of the peasantry gathering from the tide the relics of the battle, I must now conduct my reader to the presence of the mother of Paul Jones, who sat at the door of a very clean and handsome cottage, with its whited walls and windows gleaming amid the pale light of the evening. Her new residence seemed more neat and commodious than her former dwelling; but the quaking morass, the bubbling springlet, the slender brook, and the swelling hills behind were there still, and told that her new house stood on the site of the old.

But this family and traditionary spot, though adorned by the kindness of Lady Phemie, and supplied by

all that could make a widowed life glide smoothly and pleasantly away by the benevolence of Lady Emeline, failed to make the widow's eye look happy and her heart feel glad. She wandered listlessly from place to place—her foot was ever restless, and her sigh was ever heard; for wheresoever she went she saw something that her son or her daughter had loved or possessed. The honey-suckled seat, the broomy knoll, the bush on the hill, the tree in the glen, the flower of the field, the song of the bird, the swelling sea and the shining stars, seemed all to speak of her children. All night a lamp burned in her cottage; and the passer-by might see Prudence Paul seeking consolation in her Testament, with an eye too mournful for tears. She was never seen to weep, she was as little seen to smile; so the winter passed away, the spring had come, she had taken her accustomed seat at her cottage wall, and was looking towards the sea.

Rumour to her, as to others, had brought from time to time the varying and doubtful tale of Paul's fortunes, assigning him at one time rank and influence among the western rulers, at another time, with a darker emblazonry, investing him with the attributes of fierce and relentless piracy—the scourge of trade, and the terror of all ships bound on errands of honesty and peace. That he lived and possessed wealth she knew; for a sum of gold and several articles of female dress were brought to her, during the winter, by the hand of a stranger, who avoided conversation, who came at night, and went by night, and in whose looks she read that he was the messenger of her son. All this was not unobserved by the neighbouring peasantry, and that Prudence Paul was in her son's confidence, knew of his fortune, and shared in his success, the increasing richness of her dress, and the superior comfort of her fireside, bore, in their eyes, sufficient testimony.

During the afternoon of the day of which I speak, she received a lesson on the suspicion of the countryside, from the gathered experience of Job Beattick, a travelling dealer in gowns, mantles, and ribbons, and all those curious and innumerable articles, with which

female vanity arrays itself for public notice at a preaching or a fair. Job, with many a groan and "hegh me, dame!" placed his bulky ark of woman's ware on the floor, undid the straps, unlocked three locks, extracted as many secret bolts, and, finally, overcoming all the obstructions which he had placed between the spoiler and his wealth, spread out his varied merchandize on the table, and said,—"Look here, Dame Paul; cambric the like was never before wet with water,—print which for beauty surpasses the flowers of the field,—ribbons which shame the rainbow itself,—and mantles fit alike for maiden beauty and matron stateliness. But why need I speak, dame?—some more wily merchant has been before auld Job Beattick, and there ye sit shining in your silks nae less, and your mantle o' camels' hair, wi' cambric and lace, about ye, that would buy my pack out at the bottom. Ah, dame!" said the travelling merchant, folding up his goods and resuming his pack with his ell-wand of oak,—"Ah, Prudence Paul,—proud Paul we may now call ye, for your attire is costly, and you may rustle your silks with the haughtiest lady of the country-side.—Ah, Dame Paul,—the sea that now comes with gold and silk may soon bear to you a bloody corse. Perilous is the way of him who walks on the great deep, and still more perilous is the way of him who wins his wealth by the flashing carronade and the boarding-pike. Men say there's blood on your mantle, Dame Paul,—and that your silken gown cost three men's lives to the yard. Better buy from poor Job Beattick, dame, who gives a thumb-breadth to ilka ell, and contents himself with a small per centage,—only the tae half o' the tither." So saying, he went muttering and groaning away, leaving Prudence thinking on his words, which sunk not the less to her heart for coming from a vulgar lip.

She was seated in deep thought on the mysterious situation of her son when the battle commenced in the bay,—the first broadside went to her heart like a thunder-clap. She had imagined Paul sailing in a gallant ship on the quiet bosom of his native frith, and, with a mother's solicitude, placed herself amid a crowd of

people welcoming him back with many a shout and expression of applause. The rapid discharge of cannon disturbed her reverie,—a fear came over her heart,—she thought on her son amid the tumult and danger of battle, and, throwing herself on her knees, prayed earnestly for his preservation.

How long she continued on her knees she never exactly knew,—the din of the engagement, which the breeze wafted distinctly to her ear, and the flash of the cannon, which she saw dimly in the misty air, interposed in her supplication, and her prayer was mingled with the passing thought and the present terror. When the battle came to a close she lifted her head from the ground, and, turning her ear to the sea, listened mutely for a moment. A shrill and sinking death-cry arose,—she groaned,—darkness came over her eyes, and she dropt insensible on the ground. When she recovered, the moon had moved westerly, and the cold night-dew hung thick in her hair and benumbed her joints. She rose not from her knees till she had breathed a short prayer—she shed back the disordered locks from her face—she observed a shadow darkening the ground before her, and looking up beheld her son.

Before she could murmer "My son, my son!" Paul clasped her in his arms, and his tears bedewed her neck and cheek. She laid a hand on each shoulder,—held him from her at arm's length, gazed upon his face, shed back the dark and curly tresses from his brow, and fell on his neck and wept. "Oh welcome back, my beloved John!" she said, "and blessed be the time that brings ye to a mother's bosom. Many a weary hour and many a doleful day have I passed since ye left the land; but now my time of gladness is come again—so come into thine own house, my ae sweet son, and rest thee and refresh thee. Ye are grown darker and graver too, my child. But the more a man thinks, he finds reason for growing graver—so, come with me, my son. I can give you nourishing drink and diet cake, lad,—thanks to a mindful bairn that's nearer now than he was yesterday." And, taking his hand, they walked into the cottage, seated themselves by the hearth, while the

fire, stirred up and trimmed, yielded a quiet and glimmering light.

"But, John, my fair son," said the anxious mother, "why come ye armed ashore?—Is this a wild land that ye maun come amang us with pistol and with sword? Ye needna cover them over with your cloak, lad; I saw them glittering clear both by star-light and fire-light. Yet arms become a man's side, and I aye think his step is more manly, and his glance more noble, when he wears a weapon at his thigh. But I maun have this cloak from thy shoulders, John Paul, my child. Why, what ails my own son? Nay, but my fireside's not the deck, John—I am mistress here; so let me uncloak thee." She seized his cloak, and, not without a slight resistance on his part, unclasped the collar, and threw it aside. Paul rose as his mother did this; she started to behold him, the blood rushed violently to her brow, and the light grew more vivid in her eye.

"What do I see?" she said; "this garb is not the garb of the soldiers or the sailors of your native country. Of what act of folly, of what deed of shame is this the token and the reward? What man's command do you bear, to come, and smite, and slay—to set your foot against your father's grave, and strike through the body of your brother with the shot and the sword?" —"The command, mother," answered Paul composedly, "which sent me a slave from my native country, made me from a friend to an enemy, and now am I come to let tyrants, petty as well as high, know what retribution is."—She seized the hilt of his cutlass as he spoke, and, plucking it from the sheath, looked at it for a second from point to handle, then dropt it on the floor, and said, with a voice hardly audible, "There's blood upon it—there's blood upon it—human blood; thy pistols are grimed with powder too, and thy hands are soiled with gunpowder and gore. Fie, how swart and demon-like thou lookest! What deed of villany hast thou done? What blood hast thou spilt to gain a smile and a gold-laced coat from the enemies of thy country."

"Mother, be calm, and hear me. My country," said Paul, "lies in a far land. This earth is polluted

by the oppressor, and is no longer my country. I have come through peril, and I have come through blood, to see you,—to speak to you,—and to carry you to the land of my choice. Let world's gear therefore go. Take nothing with you which Scotland produced; leave your door open—your fire burning on the hearth—and all the neat and well-ordered array of your house—and come with me. I shall not take from this country, which, since it sheltered you, I shall not curse—I shall not withdraw from it—as much food as would feed a bird—as much clothing as would cover a new-born child—as much of its riches as the proud man casts to the beggar; so come, my mother; my ship waits in the bay; and it is not without danger of captivity or death that I have ventured so far. Come with me; you shall have a palace to dwell in, and maidens to attend you; and see your son honoured by the wise and the great—conversing with nobles, and corresponding with kings."

"Through peril and through blood, said ye, my son?" answered Prudence. "The sound of battle that shook the bay so lately, and the sinking shriek that concluded it, have ye these to answer for? Alas, alas! the first step in treason makes the victim walk many a mile in crime; have ye become a traitor in deed too as well as in speech?"—"Mother," he said, "it is no matter now who knows it—the deed is done which sunders Scotland and me; and it is not this bay alone which hath witnessed the British flag lowered to my cannon. I came hither to see you, and I was compelled to do battle before my foot could touch the shore. My love for my mother has cost America six brave sons to-night—my hatred to Scotland has cost it a stout ship and a gallant crew; so come, come—bid this ancient spot farewell. I thought to-night as I came nigh it, that I never saw it look so lovely before—the moon dressed it out in full splendour; and were it not that my heart is hardened against it, it should be a strong tug that parts us."

"You said, my son, that you are honoured by the wise and the great, and that you conversed with nobles and corresponded with kings?"—"Yes," answered Paul; "who is wiser than Franklin?—who is braver

than Washington?—who is nobler than La Fayette—and who is a greater king than Louis the Bourbon? The first loves me—the second trusts me—the third admires me—and the monarch praises and rewards me. John Paul, an humble peasant of Scotland, oppressed, and insulted, and enslaved at home, is made the companion abroad of those illustrious men. The love of Franklin alone is worth an earldom; and I would rather be called his friend, and hear him speak of my courage and my genius, than be lord of India from east to west."

"All the worse for you, my son—all the worse for you; the greater your deeds, the greater your infamy. Those men whose names you have mentioned are spurred into this deadly dispute from love of country—love of liberty—love of warlike deeds—and thirst of dominion. They fight for honour and fame, and they will obtain them; but when will honour and honest fame be yours? You rend the hands that fed you—you tear the mother who bore you—and, for the sake of the praise and the reward of a crafty counsellor and a politic king, you consent to make your name infamous to the end of time. Your dauntless courage will be your curse; for it will lend wings to your infamy, and to Scottish lips your name will come as that of Comyne or Monteith. O my son, my son!"

She passed her hand over her eyes, and taking down a little old book, soiled with smoke, from the shelf, opened it reverently, and said, "John Paul read here—not the sacred word, for that is the word of God—but look on this pale hand-writing. This is the book of thine ancestor—a sufferer for conscience sake,—and it is stained with the blood which his bosom poured out for his country. In this book is recorded how many birth-time throes the wives of our house have endured. Here is thine own name written by thy mother's hand. Now, I would endure all these birth-time pangs—and they are twenty and seven—rather than suffer what I now feel for thy disobedience and thy treason. I would gladly lay this miserable frame in the dust, if by dying I could turn thee to honour and love of country."

"We will have leisure for conversation," said Paul, smothering his emotion, "when we are on board. Woman is a kind and an obstinate creature; the fury of her love is sometimes as fatal as the rancour of her hate. Lord Dalveen or Justice Macmittimus will be upon me; for the rattle of my cannon has alarmed the country, and I saw beacon-lights ascending from Caerlaverock and Barnhourie. If they be wise they will seek me now; for by to-morrow's sun I shall seek them, and wo to those whom I find; their abode in the land is brief—even for their lives I can be no warrant, while so many of the gallant soldiers of my adopted country are pining in dungeons, and threatened with the death-shot and the gibbet."

"Enough, enough," said his mother; "pain my ears and blight my sight no longer with your speech or your presence. Adopted country! who ever heard of such folly? The frail body that bore you stands before you; can any one be your mother but me?—Can any land be your country save your native Scotland?—I bore you in sorrow—say I conceived you in sin;—I nursed you in want and in wo, and now I meet my reward. Go—go; pursue thy career of ignominy and blood—make thy name be heard from pole to pole—let mothers still their babes with it—let honours of despots and titles from slaves be heaped upon thee, till thou art smothered with distinction; still shall I say—thy mother shall say—John Paul is a villain and a traitor; another name shall he never receive from me;" and she drew herself up, and gazed on him with eyes which witnessed for the agony of her heart—nor was he unmoved."

"Mother," he said, "your words are bitter; but I have never had kinder words in this unhappy country. Here I may abide no longer; though you remain behind, my eye shall ever watch over you—my hand shall ever be ready to protect you from insult, or at least to avenge you. If you will go to my adopted land, you shall be welcomed as warmly as the proud and the far-descended—you shall sup in silver and in gold—and a dozen maidens shall attend you wheresoever you go. To the mother of Paul Jones, the commander of the

American navy! every head shall bow—and proud shall I be of you—and worship you with the obeisance of a son who never stooped his head to mortal man."

"Paul Jones," said his mother, "commander of the American navy!—I know him not; my son's name is John Paul, and such was the name of his ancestors; but he has done wisely and kindly—it would have been base to bring shame and infamy on an innocent name. I thank him for this tenderness—there at least he has shown himself my son. Wise is he who changes his name when he changes his nature."

Paul seemed to lose his temper with this taunt, and the more so, because he had no answer ready to soften its severity. He paced across the room with a disordered step; he turned suddenly round, seized his mother's hand, and said—"You will at least do me the justice to allow, that oppression has driven me from my country; my deeds may yet tell them what a heart they have outraged—what a spirit they have lost. If I err, I err as a man. He that would be patient under tyranny, with its stripes and its chains, may be a god—I deny that he can be a man. Farewell—through danger and through blood have I come to see you—through the like I may have to return."—He turned to be-gone, when Lady Phemie Dalzell stood before him—the flush of haste on her brow and agitation in her eye—Paul was the first that spoke.

"Lady," said Paul, moving his hat from his brow, "must you be witness to my tears and to my anguish? My mother has joined my cruel country against me; and the words of reproof from a tongue from which kindness ever before came are more than I can bear; but here I may not bide—I am endangering myself, and, what is worse, endangering the lives of many a gallant man, by seeking my mother's hearth—the scene of many a moment of mirth and happiness." He bowed low to Lady Phemie, and offered his hand; she stept back, and said—"That hand is wet with the blood of my countrymen—it cannot be touched by me. Stand back—come not near me. In my words hear the words of all those who have a tongue to speak and a heart to feel."

"Lady," interrupted Paul, "I desire no prophecy; you cannot say a word which I have not already said to myself. My mother, too, has spoken from her heart to that of her son, and the words of all other persons are cold and vain. All you can say is summed up in this sentence—'Traitor to thy country.'"

"And has the name of traitor," said Lady Phemie, "no terror for thee? All the manifold evils of human nature are summed up in it. He who wrongs his family alone injures but few; he who wrongs a nation, and wars against her, has the orphans' wail and the widows' tears to answer for. Every one who falls by his hand, lays the weight of a murder on his soul. The battle which an hour ago shook the bay has stained thee past all purification."

"It is very prettily argued," answered Paul; "but hear what a simple man says to it:—my country wronged me, Lady Phemie; he who strikes first is the aggressor, and I was stricken without cause. Nay, no man ever received grosser injury; and, instead of redress—But why need I detain you by repeating the thrice-told story of my defection from my country?—You know it—you pity me—you feel for me,—and though you do not bid me go and prosper, you cannot wish me either death or captivity."

"Captivity," said Lady Phemie, "is worse than death;—death is indeed what I wish you—death in some well-contested battle, and a burial in the sea by the hand of some gallant mariner, who would shed a tear for your fate as he saw you lying on the deck, with your sword in your hand. Success I never can wish you, since success will only render you more infamous; nor can I desire your return to your country's cause. Return not th defiled water to the well, lest you pollute the whole fountain."

"Lady, Lady," said Paul, "this is too much—this is beyond the gentleness of your nature. Crush not utterly a worm like me—respect the sorrow of an agonized heart—pour no more gall into my cup of wormwood. To part with her who bore me, and nursed me in want and in woe, is misery enough. Let me go—a

mother's anger—a mother's curse is grievous enough. Why would you detain one whom you loathe—whom you despise?—Let him go on his own evil course. Can Lady Phemie waste words on one whom she utterly despises?"

"It is because I do not despise you," said the young Lady, "for no one who knows your high qualities, your courage, and your genius, can or dare despise you, that I have come here to-night to speak boldly and freely, and to try to pluck the film from your eyes, that you may see how wildly and unwisely you act. But I have done—you may begone—you leave those behind you who can feel for the wreck of a noble nature—a wreck which your own wilfulness has wrought. Begone—I have no more to say."

"And you think, then, Lady Phemie," said Paul in a low voice, "that I can achieve nothing honourable or noble in my present path—that I shall obtain no fame—leave no name behind me?"

"I think no such thing, Paul," replied the young Lady; "you may spill much blood—sink many a ship—burn many a town—and obtain fame; but fame of what sort?—not the fame which the wise covet and the honourable desire;—that can never be yours, fighting as you now fight. Hear the words of her who ever wished you well—who thought you had a mind and soul fit to be an honour and an ornament to your country: forego your hatred—throw down that foreign sword—tear down the colours of the enemies of Scotland, and raise your country's banner in their room,—do this, and your late follies may yet be atoned for; you may rise and be ranked among the worthy spirits of Britain."

Paul stood silent; he hid hi face in his cloak; the fierceness of his nature was uched; he passed his hand over his eyes to clear awa the drops which gathered fast on the lids, but his c intry was not destined to have the advantage of the re turning warmth of his heart. Footsteps were heard at the door—hasty words of command were given—and Paul had but time to dash himself through the window of his sister's cham-

ber, when two armed soldiers burst into the house, demanding him by name. With the crash of the casement pistol-shots were heard—an oath, and a groan, and the rapid clashing of swords succeeded.

"By the piper of Leinster and the twelve apostles!" exclaimed one of the soldiers, "he has shot Felix Flanagan. I shall make as many holes in his body as there are stars in heaven; so come along, Lally, my boy."—He was unexpectedly impeded; Prudence threw herself upon him with the cry of "O run, my child, run!" and, linking her arms around him, clung to his body in all the desperation of despair. Without offering violence, it was in vain to seek to escape. His comrade came to his side, and, setting his carbine down, said, as he sought to unwind her arms, "He must be a soul of a boy that has got such a mother as this. I cannot for the blood of me hurt her if I wished. By St. Patrick's poker, she's as like my own mother as one cartridge is like another!"

They succeeded soon in overcoming her resistance; but the light was extinguished during the scuffle, and their carbines were removed—they groped for them in vain. "Come along, Lally, my boy," said a soldier; "never mind the marking-irons—they miss fire, and are better lost than found—draw the fellow tool to mine—they never burn priming;" and, drawing their swords, they ran along the narrow pathway which led from the cottage to the neighbouring hills.

"Oh! they will take him and slay him, my sweet bairn," cried Prudence, "and his young blood will be on my old head. I detained him here talking, against the throbbings of my ain heart; the seekers of his life have come, and his blood will be spilt like water;" and she rushed out of the house—passed through the little morass by a way known to her alone—and stood upon a knoll-top which commanded a view of the coast, and the bosom of a narrow and thickly-wooded glen which extended to the shore, at the bay of the Seven Caverns.

Into this darksome glen it was plain, from the crashing bough and the loud cry, that Paul had descended; and as he knew every turn of the stream—every jutting

crag—and every tree and thicket—even a mother's fears did not anticipate for him either captivity or death. The wild-cat there found refuge for her progeny among the impenetrable thickets and decayed trees; the fox sought shelter among its holes, and caverns, and thick-piled stones, from the hound and the huntsman; while among the upper branches of the trees, with which the sides of the cleugh were clothed, the hawk and the hooded crow built their nests and reared their young. The path of the pursued was indicated by the sudden rising, here and there, of the feathered inhabitants of the place,—by the sound of boughs moved aside, and by the slight plash of feet in the stream, which winded its way under the matted boughs. The path of the pursuer was visible to eye and ear:—the sudden snapping of the branches,—the headlong plunging in the stream, and the clatter of helmet and sword were heard frequent and loud, while the flash of a head-piece and the gleam of a carbine or a sword were sometimes seen among the shafts of the trees. It appeared that several soldiers were in pursuit. One, however, was much in advance of the rest, and even gained upon Paul; who, like one who took no heed to his life, glided quietly and unconcernedly along, nursing his breath and husbanding his strength for the moment of trial.

This glen extended, I have said, to the bay of the Seven Caverns. About half-way from Paul's house to the sea, a pathway for horses and cattle crossed the cleugh; and though this rude road was overhung with trees and impeded by drooping boughs, which descended so low as to meet a man's forehead, still it divided the ravine in two; and here Paul seemed afraid to approach; for he slackened his pace, felt for his pistols, touched the hilt of his sword, and, cowering down, moved warily on. Nor was his caution out of season. Beneath a wide-spread oak stood a soldier with his carbine in his hand, a sword by his side, and a pistol in his belt, while by him stood a low square-built peasant, who bore no visible arms, and might have passed for the representative of some district-officer of justice.

"An' I were you, corporal," said his present companion, "I would even slip out of the bosom of the glen and stand on the brae side. Ye see, this Paul Jones, as ye call him, is an unsonsie customer; and three inches of cauld steel under your fifth rib, or an ounce of lead under the lap of your liver, are no so pleasant as a mutchkin of brandy."—"Friend constable, or headborough, or whatever you are," said the soldier, "your counsel suits a man who loves a whole skin, but it suits not Corporal Crampiron.—These stripes on my arm were won in scaling a castle-wall,—I may add a third one by gripping this runaway Scot by the cravat. Hist! hist! stand back,—here he comes:—now, if flint and steel will kindle gunpowder, he shall be mine.—He's a spirited chap though that comes down that damnable dark glen at the rate of a race-horse,"—and he prepared his carbine, and stood like a poacher watching the coming of a hare from the wood to taste of the clover-field.—"Ye wadna shoot him, wad ye?" inquired the other.—"Shoot him!" said Corporal Crampiron, "ay surely, as lief as I would a wild duck,—an enemy's game, you know, friend constable,—didst ever see a man shot?"—"Never all my living days," said he, "save ance upon a time,—and then he wasna shot either, but only scared, ye see.—Lord! but I would like to see a man shot though!" and, with a face beaming with rustic curiosity, he stept up to the side of the corporal, and stooped down, with his hands on his knees, like an anxious listener.

For Paul there seemed now no way of escape, without a personal conflict with men as powerful as himself, and better armed. There stood the corporal before him,—the muzzle of his piece down, his thumb upon the dog, and his finger at the trigger,—behind him came another soldier,—his sword in his hand, a pistol at his belt, his face inflamed with haste and rage,—and from neither had he reason to hope for aught short of death; for he determined not to be taken. He halted a moment, and weighed the danger in front with that behind,—he snatched a pistol from his belt, and advanced with a cautious foot and a wary eye.

The corporal, with an eye and ear like a cat, awaited his approach,—the carbine was in the act of cocking, and the muzzle of rising, when its owner received a blow under the left ear which prostrated him in a moment, and as he fell his carbine went off, and the glen resounded far and wide.

Paul sprung past, and smiled to see the corporal rolling in the stream, into which he dropt when he received the blow, while he who dealt it hurried down the glen, and, joining Paul, they continued their flight together. "It was daintily done, Edgar," said Paul; "never use might when slight will do,—never spill blood when a good buffet will do the work. I suppose, now, these fellows will stay the pursuit, and go home to quarters.—There is one, Edgar, I am afraid will never go home more, and a bold fellow he was. When I sprung through the window, he confronted me with a cocked pistol;—captivity or death—such was the choice,—we both fired at once,—he dropt, and I was untouched,—luck's all. Stay—listen—they come on!—well, they are dauntless dogs, I will allow, but we are fairly beyond their power, Edgar,—and, if we were not, we have been more sorely bested in our time.—Man for man is mere pastime."—"Ay, or three to ane, Captain Paul," said the other; "we have felt that pinch before now. How did we stand this very blessed night, when the Charlotte's chain-shot cut down five as gude seamen as ever swam the sea?—Lord! I think I see ye when ye shouted 'Paul Jones! Paul Jones!' and swept her decks with your sword.—There was baith slight and might there, Captain,—ye united your ain twa rules."

They now approached the coast, and reaching a little opening in the glen—a greensward spot, with the stream on one side, a rock on the other, and thickly embowered about with beech and holly,—held a short consultation.

"You see, Edgar," said Paul Jones, "the soldiers have no stomach for the pursuit,—by this time they are on their way back to their warm quarters,—they work by the day, and are not paid for the night, so we are safe till dawn. Now listen:—return to the ship.—

Tell Simpson and Garnett to move into the middle of the bay,—to have all the boats ready to drop into the water,—let each man be prepared with a brace of pistols and a good cutting cutlass,—have the combustibles in order, and the spikes and hammers laid out,—and, above all, take care of the wildfire torches, which water cannot quench.—I shall try their fury and our skill before the dawn of day. You can remember all this, Edgar?"—Edgar bowed, and departed one step,—he turned hastily round, and said with some emotion,—

"Captain Paul, think where you are and where I am.—It would be a sair heart to my sister Lilie to think that my hand kindled the fire that consumed our gude auld town, where we have shone for sae mony fairs on the causey. Nor would your ain mither like, I trow, to see ye fire the four ports of bonny Dumfries, or even burn down cantie auld Kirkcudbright. Were it ony English town, that's quite another thing,—the firing of London itself would sit gay and quietly on my conscience,—there's Whitehaven, that lives by fuel; it would be a fair joke to set fire to her, or even the Gate-house,—I never like the folk in that quarter,—they have a cursed Irish twang on their tongue."

"Friend Edgar," said Paul, "you say well.—Now, go and leave me here. This may be the last time I shall see my native place, and I wish to give it a night of my affection. There is not a hill nor a stream nor a tree but what is an acquaintance—a friend of old standing. This very glen, down which I have been chased to-night, felt dear to my heart even while those who desired my blood were behind me."

"Ay, Captain Paul," said the other, "the trees are far safer friends and comrades than men; and when a body has quarrelled with the inhabitants of the earth, they maun e'en seek acquaintance with the hills and streams.—It's a curious friendship and a cauld, howsomever. Now, there's just twa things in the world that I love, and the one is my sister Lilie, and the other is the bonnie ship in which I have swam over so many an acre of water, and I'm beginning to like the ship the best of the twa."—And having made this assertion, he disappeared among the bushes of the glen, leaving

Paul at the entrance of a small lodge, half holly and half rock, which nature had formed in one of her kindly moments to give shelter to whom it might be needful.

The news of the battle between Paul and the Charlotte was borne far beyond the distance to which the din of the cannon reached, and there was a general bustle among the personages on whom the care of the district devolved. But on no one did the full tide of intelligence descend with such an overflow of consternation and misery as on Justice Macmittimus. This district-dignitary had been employed the chief part of the day in superintending the construction of a new-invented pen for his numerous swine, and an improved roost for his capons. He dined late; and, overcome with the labour of hand and mind, prolonged the pleasures of the table two full hours later than usual. The well-picked bones of a pair of his fattest capons were piled up around his plate,—the relics of an enormous pudding still smoked on an ashet,—the unsubsided foam of strong home-brewed ale was visible in a large silver flagon,—while a couple of long-necked bottles, curiously sealed and cobwebbed, awaited the signal for the corks to spring. There sat Patrick Macmittimus,—the day's toil rewarded by the evening's enjoyment,—beyond the reach of malice, and superior to fortune.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,—his dream of happiness was dispelled by the first roar of the cannon,—he replaced the untasted wine-cup on the table, and, with an ear sharpened by terror, drank in the alarming sound instead of the delicious wine. "Why, what in the fiend's name's all this about!" cried the Justice, seeking to conceal his fears under fierce language.—"These Manx smugglers are grown bolder of late,—an God spare me till daylight, I shall root out the whole nest of them.—To come and pester us with their battles under the cloud of night,—and now I think on't, black Ned has failed to be civil of late.—The whole shall bundle, and Ned the foremost." And having formed this resolution, he threw himself back on a large settee; but the roar of the cannon increased more and more, and unconscious, perhaps, that

he was advancing closer to the danger, he fairly stalked out of his house, and stood on the lawn before the door, and gazed on the Solway. The whole bay was brightened with the flashing of cannon and musquetry; and groups of peasantry were scattered up and down, indulging their eyes and imaginations on the unwonted scene before them.

The clatter of a horse's hoofs was now heard in the avenue, and in a moment an English officer, who commanded a troop of dragoons, quartered in the neighbourhood, came hot with haste, his horse in a foam,—and, accosting the Justice, said, "Come, Sir, gather your men and mount,—each peasant can muster a good fowling-piece, or a sharp pitchfork,—march them down to Colvend bay;—and hear ye me? when they reach the shore halt, and dismount them, place the horses in the rear, and the matchlocks in front;—you will find me there, ready to lead them against the fiend himself, with an entire legion of devils armed with fire from the pit, let alone a handful of rebel Americans led by a lousy Scotchman."

The Justice placed a trembling hand on the rein of the officer's horse, and presenting a face pale with mortal fear to the quick eye of the Englishman, said, "Light, Captain Clifton, light,—taste wine, and let us talk of this sudden business,—you laugh,—ah, I see it is some merriment-making, and ye come here to see if I am prepared. I bore his Majesty's commission as well as yourself, Captain Clifton,—I have smelt gunpowder too, Sir,—had the ground measured between Lord Loobie and me before the dew forsook the soil,—but the law was too quick for us, Sir,—it has a long arm, and a sharp eye, and a nice ear,—I can lead my men, Captain Clifton, against the enemies of our lord the King, when danger comes, as well and wisely——"

"As me, you mean, Justice?" said Clifton, "and by my soul I am heartily glad to hear it.—Come along then, my Colonel of destraints, warrants, and captions. The enemy is before us,—these cannon are no merriment-makers,—they are shotted and double-shotted,—dost thou not hear the twelve-pounders skipping among

the rocks and hills on the shore.--I love to hear their music again,--the hum of a double-leaded shot through the air is worth a whole regiment of Highland pipers.--Come, Justice, you know you promised to march against the enemies of our lord the King.--Come, mount, man; mount."

"Davie," said Patrick Macmittimus to his chief menial, "go and give Cubal a feed of corn, and lead him to the front door,--I shall just abide the tasting of a cup of wine with Captain Clifton, and then mount, since better may not be. I'll tell ye, Captain, if ye are sure that these guns are shotted, would it not be wiser to march round the hip of the hills, than to ride daftly down into danger's mouth? No that I care about the whistle of a cannon-ball more than I regard the song of a sand-laverock; but, somehow or another, I have a far cooler command of myself in daylight, and it would be talked of to our disadvantage if we rode down to the shore rashly, and got ourselves shot by a chance bullet that was not designed for us at all.—Mind, I don't counsel this,—only I think if ye were to stay till the dawn, we could contrive some cannie plan to circumvent and capture this enemy,—if it be an enemy.—I am no advocate for effusion of blood.—I would rather see ten men hanged, than one slain by either shot or sabre."

"Damme, Justice," said the impatient Englishman, "your wisdom makes you cowardly.—I cannot sit here and hearken these shots rattling about, without going down to the shore, at least, to see how old England's cause comes on. That runaway fellow fights furiously.—I love a fellow, now, that shows his hatred openly and fairly.—Justice, I would crush a cup of wine as soon with a bold rover who laid his ship cannon to cannon, and whose word was, God speed the bravest,—as with a wise and learned man, who loved his ease and his comfort and his whole skin better than he loved his country.—Farewell, Justice,—and if courage should come to you with daylight, for God's sake let us have a specimen of it,—your courage in the night, I see, is very questionable." And away he spurred, seeking to rouse the country as he rode. He soon joined him-

self to a part of his troop. By his activity and intelligence, he inspired confidence in the peasantry, who flocked armed from all quarters; and he nearly succeeded in seizing Paul himself, as I have already related.

He left the Justice in utter dismay and consternation. The certainty of the enemy's presence, confirmed by the cannon-sound, suggested to his fancy his house pillaged and burned,—his swine-pens and pullet-roosts laid desolate, and himself slain or captive. When the Englishman departed, he stood like a geological petrifaction frozen through every joint and vein with unmitigated terror. At last he muttered, "Davie, we'll be burned out of house and hold,—eaten out and drunk out, hunted out and hanged out;—the enemy will smite and spare not,—he will make a kitchen-fire of Macmittimus-house, and roast my pigs whole and my fatted capons, Davie,—and eat them without sauce like a true barbarian. He'll not leave us a spoon to sup our meat with, Davie,—and no meat to sup, and that will be worse."

During these pathetic exclamations, the sound of the cannon ceased,—the victorious vessel sailed down the bay, and the fears of the Justice began to subside. "I'll tell ye what, Davie," said he, "that Captain Clifton's a fiery fool,—and that American Captain is but a cock that claps his wings, and dares nae craw.—Had they only waited for the matter of an hour, I would have shown them a contrivance worthy of Hannibal the Carnaginian,—him that taught the stratagems of war to old John Duke of Marlborough.—But that pudding-headed Englishman spoiled all.—Down he would gallop to the sea-side,—there he would wave his sword and cry, 'Come, damme come;'—and it's likely he'll get praise for his valour, which was only vapouring;—while the man who stood coolly calculating and contriving a capital plan how to capture them all, without snapping a flint, will be called prudent and cautious, and other names which detract from merit.—It's the way of the world, Davie,—John Churchill himself had his enemies,—and so have I." And he retired to broken slumbers and to disturbed dreams.

CHAPTER III.

> "Giving each rock its storied tale,
> Pouring a lay for every dale,
> Knitting, as with a moral band,
> Thy native legends with thy land."
>
> Sir Walter Scott.

During the danger to which Paul Jones had exposed himself in seeking an interview with his mother, and the manifold fears and terrors which environed the Justice, the traditions of the peasantry assign an employment to Lord Dalveen which I cannot altogether credit, nor yet wholly disbelieve. The story is according to his character, and impressed with popular belief. It is, indeed, related with many a wild embellishment, and many a curious variation of narrative; yet, with all this strange and incredible emblazonry, it presents a distinct image of superstitious feeling, consistent, instructive, and moral. I shall endeavour to abate some of its extravagance, and render it fit for mingling with the commoner materials of my general narrative.

It happened on the evening that preceded the battle in the bay, that Lord Dalveen accepted an invitation to the bridal of a neighbouring laird, who united himself with a very sweet and modest young woman. Great was the feasting, loud was the mirth, and the dance continued late. Now, the mother of the bride enjoyed the once dangerous reputation of being a witch; but the gifts which in other times would have obtained her the distinction of a burning turf and a tar-barrel, were unable to obtain her more notice now, than something like the dubious exclamation of the mariner's wife to the wierd sister in Macbeth, "Aroynt thee, witch!" This indeed was muttered rather than openly expressed, for a superstitious belief in such influences lingered and still lingers in the land; but if such words of reproach ever reached her ear, ample compensation was

made by the more submissive and pliant behaviour of the graver portion of the peasantry. The little cottage in which she dwelt with her only daughter was filled with the presents made by doubt and fear, and it is but right to add, by affection. The shepherd courted her good-will towards his flock by hams and by fleeces,—the farmer put his corn-field under her care, and solicited her aid against the smut and the mildew, the sharp frost, and the unruly wind, by means of meal and barley; while the dame who sought to portion a daughter by the riches of the dairy, wooed her cannie een and her best wishes by a subsidy of milk, butter, and cheese. Even success in the mutable affairs of love was sought or ensured by acceptable presents, made privately to the Dame of the Linn, as she was called; and an ancient Galwegian laird, who had married a free young wife, obtained an heir, it is believed, by a bonnet-piece of gold, given at the full of the moon, when the wild laird of Pyetknowe was one of his visitors. All these acknowledgments of her power and her knowledge were received by Grizel Greer with a grave face, and an eye which from beneath two shaggy lucken brows, sparkled at the same time with satisfaction and scorn.

When young Lord Dalveen saw the bride's mother setting the bridal-feast in array, and presiding at the dinner-table, he was seized with an uncontrollable desire to make mirth at her expense: he praised the skill which displayed the rustic dainties to such advantage, and wondered by what art so many rarities of the season were brought together. He inquired under what hour of the moon the kale was cut which thickened the broth; whether the wooden skewer, which preserved the rich and luscious contents of the haggis from gushing about the plate, was not of rowan-tree; and if the fat pullet, environed with a garnishing of her own eggs, was not of the breed of the Warlocknowe,—a hen of a far-famed kind which, under a witch's spell, supplied Galloway and Nithsdale with eggs and chickens during a great scarcity. All these questions, and many more of the same stamp, his Lordship put with that quiet

ease and unpeculiar simplicity of manner which deceived the unobserving, or the careless, but which failed to make the same impression on Grizel herself. She darted on him from time to time those dark and disdainful glances, which assisted at first in fixing on her the imputation of witch.

The dinner passed by, the dance began, and the floor of an immense barn resounded to the descent of a hundred busy feet returning an echo to the music. Lord Dalveen glided from seat to seat, but wheresoever he went, he was followed by the eyes of the bride's mother; and there was something so peculiarly malignant in her looks that they attracted the notice of many of the old peasants. "I name nae names," said a shepherd from the western side of Criffel, "but I would rather sax score of my best lambs had the louping-illness, than their master should have sic a pair o' een following his steps as Lord Thomas has." "Ye say true, neighbour Tuphorn," answered a tender of cattle, to whose ear that observation was whispered; "I would as soon be gored by my ain bull that gangs on Dalmakittenleys, as have ill luck, and sorrow, and mischance, drilled and dibbled into my frail body by the spiteful een of an auld hag. I winna say, however, that she has done ony ill to me,—she kens the taste of my butter, and whether my flesh-meat be fat or no. I would have him to beware,—he may get a malicious grip, as the young gudeman of Gimmerland gat on his bridal-night—he may get a kittle cast, as the portioner of Penniestane-brae gat, as he gaed on a time to Quarlewood preaching. They called it a flaff of ill wind—but I ken the lips it came from—Carlin Girzie has a strong breath, neighbour. I would have Lord Thomas to beware."

Lord Thomas seemed to have arrived at no such conclusion himself; for he walked carelessly up to the bench where the bride's mother sat—seated himself beside her, and immediately entered into conversation. "Dame Greer," he said, "I give you joy of your daughter's marriage—she has got a quiet and a prudent husband, and if she follow her mother's ex-

ample of cannie management and domestic guidance, she will become a rich wife, and well respected. She has a very sweet face of her own too, dame, but rather black-browed—she makes her foot re-echo the fiddle as if she were shod with thairms."

"I may thank her black brows, Lord Thomas," said Grizel, "for standing between her and temptation—and if her mother's skill and considerate guidance will make her a good wife, a kind mother, and an affectionate mistress, why I shall be thankful. It will be more than Dame Joysan obtained for her daughter Grace,—a lass of whom your Lordship doubtless has heard." "O don't shame your knowledge and speak doubtfully, Dame Greer," said Lord Thomas; "all this, and far more, must be known to one whose information comes on the same wind which wafts the moan of the storm and the down of the thistle. Come, come, Grizel, we know one another,—we both serve one master, if we credit country report, and it is a sad thing for two servants to disagree."

"The half of what you say is truth," said she,—my knowledge men call witchcraft, and your wickedness is called a selling of your self, to the devil. I never wished the devil so unhandsomely, as to wish you to be his servant, and nobody that ever heard of his dwelling-place can wish it so ill as that it may get you for an inmate." "Mercifully spoken, Dame Greer," said his Lordship, enjoying the old woman's anger, though it boiled over upon himself; "but be moderate, dame. I wish to consult you on some little matters connected with your own skill;—I know all about rods of rowan-tree,—stones holed by the dripping of water,—horse shoes nailed over the door, and a bull's head buried beneath,—your magic slipper, which you can turn into a shallop,—your hollow bone, that you can make into a boat,—your nest-egg, on which a hen can cackle out six score of eggs by the hour,—your milking-peg, which can drain the cows dry for fifty miles round,—your magic staffs,—your witch-arrows,—your clay images, stuck over with needles,—I know them all. Have I not seen the charmed bridle which you shook over the

head of Jock Lotimer last Hallowmas eve, when you turned him into a gray colt, and galloped to Locherbrigg-hill while the devil played on the pipes, and ye all danced to the tune of, 'Up tails a' by the light of the moon?'"

The look of concentrated hatred and malice which the old woman gave him had no effect; he continued in the same familiar and unembarrassed tone. "Well, ye see, Dame Girzie, that I can name and number your tools,—yet they are tools which are too hot or heavy for my handling, and I wish to have a small specimen of your skill and your affection with all the speed you may." "Do you wish," said the witch, "to know to what coast the wind has wafted bonnie Maud Paul, whom your Lordship designed to honour? or do you desire to know when the breeze will arise which will waft her fiery brother hither, that he may try to wash his hands in your heart's blood?—I can tell ye them baith. Or wad ye rather see into time, and get a glimpse of your ain destiny?—it's a dark road, but I can give ye a look down it, Lord Thomas,—I would pleasure ye if I could."

"Why now that's spoken like an honest witch," said Lord Dalveen, "and I shall tell ye my mind briefly. Look round ye, dame,—threescore lasses and odd are leaping and springing on the floor,—saw ye ever such cummers,—hussies made in a hurry, when nature had neither the lily nor the rose at hand,—the bride, it is true, is fair, but then she is a consecrated morsel. Now, could ye help me to a rosie quean, well set on a pair of dancing feet,—tall belike, with a neck long and white as any swan,—and a pair of een wicked and black? I would not forgive ye if ye omitted taper fingers, and a clustering abundance of hair. Let me see, is there aught else?—Oh, yes, sweet seventeen, with breath like a bunch of cowslips, and a tongue that tinkles music in my ear. There now, away like an honest witch, take your tools, and work to pattern." And with a smile he turned aside and busied himself in the dance.

The bride's mother sat for some moments mute with anger, and when she looked up to reply, Lord Thomas

was gone. She rose and walked into the open air, and muttered as she paced to and fro, "Ay, ay, deride away,—mock on,—scoff as long as ye find foolish words and a silly woman to listen,—but the time's coming when I'll have revenge heaped and running over. He asks in jest for what he may yet get in sad earnest;—the devil may help him to his wish,—I have heard of such like things being done. There was Sir Luke Johnstone,—he never saw a fair face that he did not covet,—never heard the rustle of a lady's gown,—but I mauna speak indiscreetly in my anger,—yet see an he was not rewarded for it; he met a grand lady on Muckle-wood-moor, and thick and kind were they,—I have seen the stane where his body was found,—his body!—it was as small as bird's meat,—a robin red-breast could have swallowed ony bit o' him. The deed that the deil did once he can do again." And having thus given her fury an airing, she returned to the dance.

Brides, at the time of which I speak, were ladies of some consequence.—Their charms were, even in rude courtesy which men of rank assign to rustics, allowed to be the most fascinating for the night.—They were at the head of every dance,—they were foremost in every toast,—and they ruled over time like queens till the moment of stocking-throwing, and over their husbands ever after. The bride had resigned her sway,—her left leg stocking had fallen upon some happy maiden,—her chamber-door was bolted,—and the wedding-guests had returned to the barn, and resumed their interrupted merriment, when Lord Dalveen, observing what he had not seen before, a young woman of great personal beauty,—tall and straight, with dark curling locks and dark downcast eyes, addressed her,—desired and obtained her company to the floor,—and the music awakening as she rose, away she bounded with such exquisite grace and harmonious skill as attracted all eyes to the spot on which she moved and shone.

All who listened acknowledged the exquisite nicety with which her feet obeyed the music, and all who gazed on her allowed her surpassing elegance of form, but two were not found who agreed about her name.—

"Who is she?" said one peasant, re-echoing the question which his comrade put,—"why, it is Jenny Gayler;—d'ye think I dinna ken Jenny?—mony a sweet hour of a simmer night have I wooed her on the lee-side of a hay-ruck. Ah! her breath is as sweet as June's first wind on a bank of chupe roses. When I give her the wink, and crook my finger thus—gude night to your Lordship."

"Jenny Gayler!" said his companion, "Jenny's as din as a blaeberry, and that quean's as bright as an April lily, new born in the dew.—I picked that comparison out of a daft sang, sae I winna answer for its accuracy.—Lord, man! what put Jenny in your head when it's my ain sweet rosie Tibbie Rodan?—a bonnie lass if there's ane in the barony, and as true to her word as the sun is to simmer. Watch, now,—and, if it be Tibbie, she'll give me a smile o'er her left shouther when I hold up my finger.—See, man, see!—its Tibbie, else my head's of horn, and my left leg's a spade-shank."

"Ye're baith mad," said a third rustic; "the drink has blinded your eyes, and the dancing has flown to your understandings; open your eyes, ye moles, and I shall enlighten ye. Jenny Gayler's black, and Tibbie Rodan's brown, and the lady who is dancing o'er a' our hearts is as pure as an unsunned lily.—See the bright blood of her veins shines through her snowy skin, and her ivory neck grows ruddy as the red wine runs down it.—There's a light about her eyes such as the first star of the evening sheds, and there's a witchcraft in her hand as she waves it in the dance. See! there's as mony diamonds streaming among her hair as there are stars to-night in the sky, and as mony jewels between her knee and her foot as would buy the Mains of Siddick. See what a glance she gave me!—Lord! it gangs through me like a sunbeam through a pane o' glass,—ye may see the light o' day through my heart;—her dark een have riddled it like a herling-net!"

"Now, this I call real moonshine madness," said a fourth rustic; the quean's weel enough, but deil an inch of a lady's about her:—and diamonds and jewels!

why something has coost glamour in your een,—she wears a well-curled head of hamely hair, a kind of a brown, and a gown of her ain spinning, a kind of a yellow.—She's a bonnie lass for all thae drawbacks; and if ye ask her what her name is, she'll say, it's bonnie Marjorie Partan."

During this singular debate the bride's mother returned to the dance. At first she seemed in her usual mood, but she gradually became agitated and restless; and when at last her glances fell on Lord Dalveen and his fair partner, the blood forsook her cheeks, her knees trembled, and she muttered an unconscious prayer. She closed her eyes, folded her hands, and muttered, "I wished an evil wish, and that wish is fulfilled.—Alas! I am the evil woman the world thinks me, and I have a power, acquired I know not how, and of which I have ever before been unconscious.—There she moves, the very picture of loveliness which he himself drew,—the express image of his own wicked desire,—and he is lost for ever, soul as well as body, if I have not the skill to charm her away, and drive this shadow of perdition from among the children of men." She rose as she uttered this, left the dance, but speedily returned, holding something in her hand, which she thrust into her bosom, and approached the place where the object of her fears were seated, fanning her glowing neck and temples with a perfumed handkerchief, which diffused an odour over the whole meeting.

"I would that I knew a name to call so much beauty by," said Lord Dalveen; "even an odour obtains an increase of fragrance when it gets a name, and loveliness and wit should never be unbaptized.—Nay, be not angry with the freedom of my speech,—but I must even find you a fair name, since you make your name a secret."—"Call her Christina," said one who stept hastily past, muffled up in a cloak, and then mingled with the dancers.—"Christina!—a pretty name and a holy one," said Lord Thomas; "but, Christina, my love, what ails you? why, you shrink together like a frozen leaf when I say Christina.—There now,—nay, what in God's name, pains you?—nay paler, paler than ever!

Well, I shall name that name no more, if you will paint your face again with its native rose and lily."—"Sir," said the stranger lady, in a low, shuddering but sweet voice," that is the name which I detest above all names, save one; and those who wish for my good-will must name it no more."—And she shed back the dark clusters of her hair from two large dark eyes, and gave Lord Thomas one of those conquering glances of which he had often read in song and story, but had never experienced before.

"Lady," he said, "you make a secret of your name, but you can make no such secret of your beauty;—for whoever beholds you must feel its influence.—I,—may the saints help me!—have suffered much from the caprice and cruelty of woman in my time, and if I have any fault, it is that of being too accessible to the influence of bright eyes and a witty tongue.—I had got the better, I believed, of this weakness, and imagined myself proof against wily woman, and in a fair way of becoming a saint,—one of the fixed and shining lights of the district.—But something has happened to-night that tells me I am as weak as ever.—Nay, my fair enemy, if you give me another of those overpowering looks, I shall never survive till morning light, unless you have the mercy to keep me company, and cheer me with your pleasant tongue and the touch of your fair hands."

"Ah! Lord Thomas," said the lady, "the weakness of which you complain becomes man as much as the bloom becomes the spring, and fruit the summer bough. But what pains must the young dames of the district feel when they find that, after escaping from repentance and the quicksands of devotion, you have suffered shipwreck on a strange coast, and have been saved and led captive by a dark lady with sooty locks, and eyes which are only good enough to weep with. Indeed, I shall ever accuse myself of weaning your affection from better things.—What will Maud Paul say, when she concludes the pretty voyage on which you had the goodness to send her?—what will Grace Joysan say, when she comes to her senses, and finds that your

Lordship has submitted to captivity again,—a captivity from which you will find there is no escape?" She said this in a half-serious and half-comic tone; and when she had done she threw on him another of those hasty and o'ermastering glances, which steal their best resolves from the wisest, and lead stoics into captivity.

To all this Lord Thomas replied,—"My dark divinity, you are indeed right.—I am fairly led into captivity; and since I have yielded to one against whom resistance would have been vain, let me hope for clemency in my fair conqueror.—Into what place will you conduct your captive?—I may plead, that the sickness of love is upon me, and that I ought to be indulged with a soft couch and fair attendance."

"Indeed," answered the lady, "you are by far too dainty and delicate. I am of a pastoral turn; and a wild stream-bank—a green-sward plat in a lonely wood—a fairy ring on the hill-side—a loop of a stream in a retired glen—or a pretty bower overshadowed with holly boughs—are my favourite places; and into such nooks it is my delight to lead those who are so blind as to think me handsome. I cannot expect your volatile worship will admire my pastoral accommodation, and I must therefore languish with some more condescending Corydon under the summer moon. My way homeward lies through Dalgonar-glen—a spot which the fairies love, and one of the loveliest nooks the moon shines upon."

"You have indeed a pretty pastoral taste, young maiden," said Lord Thomas, "for it is one of the fairest spots day ever dawned upon; but its fame is inferior to its beauty. Shepherds will tell you it is haunted, and that no man was ever so dauntless as go through it after night-fall."—"I shall see if it deserves the name the shepherds give it to-night," said the lady; "but your Lordship will do well to avoid straying into suspicious places, since your nerves are weak. There you will hear the hoot of an owl—the trees will appear each with its own dark shadow—the moon will put on an additional horn to scare you—and I, your own dark guide, will grow into the evil spirit which haunts the

glen—and your simple and innocent Lordship will be obliged to go distracted in defence of your wits, and furnish a new tale for the winter nights."

"I shall run the risk," said Lord Thomas; "the night is wearing late—the bridal-supper is about ready—and here comes the bride's mother to give us warning—then welcome the green glen of Dalgonar under the sweet light of the moon." As Lord Thomas spoke, the dance concluded, and the bridal-guests hastened through the door towards the residence of the bride. The rich steam of the supper ascended from the table, and scented the night-wind; and an old man sat with his eyes half-closed, and his hands spread, ready to indulge them with a grace equal in length to the united patience of the whole company.

As the bridal-guests crowded from the dancing-floor, the bride's mother glided in behind Lord Thomas and his partner, and suddenly put her hand before the dark lady, and appeared to thrust something into her bosom. The stranger uttered a faint shriek of mingled pain and horror, clasped her hands over her bosom and shuddered and shook with agony. Lord Thomas turned hastily about to seize the old woman, but she eluded his grasp; he looked round, but the lady was gone from his hand, aud nowhere to be found or seen. The peasants gathered round Lord Thomas in a ring, and each expressed his opinion aloud.

"God, an I were your Lordship, I would heed the hizzie nae mair. She's no cannie, that's certain; she vanished from your hand like a flaff of fire, and gade off like a water-spunkie, or a will-o-wisp run mad. I danced ae reel wi' her, and she gied me such a heartsome shake o' her hand, that mine's glowing yet. God, I wad as soon have a grip frae a red-hot pair o' tangs when our smith takes a welding-heat."

"The child's run mad," said a peasant, some score of years his senior; "she was one of the bonniest lasses I ever saw in my life to be sic a dark ane, and ane o' the ae best dancers that ever lap to thairms. Flaff o' fire! I can say no to that; she just glided away like a shadow, and grew less and less as she flew. But ye

see it's just ane of the cantrips of the bride's mother; she coost glamour in our een; she wants naebody to be thought bonnie but her ain daughter."

"Atweel and that's true," said an old gray-headed man, whose knowledge in discovering witches was reputed deep, and who earned a subsistence by extracting elf-arrows out of cows, and in casting out spells from the flocks of the farmer; "atweel that's true; for she's the starkest witch in our east countrie. She ance on a time turned as bonnie a draught of new-run salmon as een could wish to see into toads and paddocks; and on another time made the seventeen milch cows of Mavis-bank yield red reeking blood instead of sweet milk. I saw't in the stoups myself. Ye may say that Samuel Colan said it, that she struck that bonnie quean, wham naebody knew, with leprosy and with ugliness, out of sheer malice and rank envy, and now for a winsome kimmer her lover will have a loathsome lass. Grizie Greer's an awful woman—monie a time she has ridden round the Roons of Galloway on a ragwort. I was ance on a time up in England, and an auld southron carlin, wha sauld sour drink at Robin Hood's Well, looked me in the face, and said, 'Samuel, Lockerbyhill's a bonnie place. Mony a time has Grizie Greer and me ridden there to a Hallowmas tryste, on twa broomsticks.' There are witches in the land, let the law say what it likes."

"Hout, will ye no come and stop your folly with a hot supper?" said another peasant. "The lass vanished nane; she's nane of the vanishing kind, faith; but as true a quean as ever kept tryste under a hawthorn. She's an owre-sea cousin to the seven lasses of Lambin-bughts; and I'll warrant she's half-way up Dalgonar-glen by this time, wi' some cannie chield at her elbow. Grizel Greer a witch!—Am I a warlock?—She's a kindlie, couthie, douce bodie, wi' a mouthful of capital common sense; and as common sense is the rarest sense of a,' ye accuse her of witchcraft. But come and taste Grizel's bridal-supper—she can dish out dainties like ony princess."—This seemed to be a belief common to all; for the wedding-guests crowded

round the bridal-board; and as soon as the finished grace let their hands loose, the dainties began to vanish, though many believed that witchcraft had assisted in rendering the meal so delicious. This suspicion seemed to be countenanced by the deportment of the bride's mother; she sat at the table, but ate little, and appeared to be pondering upon the events of the evening; for she was heard to mutter—"I kenned she was ane of the fiend's fashioning. I trow I gied her the Scripture test;—she moaned like a dying babe when she found the Lord's Prayer in her bosom. It set the Enemy weel to send ane of his brimstone progeny to dance at my douce bairn's bridal!"

This strange tale flew over the district. Some gave credence to the wildest version which fancy could frame, while others sought to sober it down to the level of the ordinary events of life; and a third party again mingled the whole together, and tried to extract a consistent story from the varied tale of eighty wedding-guests. The cannon of the contending ships arrested the story on its march; and those who witnessed both the bridal and battle scenes, acknowledged that Mirk Monday—Windy Saturday—the Day of the Union—Mar's Year—the Chevalier's Rade—or any other period of calamity and wonder, was fairly surpassed now. John Cargill, the Cameronian, shook his head—said nothing—but dived into the book of Revelation and Peden's Prophecies; and prayers were extended at night, and sermons lengthened at morn. Sandie Crombie drank no brandy for a day, and Rob Rodan swore none for a whole week. Many other symptoms of reformation and repentance appeared, which might give a curious picture of human nature, but would interrupt the progress of my narrative.

An hour before midnight—a little after the period of Paul's escape, and when all was quiet and still—I must present Lord Dalveen to my readers, attired with the nicest care, and in a rich garb. He was handsome; and he gave his fine form the advantage of a dress which followed his shape more than the fashion; his mantle, as he threw it in studied negligence over his shoulder,

diffused essences around; and his hat and feather, though the first was of the finest fabric, and the latter was from the wing of one of Criffel's eagles, and kept its place by means of a buckle of gold and jewels, were unworthy of being heeded for the sake of the noble face which they shaded. He stood for a moment, and glanced at himself from the feather to the shoe-buckle in one of the castle mirrors, and gave a smile, and said —"Well, this is the pastoral attire of holiday poets' verses, and cannot fail to captivate a young girl of a romantic turn, who chooses to be wooed under the light of the moon by a wild burn-bank rather than in a lighted chamber with its luxurious bed. The girl's right; Nature spreads the most delicious couches in her silent places; and a kiss under a blossomed hawthorn has a rural sweetness about it which is never felt under a flowered ceiling and a glittering chandelier. The girl's right;—Nature is the grand procuress to all enjoyment. With what a rich and cunning hand she scatters her daisies and her lilies!—They seem to look up in lovers' faces, and say—'Come press me—come press me;' so now for Dalgonar-glen, and an hour of my gay ladye."

He hastened from the castle by a private postern, turned his face to the west, and gained the banks of a little stream which rose at the head of Dalgonar-glen. This burn united itself with several trickling springs, and ere it reached the middle of the narrow valley, waxed deep enough to shelter its trouts from the hands of the school-boys, and formed many pools as round as a basin, and better than breast deep. Lord Thomas felt the beauty of this secluded glen; he walked slowly along a footpath which conducted the shepherds to the church—looked at his own shadow in the stream—at the dark-green shade of the trees—at the sparkling of the stars—and the gliding beauty of the rivulet, which, with many a wimple and loop, glittered at his feet.

From the loveliness of the place, his mind, by a very natural transition, began to dwell on the charms of the lady at whose call he was now its visitant; and he thought aloud, for he knew that the peasantry were too

much under a superstitious influence to cross his path in a glen which had the reputation of being haunted. "If she is a fair, she is also a capricious creature, and her knowledge raises her superior to fear, else she would have trysted me to a less lonesome place. But she expects that the dewy moonlight will cool down the fever of her foreign blood—she may be mistaken there. She had almost an unearthly loveliness in her looks;—the music of her feet assisted the fiddle and her conversation was witty, tender, and sarcastic. I saw, too, that her eyes sought me out wheresoever I went; and when she saw that I observed her, she cast them instantly on the floor. In truth, the girl loves me; and I can see, by this little stream and the moon's inconstant light, that she has some taste." He glanced at his shadow in the pool as he glided on, and chanted a verse of one of Caledonia's free old songs.

The glen now grew deeper and narrower,—the trees nearly closed their heads together over the little stream, and the holly, honeysuckle, and green birch united in shutting out all light, save that which dropt through the fragrant awning formed by the forest-trees. The rivulet-bank grew softer and the flowers with which all the sward was showered diffused the richest scent from their half-closed blossoms as his feet moved them while he passed.—"The genius of love," muttered Lord Thomas "has prompted the maiden in wishing to meet me here.—Here it is!—the fairy bank, the holly-bush, and the knee-deep pool,—I know them all:—this is the trysting-place.—A nice little lonely wicked-looking nook it is, where a woman may gain her advantage over the heart of a simple swain like me. I have been often deluded by these dear bewitching creatures, and I feel by my heart that I am ready to be imposed upon again."—He seated himself on the ground,—laid his hat and feather aside,—waved back his hair from his temples,—undid the clasp of his mantle, and spread it on the flowers at his feet.

A pair of ringdoves, seated abreast on the tree above, looked down upon him, but moved not, while a hare, which came to taste the dewy richness of the herbage,

gazed on him at every nibble it took, but still it nibbled on. In a moment the doves darted away with a sudden clang of their wings, and the hare started down the glen with a speed to which fear seemed to have given plumes. Lord Dalveen looked up, and beheld a young lady of great beauty walking on the margin of the stream. Her dress seemed all of white satin, damasked with flowers, and in her dark and clustering tresses she seemed to have showered all manner of precious stones, for they sparkled as she moved, and formed something like a halo round her brow. She had come close to his side ere he saw her; and he sprung to his feet and said, "Welcome, my fair ladye," and offered to clasp her in his arms. She started back—motioned him from her—and seated herself a little apart among some new-sprung flowers. Lord Thomas sat down also and gazed upon her,—he thought he never beheld a creature so lovely.

"You have kept tryst, Lord Thomas," said the lady; "and I see you are even now thinking me a forward maiden for meeting you in such a place as this. It is a place indeed, which the folly of man's fears has tenanted with spirits; but we shall sit here some time ere we see aught worse than ourselves."—"My fair lady," said Lord Thomas, "Nature never formed a sweeter place for a true-love meeting than this, and I am sure she never formed a fairer creature for a nook in paradise. The very stream seems to murmer music,—the trees hang their branches, so that the moon only can [illegible] how fond the lovers are who are seated below them;—and look at these flowers,—they spring up for the sake of being pressed down into a full-length couch for beauty."—"Indeed, Lord Thomas, this sweet nook is all that you call it," said the young lady: "your Lordship seems so much enraptured with the stream, the trees, and the flowers, that I may fairly question if you have any admiration to throw away on a poor girl like me, with a simple heart and a sunburned face."

Lord Thomas rose, stood before her, and said,—"It was no sunburned face I saw at the bridal-dance; but you must be as light of the foot as you are lovely,

for no winged thing ever flew away so fast,—flew! why, you vanished rather than flew, and our peasants have started the nice and sensible question,—'Did the dark beauty sink at once into the earth,—ascend into the midnight air,—or change herself into a shadow, and fly straight forward?'—For my own part, I think you resolved yourself into thin air, or into a shooting star!—The shooting star is the most probable theory."

The lady laughed and said,—"O! a most feasible theory—but false in fact. In truth, I found that I was long enough among you;—your Lordship's eyes, which beam so chastely to-night, had a grosser light under their lids then,—such a light as a modest maiden might fear. So I e'en transformed myself into an ancient dame, and walked groaning away, and louting over a crutch.—I looked about, and there stood your marvelling worship gaping with wonder, even as you are staring now.—What! is there any marvel, think ye, in growing wrinkled, or rosy, as one pleases? How shall I ever charm so romantic a gallant as your Lordship, if I am not permitted to be a matron to you one moment and a mistress to you another?"

"Upon my soul," said Lord Dalveen, "you are a merry mistress, and truly you have cast your part well, for I lack a wise head as well as a fair face. But the moon is now behind the trees, and you must have the tenderness to be young and beautiful to-night,—you can look old to other people." "Well now," answered the lady, "these words are to the purpose, but I must speak as the matron first,—your enemy, your mortal enemy, comes to seek your life, and even while I speak he is at no great distance."

"Nay now, my dear ladye," said Lord Thomas, "this is an idle waste of good time and honest gifts,—let mine enemy come; what care I for the feud of aught born of woman? My hand can keep my head and my heart against all the malice of man. Come, come, be young and rosy, and as foolish as ye will,—leave wisdom for daylight,—any kind of looks will do to give good advice with,—but it is not every face that can charm a man's heart."

"You must think more gravely of this matter," answered the other; "Paul is a fierce foe, and deeply hath he vowed vengeance against you, both for his sister's sake and your own. I can be more useful to you in this matter than you imagine. In the land from whence I came there are many secrets, such as are unknown here,—there is a charm which makes a sword give no thrust less than mortal, a charm which conducts every bullet to its mark, and a charm which secures the body of man against lead and steel."

Loud laughed Lord Thomas till the whole glen echoed. "Indeed, my credulous maiden, the land from whence you came has produced something infinitely more welcome to me than secrets such as these. What! I would not give an hour of your sweet company to be possessed of a sword that gives no second blow, a pistol that never misses its aim, and a body proof against lead and steel. You know not how it exalts man above the world, when he can save his life from his foes by his own right hand. Man's heroic nature would be debased did he fence his body so, and assail his enemy with such weapons. Come now, be the ripe and the pleasant young lady,—leave sage counsel and profound remarks to dames of wrinkled eld,—woman is far sweeter and more welcome when she tries to please man with her beauty, than astonish him with her wit." And he stept close to her side, and offered to touch her with his hand.

This movement seemed expected by the young lady,—her eyes sparkled with unusual lustre, and she turned somewhat towards him, as if to point him to a place on the sod by her side. But in a moment a strange agitation came over her frame,—the brightness fled from her eyes, the rose from her cheek, and her locks, which seemed before strewn as thick with diamonds as the sky with stars, grew dark, and seemed writhing in the curl. She sprung to her feet, stept from him a pace or two, and gazed on him with eyes which appeared filled with fire rather than the light of love. Lord Thomas looked on her with surprise, and as he looked the colour returned to her cheek and the bright-

ness to her brow, while her eyes shone with a soft and witching light, such as man may not well withstand.

"Lord Thomas," she said, "I see it is not to-night that we are to be blest in our love; something, I know not what, is between us,—I look around me, and I can see nothing, and yet no shape of air could hover here without my eye observing it." "Shape of air!" answered her lover with a smile, "has the legend of the glen inoculated your fancy also? But you are not to escape from me with well-feigned fears and forced amazements. I am no believer in visionary beings; I have done deeds which might have called down shapes from heaven, or called up forms from hell, and yet no such phantoms were forthcoming. You are indeed a pretty actress, and can change your complexion like a passing cloud;—but shapes of air, my sweet girl! if you have got no better reason for refusing me a kiss than that a spirit is looking on, why let the said spirit be a tell-tale." And he advanced to her side, and his right hand half enclosed her waist, when she uttered a low cry, fluttered from among his hands like a startled dove, and stood and gazed upon him again with the running stream between them.

She seemed deeply agitated,—the light went and came in her eyes like stars glimmering in a disturbed stream; one moment she was glowing in grace and loveliness, in another she appeared of an ashen hue, forsaken by youth and abandoned by her beauty. "What ails you, lady?" said Lord Thomas; "the courage and the love which enabled you to keep tryst in this lonesome glen might assist you in your interview with your lover. If you think a routine of theatrical display necessary before you become more condescending, why even imagine that all that is passed, that I have honoured it with my applause, and let us behave as becomes young people left to their own wills on a summer night in a sequestered glen.

"Lord Dalveen," answered the young lady, "you are yourself the cause of all this. There is that about you to-night which I may well fear, and which must keep us asunder as fire is kept from water. Another hour

may be a pleasanter one, and we shall meet again when fortune may befriend us." She then waved her hands, muttered some inaudible words, lifted water in her palms from the running stream, and showered it into the air. Every particular drop of water seemed a star; while the light continued, that of the moon was withdrawn; and then the whole glen became as dark as the grave. Lord Thomas, whom no fear, either of the dead or living, ever daunted, exclaimed, "We are not to be sundered thus!—welcome, thick darkness!—a darksome night and a fair lady for me!" and sprang over the streamlet.

CHAPTER IV.

And then a maiden blithe and bright she grew,
And from beneath two silken eyelids sent
The sidelong light of two such wondrous eyes,
That all the saints grew sinners.

Between midnight and the first cock-crowing Lord Dalveen was observed returning down the glen, his dress disordered, his step agitated, and his looks wild. He started at every sound,—stood at every bend of the stream,—the waving of a branch quickened the beating of his heart, and the dancing of the water under the cold light of the stars called oftener than once a hasty prayer from his tongue. His dress I said was disordered,—I might have said drenched,—his hat and plume were as wet as the stream could make them, and his mantle dropped water at every step he took. He seemed overmastered by some agitating emotion, and muttered often to himself, like one passing events in review before him, commending his own conduct or condemning it, as cooler reflection enabled him to see with a clearer sight.

He was on the point of emerging from the glen when

he beheld a man before him, with his arms folded in a sort of naval cloak, beneath the folds of which, as the motion of his steps displayed his firm and well-knit form, glanced a pair of gold-mounted pistols and the hilt of a short sword. The stranger started when he saw Lord Dalveen approach; he altered not his slow and careless pace, but advanced to meet him with his arms still folded in his cloak. He formed the resolution as he advanced, that from the verge of that glen they should not both return with life.

Lord Thomas, however, was overmastered by something far more terrible to his heart than an armed enemy. He looked up, uttered an exclamation of joy, hurried forward, and, holding out his hand, said, "O, Paul, I am glad I have met you,—though you refuse my hand, and anger against me is burning in your eyes, still I am glad. To meet a human being on this fearful night is a blessing. Even to meet my sternest foe makes my heart leap with joy." "It has indeed been a fearful night, Lord Dalveen," answered Paul Jones; "for the sinking ship and the bay dyed with blood you may thank yourself. To chastise this country am I come, and to avenge my wrongs upon my oppressors. With a brave man shall I ever act honourably;—this is a lonely place,—here is a brace of pistols loaded by my own hand; make your choice, and take your distance."

"Paul," he said, "the sinking ship and the bay dyed with blood,—your wrongs, which are many, and your desire of vengeance, which I confess is natural, move not me. I have seen that to-night which may well make me think lightly of the wrath and the wrongs of man." "My Lord," answered Paul, "I have yet to learn that earth has a more terrible shape to set before one than an injured friend, a wronged man, and an insulted spirit; yet I must acknowledge that you wear an alarm and a terror in your looks which I never saw before. You have done deeds in calmness which would make a bold heart quake to contemplate."

"Will you answer me one question in open candour," said Lord Dalveen,—"did you meet a shape as

you entered this glen,—a form,—a female form,—young probably, and with a laughing look,—tall too,—yet only a shape,—fair, but only a shadow? She walked along the way before me, and would pass you at the three oaks, where the glen expands." Paul smiled, and said, "So a woman's shape is a thing fearful to you, my Lord. But to your question,—I met a woman beside the three oaks, yet she was neither young nor fair, nor had she a laughing look,—she was bent with years and covered with wrinkles; she stopt, and wished my sword success; for him whom I hated most was with a paramour in the glen. I came and I found you, my Lord; so measure the ground, and let our hate be quenched in blood.

Lord Dalveen seemed to have his mind shut to all other sensations save that of superstitious terror; he heard not, or he disregarded the concluding remark of Paul; he looked him anxiously in the face and said, "Does Heaven allow fiends to put on shapes of loveliness to seduce men's souls,—to assume youth, and grace, and beauty,—to endow themselves with wit and eloquence,—the witchery of sweet speech, and the eloquence of looks, to tempt us into the bottomless pit? Can Heaven permit this, Paul?—I would rather hear a sensible man's opinion, than the idea of two deep divines,—they would decide in favour of the pit,—they wish to raise up enemies against man's salvation to increase the value of their own labours."

Paul looked anxiously on Lord Dalveen, and replied in perfect seriousness of heart, "I must take part with the priests, I fear, my Lord, though I can offer no decision upon my own experience. It is no gratuitous stretch of the imagination to believe that the fiend is permitted to come upon the earth, for we have the scripture assurance of the fact; we read also that he came familiarly among the sons and daughters of men, and that he obtained God's permission to put one of them to a long and a sore trial. I read no where that he was forbidden to assume what shape he pleased for the subjugation of man's soul; and I think his subtilty would teach him the art of tempting man according to

the imperfections of his nature. To Justice Macmittimus he would present himself like a full-fed fowl dripping from the spit; and when the desire of gluttony was upon him, he would lead his eyes to the widow's houses, and his heart to the orphan's inheritance,—so there goes one subject to Satan;—to my Lord Dalveen he would come in the shape of woman,—he would appear in the strength of youth, and ripeness, and loveliness, and so secure his soul by means of the sin which so easily besets him. To me, Lord Dalveen, he would appear a heavenly figure with wings, bearing the sacred banner of liberty, and would wave me on over the mountains and over the waves, and I would draw my sword and follow the glorious vision to the ends of the earth, and become a tyrant and a blood-spiller for the sake of living under the shadow of freedom."

"You have assisted the priests to vanquish my belief," said Lord Dalveen, "and the sight which I have seen to-night embellishes your devout commentary, in spirit and in word. Know ye then that, by a form of the most perfect beauty and sweetness, I was made a love-tryster in this wild glen,—I met her under a holly-tree by a little pool, where the primrose comes first in spring, and where our shepherd maidens bleach their linen."

"I know the spot," said Paul,—"under the holly tree there is the form of a grave, and on that grave tradition says that a beauteous shape is sometimes seen seated at midnight, weeping with dishevelled locks and rent garments. I must confess, however, that the tale varies, and gives to this fair mourner an eye so bright that the birds flutter around her head, and a voice so exquisitely sweet as to wile the fish out of the brook. I suppose then, my Lord, you have seen this traditionary lady?"

"We met,—the maiden and I," said Lord Thomas, "under the holly bough, and I confess I never felt in woman's presence half the wild delight which ran burning along my veins when I saw her approach. She stood within touch of me as lovely as a flower new blossomed out of the ground;—nay I thought that the

holly boughs dropped fragrance,—that the earth shot up ten thousand flowers around me,—that the stars sparkled out a brighter light,—and that the very stream at my feet raised up its voice and murmured music.—I even think that her feet,--small, neat, and round,—emitted a light as she moved.--But the light which was in her eyes no man could find strength to resist."

"All this, my Lord," answered Paul, "may be told at some shepherd's fireside, and this glen will then have a new legend in popular belief. You cannot, of course, expect me to believe in this midnight marvel of yours; and I cannot for my soul conceive what you mean by relating so clumsy a fiction with so grave a face."

"Paul," said Lord Thomas, "I swear by the soul of man that what I describe I saw.--I would give my lordship thrice told, and abide your hottest anger for deceiving and wronging you, could you prove to my contentment that what has happened within this hour is an idle fiction.—But let me tell you all.—I wished to take her in my arms,—nor did she seem at all loath; but the moment I put out my hand she grew deadly pale,—shook like the leaf in the linn,—the light faded in her eyes, the beauty forsook her,— and she uttered a wild cry, and started a step or two from me. As soon as she did this, her loveliness returned, and she threw upon me the same loving and languishing glances as she gave me before."

"You are describing now, Lord Thomas, the conduct and feelings of a vain young woman," answered Paul; "and you certainly cannot think it supernatural that she desired to be wooed, and not plucked like a drop-ripe pear. Conclude this childish story; there is work to be done which it requires men's hands to do, and this is a fitting time and place."

"From such work as becomes men's hands to do," replied Lord Dalveen, "I shall never seek to go while strength remains; but hear me, Paul,—I entreat you to hear me,--and when I have done speak your judgment,--work your will,—I shall neither shun you nor baulk you,—only hear me now."—"Go on," said Paul, "but be brief;—my time is short,—I attend to you."

"A second time I sought to touch her,—a second time her beauty faded, and she became agitated and cried out; and when I again saw her, she was standing on the opposite side of the stream as bright as any star, and as delicious as a new-opened flower. At one bound I passed the rivulet,—stood by her side, seized her in my arms,—and sought to press her to my bosom.—She uttered a shriek so wild and piercing that the ringdoves started for a mile around. Her hair streamed wildly over her face, and when my lips approached her I beheld a ghastly visage, from which the flesh and blood had fled, and left it a skeleton,—while a light like that of perdition burned fiercely in the eye-sockets, and the bones of the mouth seemed set to a ghastly smile. I looked at her body,—her robe had fallen aside.—I saw no more; for, with a force which ten men's strength could not have resisted, she dashed me from her into the stream, muttering,—'The book!—but for the book ye should have supt with me in hell!—When I had strength to rise she was gone; the glen was in sevenfold darkness—I prayed long and fervently,—and when I rose from my knees I held this bible in my hand.—My mother had slipt it into my pocket; for she often puts godliness in my way; and to its influence I owe my safety. Such is my story;—what think you of it?"

It was some time before Paul made any reply.—He glanced his eye on Lord Thomas, and saw nothing but sincerity in his looks:—he thought all the wild tale over again, and found it far too incredible for his belief.—"My Lord," he said, "I have heard your legend, and I shall ask you but one question, what would you call me if I believed it?—I know not, indeed, well what to think,—I see no aim you can have in this seeking to inoculate me with a story so strangely wild;—it is too dull for a piece of wit,—and the moral which a man may draw from it seems more suitable to your Lordship than to me."

"And that should impress you with the assurance of its truth," replied the young nobleman. "I forgot to tell you, that as I came along the glen I imagined I

saw her re-appearing before me;—and if you met any shape it was hers,—transformed into the appearance of an aged woman.—Her story of your worst enemy and his paramour in the glen proves that you have spoken to my fiend. She wished me ill by your hand,—seeing that she was foiled herself. I see you believe me now, and you do me but justice. Paul, Heaven has armed hell against me.—I see the ruin of my house and the extinction of my name,—I have seen it approaching, step by step, as surely as winter steals on the leaf of the tree and the herb of the field.—I have tried,—this you will reckon the most incredible portion of my story,—I have tried to throw off the garments of folly, —I have sought to banish evil thoughts from my bosom,—I have prayed to be strengthened in my new-sprung virtue,—and, lo! ye see the result. An evil spirit has been let loose upon me. Alas! mine own evil nature!—My passions, wild and strong, are fiends that have prevailed against me too often already; and now that hell has joined the league, to resist effectually would require more than man."

Paul was much moved by the earnest and melancholy language of Lord Thomas. He said,—"I came hither to seek you, and my purpose was to call you to a quick and final account for all the wrongs you have done me. The grass on which we stand had been moistened now with your heart's blood or with mine, had not this wild and fearful tale of yours interposed. But we fight not now;—the time must soon come when we will meet on land or on wave, and men shall say, who see our contention, that we are worthy of each other's swords. Go home and repent, my Lord!—Go home and repent!"—And Paul turned suddenly round, and hastened towards the gorge of the glen.

He was not gone many minutes till he came bounding back, folding his cloak over his left arm as he came. He found Lord Dalveen on the spot where he had left him.—"My Lord," he said, "I can expound your vision now:—you detained me, and delayed my vengeance by an ill-imagined story, till your friends should come. They are nigh, and from this spot there is no

escape. Here!—take your choice of these pistols,—three paces apart will do:—your tale shall not protect you even till those who seek me arrive."

"Paul," said the young lord, "I shall soon show you that I felt all I said:—here you will be safe while life remains with me. Men's fear or love for me will protect you; and should either or both of these fail, I lack not other means of making good my words.—So seek not to fly; but stand, and converse with me as if nothing had happened.—Here some one comes."—He then spoke aloud:—"So you prefer the dog with the white foot to her with the star on the brow?—Well! it shall be yours; and I believe you are right.—It takes the water after an otter as if its legs were fins and its hair scales, and dives into the earth after a fox like a very mole. I once put its dam on the foot of a fox on the top of Corehead brae, and it followed it to the foot of Annan water.—'Tis as good a dog as ever wore hair."

Here Lord Thomas was interrupted by a figure on horseback, with a cloak clasped round his neck which extended as far as the horse's tale,—a hat and white feather on his head, and a drawn sword in his hand. This martial apparition was followed by a dozen cloaked comrades, with drawn swords and with pistols glittering at their saddle-bows. "Halt!" cried the leader; and staying his own horse, his comrades stood all still like as many warriors in brass or in marble. "Gentlemen," said the officer, "there are enemies of my king in the land.—I will thank you for your names:—blood has been spilt by sea and land to-night, and it is my duty to challenge all suspicious persons.—Your names, if you please?"

"Our names," said Lord Dalveen, very calmly, "will aid your judgment little. The most ancient names of the island are banded among our enemies; and how will you distinguish betwixt a good subject of our Lord the King and one of his bitterest enemies?"—"Let me have your names," answered the officer, "and I may try to decide.—Come, come, my comrades,—your names, I say, else I must conduct you to some place of security, where you may find your senses and civility at leisure."

"Sir," said Lord Thomas, "I know this land as well as you; and there is not a house of durance for a dozen miles equal to the retention of a rat.—The jail of the county-town cannot hold men any more than water will keep in a sieve;—through the soft sandstone of Dumfries prison a man with sharp nails may scratch in a night,—and the harrow which forms the door of Lochmaben jail has been lent to the lairds of the Fourtowns to harrow their corn crofts at the usance of twopence a day. I know the condition of the county well."

"Upon my soul and you do, my friend," observed the officer; "your knowledge has been obtained by experience; but make no moan for the matter,—I can make a prison of the greenwood tree and a spare rein. But, since you seem anxious for a prison of stone and mortar, there is an old moth-eaten hold in the neighbourhood, with a vault worthy of your presence,—deep, dark, and damp,—a kind of upper story to the grave:—the black-hole of Calcutta, where Archie Campbell and I lived for a twelvemonth, was a presence-chamber compared to it.—I shall cool you a night in the castle-vault of Dalveen."

"I am thinking then," said Lord Thomas, "that my comrade and I must be candidates for this same vault which you have described so well, unless you think there is no suspicion can be attached to the names of Tom of Dalveen and Johnie Paul." The officer paused for a moment;—he beckoned his sergeant to him,—"Lally," he said, "look at these men:—have you ever seen either of them before?—how do you describe the man who shot your comrade, and escaped from you in yon wild glen?"

Low and from his horse's neck stooped Sergeant Lally, and looked in the faces of Lord Thomas and Paul with a glance of the most sagacious penetration;—he twisted his mouth like the fastenings of a sack;—he relaxed it till it extended across his whole face;—he elevated his brows and he depressed them;—and finally, as a summing up of the matter, nodded his head, and said,—"Now, by my own soul, Captain Clifton, I can neither say they are the men or they are

not the men, they are both so like him and they are not so like him.—They are like him now, because, by the powers! they have the same eyes and the same noses, and the same chins;—and they are not like him, because he was tall and one of them is short, and because he was short and one of them is tall: now, do you understand me?—Sitting here now, by the bagpiper who played before Moses, but they are both as like the fellow as I am like my mother's son;—and then, looking at them this way, by the saucepan that boiled the first potato, but they are no more like him than they are like the man in the moon, and he was like nobody but Yadrah Gallagher, the piper, from the Leap of Coleraine."

"You hear, captain," said Lord Thomas, "that your clear-minded sergeant thinks we both bear a strong resemblance to some desperado or another, whose sword would have retrenched your troop of some wisdom had it lopped him off. Under these circumstances, and since you think our names ominous, it will be better for you to detain us till daylight.—I long, I confess, to see this loyal old vault of yours, and to have a tasting of your military courtesy, which seems to be measured by the sense of your sergeant."

"Then, by my commission, comrade, you shall have it!" replied Captain Clifton, reddening with anger at the taunting irony of Lord Thomas. "Soldiers, look to these prisoners, and bring them onwards to the grey tottering tower of Dalveen;—the old lady will be praying, and the young lord will be dallying with some of the maids, so we are sure to find admittance.—'Tis disgracing a fellow of blood and bearing to send him into such an undiscovered region as this, to pick up a brace of boors.—I would rather be confronting, as I have oftentimes done, my lads, the bayonets of the Monsieurs or the swords of the Spaniards."

"Captain," said Lord Thomas, "I may save you some trouble, and I would willingly make the investigation easy to those who have little wisdom to waste in an affair of treason.—I have been a traveller in my day; and through the vales of bonnie Cumberland and

the dales of cannie Yorkshire I have wandered acre by acre.—It was my luck to scrape up acquaintance with a cautious chap of the North Riding, Dick Clifton by name,—as capital a tapster as ever broached a barrel,—and as jolly a lad as ever extracted a cork.—Ah! many a pleasant day have I had under his sign of 'A bird in the Hand is worth two in the Bush.'—Honest Dick contrived, by his skill in handling the chalk among his illiterate customers, to pick up as much money as purchased a commission for his son Ned, and the youth was taken from the spiggot and fosset and put to the pistol and sword.—Now Ned from 'The bird in the Hand' is in your regiment, and to him I refer you for my identity and respectability of character."

Dark as it was, the red flushing of Captain Clifton's face and the angry flashing of his eyes were visible to all around.—"Thou damned cool Scotch vagabond!" he exclaimed, "I like your rascally drawling way of speaking worse than the words themselves.—I would as lief have a snail crawl across my name as hear a Scotchman distil it, letter by letter, out of his throat.—And what an if my father did keep the sign of the 'Bird in Hand?'—he won an honest penny,—and no such ale was brewed in the whole dale;— it carried a foam atop like a cauliflower,—had a bottom worthy of washing the throat of his reverence of York,—and a middle as bright as amber.—I wish I had a pot of it now, to cheer me in this Galwegian wilderness.—Well, my friend," continued he, more pleasantly, "you shall fare no worse for knowing Dick Clifton of Darley-dale,—I daresay, an the truth were known, you have left a very sufficient score unsettled."—And, to cut the matter off at once, he proceeded to chant, in an under-tone, one of the old tippling ballads of the district, and to which the roof of his father's house had often resounded when drink invaded the brains of his guests, and his skill in casting reckonings invaded their pockets.

The castle of Dalveen soon rose, large and grey, before them. Lord Thomas found an opportunity, du

ring the continuance of the captain's chant, to whisper Paul,—"Remain silent; and, whenever we enter the castle, I can find a thousand ways of outwitting Captain Spiggot-and-fosset there.—You know, friend Paul, each door and poster, and so make use of your knowledge.—What think you of my dark ladye of the glen now?—nay, never doubt it.—I know not that I will either be wiser or better for it, but I shall never cease to tremble when I think of her and the loathsome armful I had.—You will hardly believe me when I assure you, that when this son of an ill-filled can came up with his soldiers, I dreaded that I beheld a metamorphosis of my fiend-lover, and that I was to be honoured with another interview with the powers of darkness."

"Hear at them now, your honour!" said Sergeant Lally, riding up to Captain Clifton. "That tall thief of the world called you the son of an ill-filled can, and I and the rest of us the powers of darkness. By the poker, if I thought he meant aught uncivil, I would rid a way among his ribs, for an artillery wagon.—I'll tell you what, now, my dearies," said the sergeant, in a whisper, to his comrades, "if Clifton don't call them out, if they prove honest men in the morning, why then, by the powers, I'll call him Captain Spiggot myself;—and if he don't spend a brace of ball-cartridges upon them, if he finds them knaves, by the jumping Jupiter, he deserves to be carded by the lads of Leinster, and spun by the boys of Connaught,—and so he does."

Lord Thomas was surprised to observe a couple of rustic sentinels posted at his castle-gate, armed with such weapons as they had caught up in the haste of midnight-preparation. They marched to and fro, each with a sword girded to his waist, and bearing a rusty firelock, long in the barrel and large in the bore, such as were used in the wars of King William. Behind them again appeared a score of their companions seated round a large fire, which threw a volume of flame and sparkles high into the air,—their hands were filled with copper flagons, and their chins were slippery and shining with the fat of fowls and lambs. Nor did they seem unwatchful:—the moment the sentinels were sen-

sible of the approach of horsemen they called out,—"Here they come!—lads, let's give them a peppering!—God! we'se riddie their jackets for them afore they shall howk us out o' this dour auld place of refuge.—Bring hither the lang Queen Annes, and rin and tell Justice Macmittimus to roast a score of his capons:—we'll deserve a treat if we beat them off,—and if we are o'ercome, why a good supper's a welcome thing to either vanquished or victor."

Warily, with a cautious foot, and an eye like a cat, did one of the sentinels steal forward, covered by some flowering shrubs which skirted the castle-gate. He held his gun ready; and the moment that the plumes of the dragoons began to dance above the bushes, he raised the muzzle and took aim at the foremost. It was well his companion perceived the mistake he was about to commit: he laid his hand on the muzzle, and whispered,—"Hoolie, Willie, hoolie! these are the grand new come Englishers, Captain Clifton and his dragoons.—Let the trigger be."—"Hout!" responded Willie, "what the waur will the country be if I shot ane?—they dice and drink and damn frae dawn till dark. It will be called a mistake, ye ken."—"Weel," said the other, see that ye dinna miss them;—but they're no all Englishers either:—there's ane Sergeant Lally among them,—a lad frae the Bann-water,—I wish nae ill to him;—he swears and dices too, it's like;—but he's a real heart o' mirth, and tells a bright story and sings a good song. But bide ye, man, there's twa of our ain folk among them; spare yere powder and lead,—ye may kill the doves instead of the ravens."—And, retreating as they came to this cautious resolution, they regained the porch, and recommenced their match.

Before this debate on death and life was three minutes concluded, Captain Clifton rode up to the gate, sent his respects to Lord Dalveen and the ladies of the tower, and requested leave to place in the dungeon a couple of prisoners. The leader of the guard or garrison made answer, that the dungeon was very much at the captain's service, he was sure; and opening to the

right and left, allowed the dragoons to march Lord Thomas and Paul into the court, who held their mantles up to their brows, and walked on in silence.—"Pray now," said Captain Clifton, "friend, will ye tell me why ye mount guard on this old ragged prodigal-looking den?—Observe, too, ye keep not strict discipline:—you should all stand eyes right,—your left foot so,—and your chin thus, as perpendicular as a plummet,—your shoulders back and your chest free,—ay, that's more the thing."

"Hout, man!" said the rustic whom he addressed, "ye're but a mere simpleton in the tactics of defence.—I'se uphaud the true principle of defensive discipline, to lie in keeping yereself safe within, and the enemy uncomfortable without. God, lad! an we were aye to stand eyes right, there would be an escalade on the left,—and while we were balancing our bodies like peacocks, and setting out our briskets like turkeys, the enemy would be in upon us, and skivering us like duckling, thirteen to the dozen.—Why mount we guard on this auld ragged prodigal-looking, bigging, said ye?—Lord, man, ye may weel ask that.—Ye are a brother-worshipper,—ane that believes in the gods of good eating and good drinking.—Ye'll rejoice to hear that a temple for that same is set up in this land, and that the high-priest is here to night.—Can ye make English out of that now?"

"I confess," said the captain, "my friend, you are far too profound for me;—I can only guess that you and your comrades are placed as guards over the whole pastoral riches of the district—a brood ewe and a starved lamb."—"O, man," said the peasant, "I wonder who made you a captain!—There's not a man in the land can speak better Bible English than myself, and yet ye cannot understand me.—I'll try again to speak down to your capacity. Justice Macmittimus has taken refuge here, and has brought with him as monie fat capons as Solomon had of concubines, and as monie turkeys as the wise man had of virgins.—I'm o'er learned again, I fear.—And we have armed ourselves to protect them from being roasted and eaten by outlandish loons.

Now, ye have speered questions twa at me, let me ask ye, something quietly in your lug.—Ken ye the tallest o' the twa chields that ye have taken into keeping?—I can only tell ye this:—I would rather gang into the pit and pull Judas Iscariot out of penal fire than meddle with that young never-do-good.—Ye'll soon find out what he is; he'll kythe in his ain colours,—ye have convoyed the wild beast into his den, that he may tear ye in pieces at his leisure."

A messenger now came to say, that Justice Macmittimus desired Captain Clifton to march his prisoners into his presence.—It was his wish, too, that they should be closely guarded by soldiers, with ready pistols and drawn swords.—"Now, by the Bog-of-Allan," said Sergeant Lally, "we'll have a piece of prime sport,—My grandmother's old gander had more of the man in him than this justice, and a mendicant's dog has as much of the gentleman. Who the devil made our Captain Hencoop a justice?—He was crowed out of our regiment and cackled out of the hussars.—I'll tell you what, my good fellows," said he to Dalveen and Paul, "if you have been doing any worse work than the building of churches, you had better say your prayers; for, by the bloody back of Saint Bartholomew, you will be flayed, so you will, and the flesh whipt from your bones,—for he's the soul of a boy for severity."

As they walked towards the hall, one of the peasants whispered Lord Dalveen,—"Haud up yere finger, my Lord, and Captain Clifton and the troopers will be swimming in the castle-moat before he could cry 'Attention!'—Give but a nod of your head, my Lord, and wese e'en clap our lances 'neath their belts, and pitch them into the dyke like as mony lint beets.—Weel, wink but with your ee, and wese clear the castle of them, and throw Justice Macmittimus and his hencavies o'er the wa'. There can be nae harm in turning the Southron to the craft, or in ridding the land of a loon of a justice." But Lord Thomas made none of the three signs, and the peasant stept back, shaking his head and saying,—"He maun e'en rid himself by

his ain wit; but what would auld Lord Roland his ancestor have said on the like occasion?—It's an altered country now,—the Southrons have sway in the land, and we have far o'er muckle justice ever to be happy."

At one end of the hall Justice Macmittimus was seated, swathed to the chin in an immense cloak, and resembling more a web of blue cloth set on end, with a singular head placed on the top of it, than a wise and sagacious magistrate. Near him sat Lady Emeline, while Lady Phemie stood beneath the portrait of one of her martial ancestors, who, with his sword in his hand, and his helmet moved from his brow, waved his men to the assault of the castle of Werk.

"Stand where you are, fellows, said the justice; "it is not meet that breakers of the King's peace, and disturbers of the repose of his Majesty's subjects, should be allowed to approach the footstool of him who is representative here of the presence of the Sovereign. It is enough that we weigh their deeds in the balance of justice and mercy, without exposing our persons to the swords or the daggers of traitors and enemies. Your conduct, Captain, has merited my warmest thanks.—It would be well, however, if you mingled your fiery impatience with a little of my cool consideration.—Courage is a brave soldier, but Presence-of-mind wins the battle."—"By the power of powder, now, Justice," said Sergeant Lally, "Saint Patrick himself never said so wise a thing:—Courage is a brave soldier, but Presence-of-mind wins the battle!—There's never a Justice Goose betwixt this and Cornwall could have cackled out so fine a thing.—By the hammer that made the first bayonet, it is a pearl of a saying—a jewel of a thought, —I wish you joy of it, Justice, I do.—Presence-of-mind wins the battle!—capital!"

"Can you not stay the tongue of that idle fellow, Captain?—We permit no such liberties in the presence. —Had it not been that he praised our words, we might have punished his breach of decorum."—"Punish!" muttered Lally, "By the holy bush o' junipers, if ye punish none but those who praise ye, your situation will be a complete sinecure."

The captain now informed the justice, that one of his Majesty's armed sloops had that evening been sunk in the bay by a sloop of war under strange colours;—that two or more of the crew had landed, and had wounded one of his men in a scuffle;—that he had patrolled the country in the hope of intercepting them,—and just when he was crossing a wild tract of upland pasture, he was informed by a young woman that two of them were concealing themselves in a lonely place called Dalgoner-glen.

Lord Thomas fixed a wild look on Paul, and said to Clifton, with a voice which made Lady Emeline start,—"Sir, will you tell me what manner of woman she was?—Had she dark locks, darker eyes, a swan-white neck, and waved her hand thus? and was the robe which she wore jewelled from knee to heel?"—"Truly, Sir," said the Englishman, "I made no regular inventory of her charms.—She seemed a hale, hearty, handy lass, with a light foot and a nimble tongue;—and, now I think on't, her dress was a homely brown of a colour to match with her sunburned face."—"Please your honour," said the sergeant, "I took a regular look at the girl.—Mrs. Lally has been dead or deserted these two months, and I am on the look-out for one with a strapping limb and a rolling eye, and this girl had them both, and a merry tongue to boot.—Ah! your honour, our whole troop could not parade such a tight piece of tempting flesh,—she had a cheek as smooth as a China orange, and her clothes, you might have put them all in my cartridge-box.—By the stars she was a sparkler,—was she not, Ned Nixon?—you're the devil's own boy for rummaging out the girls." Ned was not a man of many words;—he was seldom known to open his lips save at meal-time, or to bite off the end of a cartridge. He opened only a part of his mouth, and articulated,—"Why yes, sergeant," and shut the aperture again, as if the response gave him pain.

"Paul," whispered Lord Thomas, "my fiend has been every where at work to do me a mischief. Be ready now, I shall give you freedom." His Lordship

then dropped the mantle from his face and shoulders, and said, in his own natural and commanding voice, "Captain Clifton—if such is your name—I thank you for your safe conduct into my own house. I shall give you such welcome as will content you; you shall drink with me and eat with the justice. And, Airngray, move off your idle guard from the gate; lead your peasants into the large hall—you have the key of the ale and the brandy. And, Pat Lally,—or what's your name?—follow with your troopers; if brandy be too strong, there's wine and ale in the cellar, and water in the moat; if time hangs heavy on your hands, there are plenty of weapons on the wall, and I have two gold pieces for him who comes to me in the morning with an uncracked crown."

A murmer of satisfaction, which swelled into a shout as the soldiers and armed peasantry wheeled round to leave the hall, told how agreeable the order was to all. "I kenned it was him," said one of the rustics, "and sae I tauld that hungry Englisher, the captain, as they call him;—see! there he stands beside the ravenous justice; they look like twa blades of a pair of shears, or a couple of millstones, that will cut and grind whatever passes between them." "When he called me Pat," said the sergeant, "by the mother of the sloe that beat the first ass into the town of Jericho, if I didn't wish to knock the fellow down; but the fellow's a good fellow and a kind fellow. I wish he commanded our company instead of Captain Spiggot there; he's come of a capital kind, and I'll warrant him a bit of the right stuff for a soldier—could face the devil, fool the devil, and fight the devil;—ah! he's a right early boy, I can tell by the eye of him."

In the midst of this departing bustle, Lord Thomas plucked Paul by the cloak, opened a concealed door in the tapestry, and led him, by a dark and winding passage, into the open air. "Now," he said, as he pointed out the broad and glimmering sea, "I need not tell you how to pick your steps by wood and hill till you get safe on board. When you are on the deep, among your merry men, consider on what has passed between

us; and if you should still think, as it is most likely you will, that I owe you some personal reparation, it shall be given freely and frankly. But be sure you ponder well on the story I have told you of my fiend lady. If my mind still holds the creed which to-night has been taught me, you will hear of me in the world—he gallops fast whom the devils and lasses drive. I have only to carry my body to some battle-field, and leave it as honourably as I can." He returned to the castle by the same concealed way he had left it.

He found Justice Macmittimus and Captain Clifton in a hot dispute on the different merits of two culinary sauces which at that period divided the attention of all lovers of good cheer. The justice came armed with all the knowledge which learning had shed on the subject from the times of Vitellius till his own era, while Captain Clifton boasted all the oral lore which the spit, the oven, and the saucepan, had spread over the whole north of England. They both spoke at once, and they both spoke loud; and as their hearts were much if not wholly in the theme, they scattered knowledge largely, and the descriptions of their favourite sauces became poetical. When Lord Dalveen entered, they both appealed to him, and stated anew the merits of the various moistures, in which they averred all winged creatures should alone be eaten. He heard them with a gravity which became the importance of the subject, and said, "This is a matter of moment; come with me into my private apartment, and let us weigh the excellence of the separate sauces in the scales of wise consideration."

When they had seated themselves around a small table, on which sparkled abundance of the richest wine, with a seasoning of such savoury matters as at once appeased hunger and excited thirst, Lord Dalveen poured out three bottles of old wine into three antique silver cups, which became his ancestor's property when he harried Cumberland, and, beckoning to the man of justice and the man of blood, said, "It was a custom of one of my forbears to fill these cups whenever any doubtful and intricate question presented itself; good

old wine, he always observed, was a genial solver of all doubts, cleared men's heads to enable them to form wise conclusions—and prepared the heart for friendship and happiness;" and, setting the cup to his lips, he emptied it at a draught. The justice and the captain lifted their cups full, and placed them on the table empty. The latter said, "Delicious wine!—but respecting those two sauces——."

"My dear captain," said Lord Dalveen, "you are my captive now, though you shall bear no chains but those which are pleasant—I mean that you are imprisoned by the rules of my ancestor's house, and you must obey the discipline of old Lord David of the Tower in all matters of converse and conviviality; so fill these old pieces of hollow silver again—that's right —a kind captain and a wise justice—the vessels will hold their full—and your hands, you know, can carry the swords of war and of justice steady." All at once, and with eye fixed on eye, did the three revellers lift, and drain, and replace their cups. The justice shook his head, passed his hands over his lips and brow, and said—

"Good wine is the forerunner of good judgment. When I am puzzled at untying any intricate piece of rustic roguery, a hearty cup or two helps me to disentangle it like Solon himself. We all agree about the merits of the wine—there is a dubious case of capon-sauce on hand."—"My excellent justice," said Lord Dalveen, "I have thought of this matter, and I cannot for my soul insult your taste by allowing any sauce which you have had the goodness to invent to be compared with any inferior moisture under the cope of heaven. The captain's is, I dare say, an excellent kind of martial sauce, and may be palatable after a bloody field or a dusty march; but soldiers, you both know, are not the nicest judges. A half-famished fellow, who has lived upon horse-flesh for a campaign, can his delicacy of taste be at all compared to his whose thought by day and dream by night are of a culinary complexion? I have tasted the Macmittimus sauce, and it is worthy of being served up to the gods when Juno broils her peacock to feast old Jove."

"'Tis the finest compliment ever paid to man's invention," said the justice. Captain Clifton leaned back on his chair, thrust his arms to the elbows in his breeches pockets, and said, "Damme if I'll sit and hear the army made, by the malice of northern wit, into a feeder on horse-flesh. I say the justice's sauce is a sneaking, cowardly kind of fear-begetting sauce, fit only for the bodies of those who discuss cases of bastardy and barns-breaking; while the Clifton sauce is a spirit-stirring moisture, which infuses soul into a capon and ardour into a man. A spoonful a day, Justice, would enable you to be unmerciful without fear and unjust without trembling."

The good wine nearly induced Macmittimus to forget that he was a coward—"I'll tell you, Captain," said he, "prudence is best—modest words are so many pearls—a rash tongue may give the hands much to do. I say no more—if you see in aught that I have now said a meaning out of which you can pick a quarrel, I wish you joy of your judgment, that's all," and he bore his head loftily, and seemed to suppose that he had said something particularly cutting and pointed. "Damme, Justice," answered the captain, "may I be laid between the leaves of my commission, and beaten to death with a rusty scabbard, if I comprehend you. I suppose you meant to say something uncivil, and so, damme, I don't care if I do the uncivil thing too. Here's confusion to that old beldame Justice and her scales—she's but a henwife;" and, elevating the silver cup, he quaffed off the wine, and cried, "More wine!—give me more!—'tis ambrosia itself!—Damme, Dalveen, you're a hearty cock, and can crow; but the justice is a capon, and ought to be eaten in his own sauce.—More wine there!—Damme, when I was in the 'Bird in Hand,' I made them move. More wine there!—Justice, keep up your eyes, else I'll prop them up with a couple of pistol-flints!—Dalveen, your castle is off the perpendicular; that old, grim, black-bearded fellow in the frame there is walking along the wall—here's his health. Damme, that wine dims my eyes. Sergeant Lally, come here, you Irish barbarian, you shall

be whipt through purgatory with the tail of Balaam's ass. Justice—where the devil's the justice?—can't you cackle, you Galloway midden-hen, when one calls? —He's gone—carried off—two at his head and two at his feet; hurrah for the justice! Run round about the hay-stacks, girls—justice is gone to sleep;—rob his hen-roosts, ye Scotch churls—his eyes are shut. Dalveen! Where's Dalveen?—There's a spice of the devil in his heart, and a kernel of roguery in his cup. Steady there chairs and tables!—the floor moves like a wave of the sea; an honest man cannot walk here; this damned old rookery of a castle is full of enchantments. Let me grope out the wizard's cup—I'll spill it for him—softly there—damme it's empty; stay there's enchanted wine falling into it! I wish I could see the hand that pours it. Well, if I grow drunk, 'tis no honest means that vanquish me; yet this is good wine too—the devil is a prime cellarer; I should like to taste a cup of his burnt sack." He let fall the cup from his hand; his head dropt on his bosom; he sunk on the floor, and lay side by side with the justice; while the mischievous entertainer gave them in charge to Airngray, and went laughing out of the room.

CHAPTER V.

On his dark face a scorching clime
And toil had done the work of time;
Roughened the brow, the temples bared,
And sable hairs with silver shared;
Yet left what age alone could tame—
The lip of pride, the eye of flame.

Sir Walter Scott.

From Colvend to Kirkcudbright the coast of the firth of Solway is winding and varied; stretching along, in one place, a flat muddy margin, strewn with stones and drift-grass; in another, ascending into sharp and lofty cliffs—the abode of the wild fowl that live by the

water. Here it is bedded with beautiful shells and polished pebbles; there it is fringed with woodlands, which dip their boughs in the sea when the tides rise high. As you coast along, you come to the mouths of rivers and rivulets, each with its little bay and its safe anchorage; while between them lie interspersed rocky and precipitous promontories, over which, when the storm is up, the salt spray and foam are driven in hasty gusts—uniting, on the whole, much that is soft and beautiful with that which is savage and barren.

To the banks of a distant stream, Paul Jones, when he left the castle of Dalveen, directed his steps, and, descending towards the sea along with the current, reached the Solway before the morning star began to shine. In the middle of the little woody bay, or rather basin, which received the scanty waters of the stream, an armed sloop lay at anchor, and he heard the din of license and carousal on board,—the hasty oath—the hearty laugh—and the boisterous song, chorussed by a score of rough voices, which made the bay re-echo. He stood a little space looking and pondering on the scene before him,—he then retraced his steps a short way—passed the stream—found his way through a thick wood, which lined all the western bank—and reached without interruption a rocky mount, which, feathered with stunted trees to the summit, displayed over the wood the remains of an ancient tower, which one of the lords of Galloway had built and garrisoned for the protection of his favourite vale of Orr.

Paul stood at the foot of the mount, and eyed with a sharp and anxious look a narrow path which ascended from the side of the sea towards Lord Roland's tower. It seemed untouched by recent feet, and he began to ascend slowly and cautiously—feeling his pistols as he went—touching the hilt of his cutlass—and throwing back his cloak to give room for the free use of his hands. When he came within sight of the ruin, he observed a faint light glimmering upon the boughs from an arrow-hole, and he heard a low and melancholy sound;—he listened—he heard no words—but he knew it to be the voice of one in earnest prayer: he folded his arms in

his cloak—walked up to a low-lintelled door, and stood apparently uncertain what he should do. In a few minutes the voice ceased—a brighter light gleamed from the ruin—and the sound of a footstep was heard within. Paul took off his hat and entered.

The figure which presented itself as he advanced was one which would have startled a firm heart and a stout hand. A man, tall, bony, and grey, covered from neck to heel in a loose mantle of coarse wool, his feet bare and his head uncovered, while, from a broad belt which fastened his mantle round his loins, a large broadsword hung; he raised his eyes, and fixing them on Paul, seemed unresolved whether he should be welcomed with the weapon or the open hand of friendship.

"Is it you, Paul, my child?" said the inhabitant of Lord Roland's tower, after a pause. "Why did you not speak as you advanced? I might have drawn my sword, and slain you in my wrath. Come hither, my child—I have lately learned to number you with the dead—some summers have passed since I saw you, and you are shot up from a boy to a man. Come hither." And Paul came close to his side, while the old man gazed wistfully upon him—took both his hands in his—let them drop suddenly—passed his hands over his cheeks—bared back the hair from his brow, and said, "Ay, it is John Paul, and no other; I could know his face among ten thousand.

"But, Basil Durisdeer," said Paul, "time has wrought sad changes on you since I last clomb to this lonely place. The man and the tower seem sinking into ruin together. The storm which has sapped and shaken the roof and the wall has had the like influence upon him who dwells within; these grey locks and that worn frame suit ill, my friend, with this wild place; the moist salt spray and the sharp sea-wind would cut down a frame of steel and brass. A warm chamber, and soft hands to minister to you, would suit better with that brow of sorrow and that wasted form."

The old man of the tower smiled, and answered, "Look around you, Paul, my child, and see if I lack for aught. These nets, dipt in the tide by a skilful hand

supply me with fish enough, and to spare. These fish-spears find me amusement when the salmon are thick in the bay; and I can strike the pelloch at the distance of forty feet as he raises his dark head above the foam. These guns which you see on the wall have thinned the cormorants from the rocks, and brought to my table the young hare and the wood-dove; have struck the wild swan on the wing, and the wild-goose as it sailed towards the north in quest of the lake and the marsh. Then look, my child, in that little chamber of stone I have made my bed of the softest straw, and hillocked it high and warm with sheepskins and with rugs; my cordial is the water from the rock; my bread is baked on that hearth of stone; and what wouldst thou have more? I never was independent before, my child."

"Your comforts are complete after their kind," replied Paul; "but where are the domestic friendships of life? the interchange of speech with a being of a softer make? When I first knew you, and listened to the many-coloured story of your life, you were then a man retired, it is true, and avoiding intercourse with the world; but you spoke of the deeds which men stricken in years had done; and you more than insinuated that some day Lord Roland's tower would be tenantless, and you would resume your place among men, and let the name of Durisdeer be again heard in the world. Why should such knowledge as you possess be hidden in this desert place?—your maritime skill, your military experience, are wanted on the sea and on the earth, and the wise and the good would welcome you; he who taught me the principles of naval warfare should be honoured by me as a father, and followed with the devotion of a son."

Durisdeer trimmed his lamp with a slow and a careful hand, took it from its place, and, holding it over the head of Paul, looked upon him with such an eye as an antiquarian casts on some old statue dug out of a Greek temple, for which he is labouring to find a popular and well-sounding name. "My child," he said, "it is true I was a soldier in my youth, that I braved many perils by sea, that I have some skill in maritime warfare, and

that I whiled away many a tedious hour in imprinting my knowledge on your heart and mind. But alas! I told them with another purpose than for you to use them for the destruction of mankind. At the close of every conversation, did I not sum up the result of man's valour by land and prowess by sea—sorrow of heart, vexation of spirit, disappointment and despair?"

"It is true, Durisdeer," said the other, "that you did so; but from the story of human life each listener profits after the bent of his own nature. When you described a battle-field, I heard the shout of the victor—I heard not the groan of the vanquished. From you I learned to despise death, to covet glory, to blush from an ill-fought field, and to trample on the strength of man by valour, by skill, and by presence of mind. But from you I learnt not to feel that all was sorrow, vexation, disappointment, and despair; though such, I now remember, was the conclusion of all your lessons to me."

"Yes, my child," said Durisdeer with a sigh, "such is the conclusion of the hopes of the vain, the proud, and the ambitious. This sword, now harmless at my side, was drawn in my youth and my strength, for a line of princes whom God, who punishes for crimes to the third generation, removed from our native throne, and drove to wander on a foreign shore. I fought—it matters not whether ill or well—God blessed not our victories—my father fell by my side—my brethren died on the scaffold—my home was given to the flames and my lands to the spoiler, and the lady whom I loved fell from me, and wedded with one of the minions of the new dynasty. You wonder at my calmness—but a man who has had vengeance may be calm. I met him in battle in a foreign land, and well and gallantly he bore him—but I slew him point to point, and therefore I speak calmly, my child; for cursed is he who strikes a man basely, and cursed is he who spills blood but from a just revenge. The foreign prince in whose aid I drew my sword gathered his ships together, and his purpose was an invasion of my native country. But cursed is he who wars against his native land—I went

into his presence—I tore his lilies from my hat—I broke the sword with which he had rewarded my courage in battle—I hastened from his palace—snapt in two the chain of a fishing-boat, and found out this place of refuge. And from this spot have I not for these fifteen years departed, save once, when I visited the field where my father was slain, and the honeysuckle-bower where I sat with the faithless lady of my love."

Paul rose, and retiring into a little recess, returned with some drift-wood in his hands, the wreck of an unfortunate ship, and placing it on the fire, fanned it into a bright flame, which lightened all the ruin, and diffused a warmth over the damp walls. "Durisdeer," he said, as he resumed his seat at his side, "I have often pondered on your story, and lamented that one such as you should be thus cast away, depriving the world of your services, and misapplying the talents with which Providence has endowed you. You point at your gray hairs, but who shall say that fifty-seven years is the term of man's strength of body, or the limit of his faculties? The world has heard of the gray-haired wisdom of Franklin, the strength of whose mind seems to increase with his years."

"Franklin!" answered Durisdeer with a sigh, "alas! his wisdom is but like the wisdom of all the other worms—he is a teacher of vanity. Call ye it wisdom to draw lightning from the clouds, or to teach men to grub in this dirty hole the creation for a filthy penny? The lightning is the Lord's; man may not use the weapons of heaven lightly and hope to live; and to read lessons of penny-wise economy to a nation is like counselling the sun to be sparing of its light. There are two wisdoms, a national wisdom and a domestic wisdom; in the latter, Franklin equals any old dame, who sits and turns her spinning-wheel in the sunshine to save the expense of fuel—he will found a nation of cunning shop-keepers and money-brokers, but he will never found a nation great in noble arts and in illustrious actions."

Durisdeer took from his bosom a silver crucifix, which he laid over his knees, and regarded for a mi-

nute or more with a fixed and a reverent attention. "Young man," he said, "look on this emblem of our faith. I took up this when I laid down the sword—we are no where called upon to become shedders of blood—to lay towns in ruins and countries desolate. A wide and a fertile world is assigned for our inheritance—a coarse garment clothes us—simple food feeds us—the natural man wants little, the artificial man much. Ambition, my child, gives our bodies to toil—to danger—to stroke of sword; it gives our souls to guilt and to perdition. Happy is he who is never tempted by the crowns, the laurels, and the praises of men's tongues, with which ambition fills the vista into which the youthful eye glances and the ear is turned to listen."

Paul sighed and answered, "A hermit's cruse and a shirt of sackcloth, a crust of bread and a cavern, may do for those who have run their career in the lists of ambition, and are grown careless of farther contest. Austerity, my friend, is but another name for ambition—but the day is rather gone by for obtaining worldly consideration and command by seeking a couch of rock and a cup of water—the reign of the saints and an ambitious man must contend for distinction, not in humility, but in pride."

"You speak sensibly and severely, my child," replied Durisdeer; "time works ten thousand changes on man's condition and on man's opinions—he is a restless and a mutable worm—too wise to be happy—for knowledge brings its curse as well as its blessing. Wisdom and folly—vice and virtue—much evil and much good have been scattered over the world by the outburst of literature. All wish to rule—none desire to obey—yet craft and talent will always obtain the mastery, and man with all his knowledge will ever be a slave.

"Alas for human freedom!" said Paul. "If slavery springs from knowledge, then darkness is the offspring of light." "Truth is never caught by a pretty simile," said Durisdeer. "Look abroad in the world—think of your native glen—the fourscore people who dwell there are fourscore characters—all essentially different

from each other—they have the flavour of the soil about them—the mint-stamp of nature is not effaced. But take them and fill their heads and hearts with learning—open upon them all the treasures of ancient and modern knowledge, and you have eighty original characters no more. Nay, you have no longer eighty useful and laborious men—eighty contented and tolerably happy creatures. The hills of ambition are revealed to their eyes, and they find them too slippery and steep for their feet, or their elevation too lofty for their heads to endure; education seeks to lift them out of the station which nature destined them for, and worthy men are made into dull scholars, who can neither work nor want. A pebble can never be a diamond, polish it as you will."

"You resort to a simile at last," answered Paul, "that you may establish your point more vividly and surely—let me try what a simile will do for me also. Men, natural and uninformed men, are the stocks, and learning and knowledge are the grafts with which human skill inoculates them, causing them to bear richer fruit than nature proposed. You are answered now?" "Yes, your answer would be as just as it is skilful, if you inoculated the human stock with genius. Learning is but the manure of intellect—polish is but the art of embellishing a jewel—the mint-mark gives but currency to the gold, and the rhyme and the music is but the costume which fancy wears—the poetry lies in the elevation of thought."

"I am staggered, but not quite convinced," said Paul. "But I must be gone. I have come far to seek this farewell—and I come not without hope of enticing you once more into the world, which needs at all times all the wisdom it produces to balance its giddiness and its folly."

"This is my resting place," said Durisdeer, "and here will I abide—the world has nothing to tempt me with. Listen to me, John Paul. You despise your native country, and a foreign shore has become the land of your fond election. America needs skill and courage such as yours; and France, who now draws her

tyrannic sword in the cause of freedom, may confide her lilies to the hand of one who can lead them to victory on the waters. The worst wish I can wish you is success; and the best wish I can wish you is a sailor's grave."

He looked with a steady gaze on Paul as he spoke, remarked his flushed brow and downcast eye, and continued, "Can you seek freedom under a tyrant's flag? Liberty is not a dweller in the land of France, and never will be. I know the people, and I also know the change which is going on in the public mind of that country. The peasant will set his foot on the neck of the prince,—old thrones will be shaken, and despots will fall,—yet the light of liberty will not arise. From the ruins of the monarchy, beauty and virtue will not spring up; but force, and fraud, and corruption, must be the fruits. The demon of blood will be worshipped under the name of liberty,—the likeness of freedom will be hers, but in her hand will she hold a sharpened sword which knows no end of smiting, and under her foot will be a human skull."

Durisdeer paused amid the vehemence of his speech,—held up his hand motioning Paul to silence,—walked hastily to the platform of rock which looked upon the sea, and, shedding back the boughs of thick holly with his hand, fixed his eyes on a little boat which came darting through the bay with a number of armed men on board. It struck against the bank at the bottom of the mound, and one man leaped ashore, gave some commands to his comrades, and began to ascend by the bushes and rocks as light and active as the wild-cat of the linn.

"My child," said Durisdeer, returning to his little lonely chamber, "a seafaring man seeks my abode,—one who comes from that armed sloop now rocking in the bay. He comes for no evil—nor can I say he comes for any good. I am famed among mariners for my knowledge, though the source from whence they believe that knowledge comes is no great compliment to a Christian. But the belief is a pleasant delusion to them, and it helps to protect me from their avarice.

This holy symbol they would not hold sacred. The fear of the demon is stronger with them than the terror of God." And he seated himself by his fire, placed the silver cross in a niche before him, and regarded it with a grave and a melancholy look.

A step was now heard nigh the door, and a muttered curse on the crazy brain that had moored itself so high in the air. A short, square, hardy, weather-beaten figure entered, and stood on the floor,—with close curly locks of the hue of the sea-sand, and hands as hard as iron with handling the oar and hauling the rope. "Hilloah, old foreboder!" shouted the rough man of the waters, "a pennyworth of your skill for Captain Corbie of that pretty little walk-in-the-water there. Come, stir—stir—why, man, the matter lacks no great waste of thought—your devil may do't in a hand-clap. Come, old Moody, open your lips and begin. I wish to hell that old Dame Kittrick had been kept from its cauldrons. She had an answer ever ready to an honest question. Ah! many's the bonnie breeze and prosperous voyage I have bought from her in my day."

Durisdeer turned slowly round and said, "What wilt thou, man?—Speak that I may answer. I am no keeper of pleasant breezes for men who work evil on the waters. I pray for no prosperous voyages for those who pluck the babe from the mother's bosom, and carry off the youth and the beauty of the land, to deliver them up to slavery and wantonness."

"Come, come, old father Forty-five, none of your jeers and mocks—I carry steel in my jacket sleeve—a blasted sharp and handy thing, and I don't spare it when I am insulted. Hilloah!—who have we got here in the mantle?—some inland prophet, eh! come to get a cast of your skill, old Forty-five. Why, friend, that face has either glowed under a West Indian sun, or you have the devil's own luck for darkness," and he eyed Paul with a sharp scrutinizing glance, who sat with a look of quiet unmoved simplicity, which fairly baffled the seaman.

"Well, brother Tarmark," said the sailor to Paul, "what errand of iniquity may you be on?—Come ye

to have the lambs that are no worth one half-crown to-day made worth three half-crowns by the Saint James's fair of Lanark? or come ye to seek out some cannie way of cheating your master and increasing your own store?—Speak, man—I hate all dumb comrades—I think now I could make you find your speech. I carry the little talisman in my jacket sleeve that can either stop speech or create it.—I have seen a dull fellow grow cursed fluent when I held my little bit of steel near him."

Thus menaced, Paul still continued mute; but he placed his hand unseen on a pistol, and looked on the stranger with an eye which showed neither fear nor anger. "Confound me, brother, if I know what to make of you," said the friend of our old acquaintance, Captain Corbie; "you are either a deuced reckless fellow, or a blasted fool. Oh! bravo, fool—that look settled the matter. My honest friend of the fleece and shears, I wronged thee by supposing thou wert wise enough to be a seaman and rule a ship's company; but I have seen a worse-favoured fellow do it, I assure thee; so, with that compliment, I leave thee, and turn to Belzebub's high priest here who keeps a capful of the right wind for an honest, hearty, out-spoken fellow, who pays his way and fights his way, and owes no man a penny or a blow from Kirkcudbright to Calcutta."

Durisdeer motioned the mariner to a seat where his back was towards Paul; but he seemed in no haste to begin conversation, or acquaint himself with the precise wish which Captain Corbie had sent the sailor to express. The mariner's patience was fast giving away when he addressed him,—

"Thy captain has come back to this coast as the raven returns to the nest of the dove, one of whose golden couplets it had carried away. He returns to a dangerous shore, where the rock, the quicksand, the sunken ship, the shifting channel, and the reef of sand, all lie in wait for him."

"Why, old Five-and-Forty," interrupted the seaman, "you are beginning to dote. The Solway is as

well known to the keel of our sprightly little walk-i'-the-water as this floor is to thy feet. Quicksands, sunken ships, shifting channels, and reefs of sand, we know them, and we scorn them all. No, no, blast me! if you will preach up mischief, speak of what will terrify one. These are part and parcel of our fortunes, old Forty-five."

"Thy captain has returned," continued Durisdeer, (not seeming to regard the seaman's remarks,) "to a fatal coast, where the dangers of the deep and the storms of heaven are not his only foes. He hath done deeds of inquity here for which he will be pursued as mariner never was followed before—not alone by tempest and by storm—not alone by the curses and the swords of the good and the brave; but he hath armed against him the dark and awful powers which haunt the great deep. The spirit of God, which moved of old on the face of the waters, avengeth such deeds as thy captain has committed. I have no good answer to send him to the message of which thou art the bearer. He will find, before the sun is an hour risen, that the wail of the maiden was not made in vain."

Loud laughed the seaman, and made answer, "Well preached, old parson Forty-five; but it won't do—it won't do. Why, man, our gallant Captain Corbie is a child, with the mother's milk of innocence on his lips, compared to other merry comrades whom I could name. There's old Humlocke lives like a king in one of the Indian Isles, with his groves of sugar-cane and his gangs of slaves, and two or three flounced and furbelowed madams keeping him cozie and warm. He was the boy that snapt up the prizes of silver and gold, nabbed the ingots, scuttled the ship, and set the crew to supper on salt water. He's hale and hearty—goes to church too—Jem's a regular Christian at the bottom—prays like a parson—sings psalms when he's drunk—and, I'll hold you, will at last drop his anchor in the harbour of the New Jerusa——what call ye it?—a cannie place of refuge near New Providence."

Durisdeer now laughed as loudly as the mariner;

and Paul, who had never seen him in such a mood before, was something startled, and looked on him with a curiosity akin to suspicion. On the seaman, too, he had glanced from time to time; his face he had seen, and his voice he had heard before, and he remembered him as the comrade of Corbie the pirate. The fiery vehemence of Paul's nature rose as he eyed him; he heard him, with a delight which he could scarce conceal, relate that the ship of which he was a mariner was at anchor in the bay, and that Corbie himself was on board, and expected some aid or counsel from the wisdom of Durisdeer. That Durisdeer was considered as familiar with future events, and to have control over the storms, he knew to be a belief common among the Solway mariners. He remained silent, and only kept his cutlass from cutting the maritime ruffian down from a faint hope that the conversation would reveal something farther than what he already knew of the fate of his sister Maud.

"I like you," said Durisdeer, "for speaking out in the open honesty of your nature. I hate a fellow who comes and puts a mournful face on, and speaks of remorse which he never feels, and repentance which is far from his heart. Come, come, there's more sin done on dry land in one day than on salt water in seven years. I have commanded at sea, and I have ruled on land,—you knew not that before, Gilbert Graback?"

"Curse me!" said Gilbert, extending a hand as hard as a plate of cast iron, and seizing with it the reluctant hand of the other; "I always thought that your words had a salt-water relish in them, and that you looked like a fellow who had ruled on the quarter-deck. Come, old Forty, I will drink your health, and our friend Tarmark shall do it too, by the Troughs of Tongland, else I will make him eat a pound of scorched wool, and praise it all the while for singit sheep-head. I shall'— And, producing a flask of brandy, he uncorked it, and, setting it to his mouth, took two or three hearty gluts, and said, "Here, my pastoral friend, clap your finger on the spring thus, and let the liquid run between your lips: but I forget, friend Durisdeer, you ought to taste

it for the sake of old days when you walked on the billows, man;" and he held out the flask. The old man took it, and thus began:—

"Ah! this I feel is from my friend France, and it warms the blood, and makes the spirits skip even like the bonnie brown dames of that merry nation. Why, now, I should think, as a maritime speculation for our friend Corbie, that a buxom dame or two, and a little of this lively spirit, would enable him to live among the Leeward colonists."

"Why, to tell you the truth on't," said Gilbert, "a French dame is a drug in the Indian market just now. One or two of our planters have been bit to the bone by these buxom damosels. They were bought for sweet, sonsie, country queans, with breath like meadow hay, bonnie and blate. Old Copper Dick was done out of a quiet thousand; but it didn't signify—he ought to have known an honest frigate from a fireship. Well, this cut up the French trade. The Queen of Sheba herself would have found but a poor market in the Leeward Isles if she had spoken French. So the Spanish dames were tried, and lofty lordly-like madams they looked. I saw two of them—tall, tight, dark-eyed Madonnas they were. But their cursed religion ruined all. They were purchased by two heretics; and, being true daughters of the holy and merciful church, they sent their lords to supper in paradise on one and the same night;—did their work neatly—poison and the poniard—weapons sure and handy;—so there was a truce with Spain. Then old England was tried. There the ladies care little whose bed they lie in, providing they lie soft; and softly were they laid, and tenderly were they waited on; but all wouldn't do. No man need hope to live with a dame of old England and have his own will. Man with them is a slave—a creature who must toil for their ease, humour their whims, countenance their cousins, and father all their children. This won't do in the Indian isles. So old Ireland was tried. I tried it myself;—to carry off barbarians can never be called a crime. So I may tell you frankly, we cast anchor in Carrickfergus bay—stept ashore and

caught three of their uncombed virgins. I wish you had seen the savages; they had not two yards of linen and one ell of garment amongst them, and yet they fought as hard in their rags as if they had been in robes; my face was marked with the sign of the cross by their finger-nails. But on board they went, where they wept and laughed, where they fought and danced all the way to the Leeward Isles. I would rather not go on with my story—the speculation was a failure. I will never carry away any of the commodities of the holy isle again,—it won't pay, and it hurts one's credit. And yet Moll Lurgan was a pretty girl too; but her nails were sharp, her tongue was long, and her hand was far from light."

"I think, friend Gilbert," said Durisdeer, "you are no great admirer of your native land, else you would have tried the worth of a bonnie Scottish maiden in this great colonial market of yours. Come, come, you did try, and you have made your fortune by the speculation. I see it in your eye. Come; was she fair, or black, or brown?—A dark one for my money; but I suppose you don't stand on colours among your isles, if the hue be European?"

The mariner looked on Durisdeer with an eye darkening down into suspicion and doubt, and said, "Aha! old Five-and-Forty, so the wind sits in that corner of the sky?—but a fetch won't do, old Forty—a plain blunt question is worth gold; I never answer any of those kind of riddles." "Mariner," said Durisdeer, "I know all your motions as well as if I had sat on the prow and directed them. Listen—You bargained to do an evil deed for a young Scottish lord; you took his gold, and vowed to carry off a young woman whom he desired to dishonour; you seized the maiden—you know how you fulfilled your engagements."

"Why now," said the mariner, "I begin to believe that you have been on board the Spectre ship of Solway when that nimble little deed was done, for you know all about it. Ay, indeed, my Lord gave us his gold, but we wrought not his iniquity. She was a

sweet maiden and a fearless one; we clapt a candle under the thatch of her mother's house, and away we bore her. But I am blabbing damnably; come, tell me one little bit of the story, and I shall tell you the rest. What did Maud—the girl I mean—do, think you, when we carried her to the sea-side? Come, tell me, like a true prophet and dealer with the devil."

"Go and pluck up your brother by the locks from the bottom of the Bay of the Seven Caverns, and ask him whose hand made him a corse," replied Durisdeer, regarding the mariner with a stern look. "I see," answered the maritime ruffian, with a deep oath, "it is of no use to seek to conceal any deed one does. There's always some villanous eye or other which sees and blows one. I thought it had been done so cleverly and snugly, that no one knew from whence they came who did it. But it matters little; one trip more to this cursed coast, and then farewell to it for ever. I wonder what the hell brings us here again? There were but two fair girls in the land, and we have taken one of them; so I suppose they must both travel. It would be a pity, old Forty-five to leave such a gem in a barren land like this."

"I suppose," said Durisdeer, "that your ill success with the one makes you more anxious to repair your fortunes with the other. You know I told you what such evil actions would end in; but you would not be warned. I give you notice again—the deep sea and the high gibbet—to one or other are you doomed."

"I know," said the mariner, with a scowling eye, "that you told us some such matter, and that you drew for me in particular a pretty London landscape—three miles of gallows-looking faces, with a gibbet at the far end. You might have foretold far better fortune, master; for you know I gave you a very handsome silver cup, which had served the Virgin, and you might have given me a handsomer close to my life. But it's all one, there's no gratitude extant;" and he laid his hand on the sleeve of his jacket, and the handle of a long knife glittered for a moment from below the cuff.

"I see," observed Durisdeer, "that you have a weapon in your sleeve, and with it you hope to obtain a better response from me of future fortune; but neither silver nor steel can change your fate if you follow your present course. And who regards your empty menaces and your threatened stab? Did Maud Paul dread you when you bared that dirk at her bosom? and did your fierce companion, Macgubb, respect it when he dashed you down on the deck where you stood, till the blood spouted from your mouth and nostrils—the deck is stained with it yet? See! that stranger youth is shuddering with horror to hear of your infamy; and when you move men such as him, how must the brave and the valiant be moved! Do you ever think of such a person as her brother? Do you not tremble when you hear, as you will on every wind, the name of Paul Jones uttered, that he will come upon you, and sink you where you sail, nor seek to save one, because of the wrong you did his sister?"

"Paul Jones!" said the miscreant, growing pale as death; "and is he her brother? Ah! you do but dream, old Five-and-Forty; she has but one brother, and his name is John—a smart, clever fellow in his way, but no match in his slight sloop of six guns for our tight little walk-i'-the-water, with ten brass cannon, and a hundred good hearts behind them. Why, Paul Jones, man, is carrying the stars and stripes up and down the ocean; and were he Maud's brother fifty times over, he would sooner sink an English ship than save his whole kindred from the gallows. I knew Paul Jones, old Forty, when he first got a command; he was preferred over the heads of better men—I name no names. I took him aside, and told him a bit of my mind—we had a few cuts with our hangers about it. I wrote a most delicate Saint Andrew's cross on his bosom—an acquittal in full of his insolence; and he has been civil to me ever since. It was I who first gave him the name of the bloody Scotchman; but it's all one, I mind not his anger an ounce of rotten yarn—I care no more for him than for a fathom of chafed rope. He is on the coast of Carolina, and will have cursed long ears if

he hears what I say, and smart eyes if he can see the ship which wafted his pretty sister away, lying snugly moored in this little Galloway creek, as safe as if she rode in a mill-pond."

"Build not too much on the distance that Paul Jones is from you," said Durisdeer. "It was late last night that a battle was fought in our bay between an American ship and one of our own. I heard the roar of the cannon; I saw the flash of their musquetry; and a rumour ran along the coast, before the battle closed, that John Paul had returned to avenge his family wrongs. I say not that it is so; but if Paul be here, I would rather be at sea in a cockle-shell than in your pirate-sloop. He will wind up the tale of your misdeeds in true tragic style, friend Gilbert; you will rue the hour that you harmed his sister."

"By the fiend that works for you and expects me," answered Gilbert, "I believe, old foreboding Forty, that you are right this time. I heard how the bloody Scotchman was roaming the English seas, but I thought he would soon be snapt up. Why, the British cruisers stud the sea as thick as the stars do his own pennon—thirteen to the fathom and a half. I had fed the fish, or the fowls of the air, with him in my own mind. You know he will dangle like a new-dyed robe on a dyer's pole the moment he is taken. Paul is a traitor and a pirate, they say. I don't understand what they mean; but they will hang him first, and explain the law to all men's satisfaction afterwards. But I never harmed his sister, friend Forty. We took her on board like a lamb,—no weeping—no shrieking—no tearing of hair; it would have been spiteful of her to have torn her tresses, for they were long, and curling and dark; and a woman will forgive ye for touzling her elsewhere, if ye spare her locks. Well, a sweet wind sent us snoring away; and when we left old Galloway a hundred leagues behind, we began to debate what was to be done with our prize. Our captain wanted her to himself for a cruise or two, and I wanted her for an additional wife to old captain Corsetree, who would have paid us down her weight in gold; but the girl had a

mind of her own—the more was her misfortune—she had determined on following a wild course—the more was the pity. But I believe we would have managed all that warily enough, had it not been for the madness of the man you named—a wild Macgubb of Galloway—a prime mariner, with a stout heart and an obstinate head; he said he loved her brother Paul,—had he said the girl herself, I could have understood him;—he loved her brother Paul, and he would guard her from all harm, at peril of his life, and send her safe to Scotland again. We drew cutlasses about the cummer—we snapt pistols about the brimstone;—I was touched on the cheek—Macgubb's penmanship is legible yet. I was shot through the under-works,—but as I am to be gibbeted, you say,—so, of course, it would have given fate the lie had I died of a bullet. Well, the girl's loveliness and her brother's name divided the crew about her; and while we were all fighting for her good graces on the wild coast of Carolina, she bolted off into the woods, and so we wiped our hangers, and laughed at one another. I have heard since that she is become a kind of princess among a flock of wild Indians, and half-blood Scots still wilder than they. So, you see, I have helped, after all, to make her fortune. A word with you alone, old Father Forty, and then I must begone."

"Say on," said Durisdeer; "this youth is my bosom friend, and will not open his lips to do mischief in this land."—"Nay, for that part," said the mariner, "I come with no secrets;—we are bound on a pretty little errand of our own here; and if you can wyse a cannie breeze or so our way, and smooth a sand-bank, old Five-and-Forty, and secure us while at anchor from your water-witches and fiends of the dangerous bay and the lee-shore, why I will recompense you after the wish of your own heart. 'Twas but yestermorn I whistled till my head throbbed for a favourable wind, and the sea lay as quiet as a bowl of cold punch; at last it came. I shall whistle on a Galloway breeze no more,—we had nearly knocked the ribs of our bonnie sloop against the Mull;—but here is the guerdon I spoke of, and a pretty trinket it is."

So saying, he dived into the recesses of his jacket, and fished up a beautiful figure of our Saviour on the cross, such as devout ladies are willing to consider no encumbrance to their necks, though it was full four ounces in weight. The figure itself was of gold, the cross was of silver, and the crown of thorns was sparkling with small diamonds. "Here," said the seaman, displaying it before the lamp, to show the beauty of the workmanship, and the rarity of the metals,—here, old Forty-five, this is well worth the best wind that ever filled a sail. I plucked it from an altar in Mexico, where a lady had hung it, with a prayer that her husband might either be sunk or saved in a storm then raging —blast me if I remember which. There the silver is as plentiful as stones on this cursed coast. We supped in old Don Pedro's house; his plate was gold, and his chamber floor was paved with dollars,—that's the land for a lad to thrive in;—the wind cannot blow ye wrong there, unless that it wrecks ye."

The blood glowed in Durisdeer's cheek as he reverently took the relique from the mariner's hand. "Fair son," he said, "your present is welcome; but rich though it be, it cannot purchase remission for your sins, nor a respite from your punishment."—"Let it purchase what it can," said the sailor, "it can surely do something;—I don't want it to buy me a nook in heaven, old Forty;—all that I want is a prosperous voyage now; and if it wont do that, then the devil is beyond bribery." The old man walked up to him, looked him full in the face, and said slowly and emphatically,—"Go; you will have no need to toil for fortune after this voyage;—you will never need to ask mortal for a favourable breeze again. Go; such is my answer."

"A kindly response, old Forty," said Gilbert,—"so farewell; and harkee, old one, when I am settled and comfortable, you shall hear of me;—some wind will waft now and then a keg of right Cogniac to your rugged residence here; nay, I may give you a look in myself some dark winter night, and crack a bottle, and sing you a stave or two, old boy;" and, raising his

voice as he went away, he struck into a maritime ballad, and chanted it with a sweetness which resembled the croak of a raven.

"And now, my child, what do you here?" said Durisdeer to Paul, who had risen and stood with his arms folded in his cloak. "You have returned to your native land in wrath;—mine eyes witnessed the deed you did in the bay;—what wickedness have you wrought on shore?"—"I have seen Lord Dalveen," answered Paul, "and I have seen face to face the man who banished me."—Durisdeer stept back, took his lamp up, looked anxiously on Paul's person, and said,—"Their blood has not dyed your hands—there is hope for you yet."—"For the latter," said Paul, "know that I war not with spirits so mean and contemptible; for the former, I found him writhing under the pangs of conscience—guilt had stirred up terrible figures to haunt his imagination,—and I could not punish him worse than by leaving him to the company of his own thoughts. We may meet yet like men in the warfare of nations, and he that is stricken sorest will fall." He stood silent for a minute, and added,—"It is the duty of all noble natures to sweep such ruffians from the surface of the sea as are now anchored under your tower. I go to do the work of Britain, as well as to seek vengeance for my sister's wrongs; and when you hear my cannon speak, you may think that a ship and a hundred wretches are sinking in your bay. Farewell!"—and he hastened out of the ruin.

CHAPTER VI.

> Why flames the far summit?—Why shoot to the blast
> Those embers like stars from the firmament cast?
>
> CAMPBELL.

PAUL, with a free step and a bold look, sought the side of Gilbert the mariner, as that worthy stood on

the water-edge and whistled on his comrades. "Soho, friend shepherd!" was the salutation; "you are seeking a blow I find;—I permit no one to haunt me,—so begone before worse comes on't." Paul freed his right arm from his cloak, stept back a pace, and said,—"Why, what a gun-powder brain is yours that takes fire with a spark! You are a mariner, or one rather who holds some rule in that little sloop lying before me; you have a seaman named Macgubb on board?—we were schoolfellows, and I would gladly hear that he is well and fortunate."

"He is well, but not fortunate," said Gilbert; "I see the yard-arm is vacant, else I would have looked for him, and some five or six of his comrades, dangling quietly between us and yon clear blue sky; but our captain's a merciful man, and has given them some time to pray. Have you any more questions to ask, friend Tarmark?"—"But what," said Paul, "has that mariner done that he must die?"—"That's just the question that I cannot well answer, friend shepherd. He crossed the captain about a girl; and he has fought perhaps a little too bravely, and plundered a little too mercifully, and won too many good opinions, to be a favourite with one who holds his place only at the pleasure of the crew; so for these crimes he is about to string him up with his comrades—run them out by the yard's arm like Manx herrings. Have you any more questions to ask, neighbour?"

"No," said Paul; "ay, stay!—what is your interpretation of yon old man's last words to you?—He said, you have no more occasion to toil, for your fortune with this voyage will be for ever made."—"Such were his words," said the mariner, "and supposing that I attach no particular meaning to them—what then?"—"Why, only this," said Paul, "I can interpret them for you.—Before sunrise, you and all your crew will be sunk or slain.—From this firth there is no escape, unless you can sail in the bottom of the sea, or fly in the air. He is at hand who will spill your blood and sink your ship, and leave not one to tell who did it.—

That is my interpretation, and you will find it a just one. Farewell!"

"Now bide ye a moment, friend shepherd," said the sailor; "I owe ye somewhat for this very liberal interpretation of a saying doubtful and dark.—In the first place, there's a shilling for your trouble; and, in the second place, there's a blow for your insolence!"—and he aimed a blow at Paul's head with such right goodwill and so little compunction as would have prostrated him in a moment, had he failed to ward it aside with a dextrous motion of his arm. "Aha!" said the mariner, "I shall try you with another weapon," and his dagger in a moment gleamed in his hand, and in another he made a thrust with it at Paul's bosom. Paul put that blow also aside; but by the gleam and the dash it was seen that arms were opposed to arms, and the sailor leapt a fathom back as he beheld a pistol glittering in his opponent's hand.

"May I be doomed to ferry devils over the lake of darkness," he exclaimed, "if I know what to think of this!—I thought all the time that you were no sheep-keeping simpleton; but had I dreaded you would turn out a chap of this stamp in my hand, I would have dealt with you more discreetly.—Go, go;—you have my full liberty to depart,—but never let us meet again, my friend,—I may have some handier little weapon than a piece of steel about me.—Away, I say; for my boat's crew are coming, and they are rough customers.—I hear their oars in the water."

The motions of Paul did not seem at all quickened by this counsel.—He set a silver call to his lips, and cliff and cavern answered to the distance of half a mile to the sound which it raised. A boat full of armed men came starting round a little wooded promontory, and, with rapid strokes of the oar, made directly for the place where he stood. At the same moment, a boat full of mariners came rapidly from the sloop which lay at anchor in the bay, and directed its course to the same place.

The mariner looked at Paul, and said,—"Brother, I have a strong desire to know more of you,—if that is

your sloop which dropt in behind the promontory there an hour before midnight, I give you joy of her;—she is a light, lively-going thing, and moves in the water like a wild swan.—But I may mar her flight, brother, I may."—Then turning to his comrades, he shouted,—"Quick! quick! my handy fellows,—stretch yourselves to the oars!"—and the boat as he spoke, ran her keel into the sand at his feet; while, at the same instant, the bottom of Paul's boat touched the shore, and the armed seamen of both gazed on each other for a moment, and pistol and cutlass were making ready and baring.

But it seemed not the wish of either of their leaders to come at that moment to extremities;—they nodded a surly parting to each other,—stept at the same time into their boats,their crews stooped suddenly to their oars, and away the boats darted over the silent waters like two self-moved things.

Paul passed onward in silence, and when he approached the side of his ship he found many a glad face to welcome him back. He seized a rope,—leaped quickly on deck,—summoned his officers to a sudden conference.—His words were few and decided:—

"This is my native coast!—I could not moor my ship on its shore without feelings awakening within me of mingled joy and sorrow. Their hour is past;—so let us serve our country. The towns on the Scottish side are neither splendid nor rich,—neither shipping have they, nor arsenals holding munitions of war.—Against the people of the land ye have no anger, so let them sleep in peace.—But on the English side of the Solway there are towns of note, and fortified harbours, and well-filled arsenals;—let us sail down upon them in silence;—let us capture and cast down their forts,—seize their shipping,—and visit their dock-yards with fire.—This will cripple their navy,—dismay the people,—and be an acceptable act to the people of America."

They heard,—bowed their heads,—and departed, each to his post; while the mariners, weighing anchor, and clothing the ship with her complement of sail,

turned her towards the English shore, eager for the dawn of day, that they might select the place on which their fury would fall. All this was settled in the mind of Paul. But he had singled out another victim before Whitehaven was doomed to feel his descent, and he stood on the deck looking to the sea, and the dim-seen outline of the coast and mountains, when one of his officers called his attention to an armed sloop, which, with the wind filling her sail, was coming scudding down the bay, directing her course towards him. He looked on the approaching sloop steadily for a minute or more, and when she came distinctly on his eye his colour changed,—he threw his cloak from about him,—and exclaimed,—"Prepare for battle!—but remember, not a shot must be fired.—I must take this pirate and murderer by surprise.—Arm, and do as you see me do." His followers in silence, and with the alacrity of true discipline, were armed and ready in a moment.—Their enemy came close alongside.

The sloop in which Corbie and his lawless adventurers had gathered so much treasure and done so many daring deeds was slim and lightly made, adapted for traffic rather than for war, and had, indeed, been built for the merchant service. The lightness and rapidity with which it traversed the billows obtained it, among the mariners, the name of Walk-i'-the-water, and if ever that element was trodden upon by the work of man's hands, this pirate sloop had achieved the feat, for it came down upon its more warlike enemy with the speed of a winged thing, throwing a long line of murmuring foam behind.

The sloop against which it shaped its course seemed indeed an easy prey, and Captain Corbie had expressed a wish to his associates of boarding her without snap of flint, and of carrying her by the cutlass alone. The conversation which his comrade held with Paul, and which had been imparted secretly to the captain, had suggested this enterprise; for in the bearing of the bold stranger his guilty fears perceived an avenger of his evil deeds,—and he felt that his only chance of escaping from a tremor which was likely to endure while

Paul lived, was to make his life as brief as possible. This he knew was at no period a task unbeset with difficulties; and even now, as he bore down upon what seemed to him a ship fitted for coasting traffic, and altogether unwarlike, he felt something like a presentiment of approaching harm, and was heard for the first time in his life, to shape, amid the oaths with which he reproved or admonished his crew, a sentence or two of purer language, which resembled a prayer.

The Ranger, for such was the name of the sloop-of-war with which Paul Jones carried dismay and destruction along the Scottish and English coasts,—the Ranger moved steadily on her course; and though she slackened sail, she seemed rather to elude than seek an interview with the pirate sloop. In a few minutes, Corbie, following in the same course, came close along side, and called out,—"Down with your flag, you men of brokerage and barter, down with it to the jolly kings of the great deep, else I shall sink you, man and ship! Down with your flag!"

Thus menaced, the Ranger lay to, and her crew appeared to make every arrangement for receiving their captors.—The very tranquillity of her decks struck a kind of dismay to the hearts of the pirates; but when Corbie, waving his cutlass, cried out,—"Board! board!" fifty men were at his back in a moment; and so close were the ships to each other, that a score and upwards leaped on board without waiting for the facilities which the more prudent or the more patient staid for. This movement was expected, and manfully was it met.—Pike and cutlass, waving and pushing by determined hands, were at their bosoms in a moment; and cut, and stab, and pistol-shot, in three minutes swept away two-thirds of those who had boarded so bravely. Corbie still survived, and Paul sought to single him out in vain; for the compact and concentrated fury with which his followers fought prevented their meeting. At last two of his bravest men, who had perilled their lives freely to save him, dropt at his feet, one by Paul's cutlass, and the other by a pike, and the two leaders engaged hand to hand.

But with such hatred did they encounter, and so far had passion overmastered skill and humbled bravery, that they contended for some time more like two wild beasts let loose from their cages, than like brave seamen and experienced leaders. With fire in their eyes, foam upon their lips, and their frames fiercely agitated, they stabbed at and grasped each other. A slight and fortunate wound in the side restored Paul—he sprung a pace back, then darted again on his foe with active skill and temperate valour, such as all must use who hope for victory. The pirate saw in his enemy's eye that light which spoke to him of destruction—he glanced around—his followers were either lying in their blood, or plunging in the sea, from whence there was none to save them. He rushed past Paul, and though he received a wound as he went, he exerted his agility, for which he was remarkable, and fairly leaped over a space which no man ever called less than twenty feet wide, and alighted safe on his own sloop.

But he fled from destruction to death. The mariners whom he had doomed to the yard's-arm had broken loose from their confinement in the hurry of battle, and the first man he met when he reached his sloop was Macgubb, who, with a cutlass in his hand, pistols at his belt, and a look as fierce as death, sprung upon him with a deep oath, and thrusting him through the body, spurned him from the deck into the sea. The dying pirate sunk for a moment, then rose mid-waist above the billows, his breast streaming with blood, and his cutlass clutched in his hand. "Curse him!" said the man of the Mull, "he is dying as a brave man ought to die—what more could an honest and valient fellow do, were such his lot, than to triumph o'er death, and look saucily to heaven as he sunk amid the reddening waters? He's down now, and the waves never closed over a more perfect reprobate—he never said prayers when he made a capture in his life—nor wished a man's soul well as he sank him and his ship—I aye told him he would come to something like this—but I never thought that I should fulfil my own prophecy with my own hand.

It was too great a blessing for a sinful mortal like me to dream of."

Paul with a dozen of armed followers now boarded the pirate sloop—Macgubb gazed on him—dropt his cutlass, still reeking with blood, at his feet, and hastening towards him, exclaimed, "Lord, man, Captain Paul, is this you? Na, but there's a providence, as I have aye said, even in bloodshed—a kind of retributive punishment, dealt out among red-handed sinners—a kind of hanging of a man in his ain hemp, as it were—a basting o' a man in the fiend's fire wi' his ain fat."

"Macgubb, I came in a glad time for you," said Paul—"I understand your time was measured." "Measured," answered the Galwegian, "and wi' an elwand, like Will Damahay's, three thumb-breadths short. God, Paul, lad, seven as tight lads as ever stept frae stem to stern were just singled out to have their necks raxed like wild-ducks—and for deil-be-licket but for thinking Captain Paul a cleverer fellow than Captain Corbie. But I aye said, never mind, an we're hanged we're hanged—we can die but once, and that's ae comfort—if honest Jock Paul comes alongside of him, that's all—a sicker stab, a sure shot, and a duck i' the water, and that's an end of him. But where come ye frae, man?—and what saffron-faced comrades are these behind you?—and what deed of deevilry are ye after here?—for I see there's a mustering o' mischief in your looks."

Paul rebuked him by a stern look, and hastening to the cabin, inquired where the pirate captain kept his treasure: "I must secure it," he said, "as a reward to my gallant crew, who stood by me so bravely in this sharp contest."

"Treasure!" answered Macgubb, who with a lowering and discontented look, stood beside his ancient acquaintance, "there's no as mickle gold in all the sloop as would make a beggar smile—nor as mickle silver as would entice Kate Candlish o' the Mull to redd up ane's fortune. Na, na, our Corbie biggit his nest ashore, and feathered it owre weel wi' the gold and the gains for which we perilled our necks, to leave

much on board our wee bit wing-the-wave here. I think ye maun gi'e me the bit sloop to myself, Johnie, and I'll see an I can rin her in by the Ross of Kirkcudbright, and get some cannie simple body to buy her. But ye'll able like to try how she sails yersel. She's tight and strong—and, now since ye're like to find it out, she's no sic an innocent creature as ye wad take her to be—ye asked for gold and silver, but ye said nought of brass. Now she has ten bounie brass cannon, and every thing conform—and can fly like a cormorant, and fight like a sea-eagle—is nae she a dainty bit sloop?"

Paul having looked for several minutes round the pirate's cabin, fixed his eye on a pair of golden bracelets which lay on the table—he took them in his hand, his eye darkened, and a tear moistened the long dark lashes. He thrust them into his bosom, and muttered, "Thy wrongs, my sister, are in some measure avenged—a higher offender ought to be stricken, and that before I leave this coast."

"Now, Captain Paul," said the Galwegian mariner, "ye show me the cauld side o' your face, and ye glance on me an ee that's owre stern to be received as civil. Ye have got gold buttons on your jacket, and gold tassels too, and a commission may be in your pocket, and wha's like Captain Paul, an auld friend maun be contented wi' a haughty nod, and thankful for a civil wipe wi' your hanger in the way o' discipline. But wi' a' these braveries and mighty looks, let me just ask ye ae cannie question—What wad the world have thought of sweet Maud Paul, if the wild lad o' the Mull and his six comrades had na ta'en her part heart and hand? She would have been seated in this very cabin—a pirate's mistress—her sweetness gone by like the wind of June, and become a thing fitter to cast into the sea than to adorn the side of some brave and honourable man."

Paul seized him by the hand, and wrung it warmly and sincerely. I know it all—I am not ungrateful—I esteem thee for thy constancy and thy valour—and the time is nigh when I shall find a way to reward thee.

A weightier matter presses upon me. You know the harbour of Whitehaven?" "The harbour of Whitehaven?" replied the Man of the Mull, "ay, as well as I know the ten commandments; the one was flogged into me by old Captain Selby, and the other whipt into me by old Dominie Moorhead. Why, man, I know Whitehaven and the road into it as well as I know the way into my own trowsers."

"Well, then," said Paul, "follow me," and, going on board the Ranger, the vessels moved rapidly towards the English shore; while the long winding range of coast, and the misty summits of the Cumberland mountains, began to emerge distinctly on the sight. As they ran along towards the south, the Isle of Man, touched by a streak of livelier light, broke grey upon them; and when they approached Whitehaven, the long lines of high and whitened houses, and the masts of many vessels, grouped together like trees in a natural grove, betokened wealth and trade. The Americans crowded the deck of their little black and low-lying vessel, and gazed upon the beautiful and wealthy scene with wonder not unmingled with apprehension.

Nor were their fears, if they felt any, without foundation. The same glimmering annunciation of grey dawn which enabled them to see the mountains, the town, and the shipping, disclosed also to view a strong and well-mounted battery of many pieces of heavy cannon, which were not only placed so as to cast a continued line of eighteen-pound shot across the mouth of the harbour, but commanded the approach from the sea. Paul knew well that such an engine of destruction, well supplied with shot and commanded by practised men, was an overmatch for such slight means as he commanded; but he also knew that, from the long absence of all enemies from the shores of Britain, a battery was more for show than use; that the powder was at a distance, the balls scattered about, the carriages rotten, and the soldiers asleep in their beds. Accustomed to carry war to the shores and into the bosoms of all other nations of the earth, relying upon their unequalled maritime skill, and the terror which

their well-won renown occasioned, the English on the seacoast slept as soundly during the hottest war as if the island had been ten thousand miles across, and their beds had stood in its centre. It was no wonder then that one of their weakest towns was found vulnerable to the attack of a band of resolute men led by one of the most active and daring spirits of the age.

The sloop stood in towards the harbour; and, as she had all the tokens of her warlike nature carefully concealed, and the British colours flying, no challenge was expected or dreaded. Paul himself stood on the deck, moving the vessel onwards by word and by sign, and at his side stood a handsome and slender youth, who eyed the harbour and his commander alternately with eager and anxious looks. He had a pair of pistols in his belt, a sharp-cutting cutlass in his hand with an embossed handle, and there was a military fire in his eye, and a trembling impatience in his looks, which his more practised captain knew belonged to the most dauntless heart and the truest courage.

"Amos," said Paul, "this is a coast of old renown, and every hill, and every bay, has its story and its song. Our wild coast of America calls forth no such poetical recollections; it is a new world hitherto trodden only by mercantile speculators, curious navigators, or untameable barbarians. In yon little Isle of Man tradition has hoarded more wonders than belong to the whole undefined coast of the land of my second birth; and on yon little promontory, cumbered with ruins and heaped with sea-weed, history, religious and profane, has reigned for sixteen hundred years. Even this provincial town before us has its ancient fame and its line of heroes. It was no common mind that deepened this sea, moored that mole, and shielded the basin with that half-moon battery, on which I presently hope to place the starry standard."

The young American, like a lynx of his native desert, stood with his eye dilated and kindling, and his form in the attitude of one about to make a bound on his victim. He hearkened to the eulogium of Paul on this beautiful coast; and, near as he was to danger, he

could not but speak. "It is a pretty nook; but the best deed it ever did was in giving birth to you. The cradle in which I was rocked, and the knee on which I was nursed, shall no man abuse; and I love you, because you prize the place which echoed to the shouts and the glad mirth of your infancy. But that stream is a thread of water, that wood a bramble-bush, and yon mountain on which the day is dawning a molehill, compared to the mighty rivers, the boundless woods, and majestic mountains of my native America. But the growing day is no favourable moment for an enterprise such as ours;—will not the enemy arouse them, frustrate our wish, and overpower us with numbers?"

"Were we on our way to attack a tribe of wild Indians," answered Paul, "I should say your doubts were weighty. They open their eyes with the peep of dawn; not so our haughty and full-fed islanders. They go to bed late, full of ale and bread, their sleep is sound, and the sun is up hours before they bestir them. It is the will of nature, that men should wake in light and sleep in darkness, even as the birds and the beasts do; but it is the law of custom and fashion, that men shall turn night into day, and, revelling while the stars gleam, sleep when the morning sun shines. This, my friend, is the hour of security; and now, as we are within arms-length of our object, let us go boldly to the attack."

Two boats at his signal were lowered into the water; fifteen armed men took their places silently in each; and Paul, laying his hand on the shoulder of Macgubb, said, "See, guide the boat quietly and without speaking a word by the foot of yon old quay on which the lighthouse stands. If any opposition is offered, spare for neither sword nor shot, but rush on, and when you come to the shipping, the sooner you spread fire among them the better,—the blaze will light you back to the sloop again. Go and guide the boat in. Why, what does the fellow stare at?"

The Galwegian, during Paul's orders, gazed upon him with eyes expanding with wonder, and with lips projecting and formed into a circular cavity, as true as

if a wimble had made the perforation, with pure and undisguised astonishment. "Stare at!" replied the Man of the Mull; "God! it wad make a dead man stare. I wonder what harm the little wicked town of Whitehaven has done to me that I should clap a spunk to its shipping. Captain Selby, it's true, had a heavy hand, and the rope's end that he admonished with was harder than Dominie Moorhead's tawse; but, Lord, Paul! I have nae ill-will to the black pit of a place for all that; and, as for clapping a match to yon forest of masts, I would as soon cast fire on our parish-kirk when my mother's at the preaching,—confound me, if I wadna."

Paul's look darkened; he laid his hand on the hilt of his cutlass; it even moved in the sheath; but better thoughts prevailed. "Be it as you please, I shall find work," he said "to fit your fancy soon. Remain here—the ship as it is placed covers our retreat with its cannon." He then hastened into one of the boats, and said to the officer who conducted the other, "Amos, remember to be cool and take time—the deed done in a hurry has sometimes to be done twice. One ship fairly on fire, protect it with your arms till the flame is too strong to be extinguished, and, if that ship is near or touching others, your work is done. I go to attack the battery, to master the sentinels and spike the guns Remember, be cool and take time—hurry shows fear—and haste ever fails of its purpose." And folding his arms over his bosom, the boats started at once for the harbour.

It was a clear morning at the close of April, the dawn was brightening from a misty silver grey, and in the eastern sky long lines of quick and trembling light were shooting higher into heaven, and falling farther along the earth and sea, when this unexpected descent was made. War had excited in Whitehaven what it had long excited fortunately in other British towns, a wonder what people they could be we were making war upon; and in the blacksmith's forge, and in the numerous alehouses, clubs and groups of dusty and drowthy politicians assembled to settle the balance of empire and lose their own. With these smutched artificers the

soldiers who guarded the harbour battery familiarly mingled; and, as they were all veterans advanced in years, shrunk up with eastern or western suns, or stricken with the unremovable plague of the West Indies, they were past time for aught but settling the merits of the various fermented liquids brewed in the place, and for relating interminable stories of the German war, and other contests in which they had borne a part. The night which preceded the morning of which I speak was dedicated, by those relics of the wars, to a double-deep potation, and several of the townsmen, and colliers from the coal-pits, assisted them in making night hideous with songs which required no small increase of melody and purity, and with stories which, having been told for a century a hundred feet under ground, now for the first time breathed their grossness in upper air. Loud was the laugh—louder far the full-chorussed song, and the vaulted roof of the ancient guard-house, trembled to its centre with the applause, which tongue, and hands, and feet, thundered out.

"I say," said a collier, who, born under ground, had never before appeared among the upper inhabitants of the earth, except to be baptized, and who had nothing white about him save a set of teeth as bright as the pearls of Solway, and the white of a pair of restless eyes,—"I say," said he, "blast all German wars, and sugar-islands, and guns, and gunpowder,—the whole on 'em is not worth a wrought-out shaft." "I pray you, my good fellow," said a Hibernian veteran, "let's have pleasant words. The German war was a good war, and there were brave fellows killed in it, so there was—I shot some seven score for my own hand in one little skirmish—and brave fellows survived it too—I am living for one. The German war was a good war." And he gave his head a determined toss, like a man who had made up his mind on the subject, and could smile when you praised and stab when you contradicted him.

"It might be a good war, for aught I know," said an ancient god of the coal-mine;—"I have lived under the sod, man and boy, now these seventy years, and all

the wars I have ever heard of were those between the colliers and the keelmen of Newcastle. There was a rumour of a highland host, and a war somewhat between a wild lad of the name of Stuart and our own Duke of cannie Cumberland, but the sound died away again—I suppose they took to the stoup and 'greed it. Here's to them both, for they helped to raise the rate of coals." And he elevated his flagon.

"A wild lad of the name of Stuart!" said a veteran from the north of Scotland,—"by Saint Angus, I would have ye to wash your grimy face, and say a prayer, if ye can mind ane, before ye name the name of Stuart. He was my ain native prince, man, and sair I fought for him, man; and the man that ca's him a less name than Prince Charles shall have sax inches of my clay more in his belly, and that by a less natural road than his weason." And he laid his hand on the sheep-head hilt of his broadsword, puckered down the skin of his forehead till his eyebrows nearly touched his cheeks, and the anger that agitated his frame shot in light from his eyes like the glance of a wolf at bay.

"Hout, never heed them, man!" said Miles Clunie, a lowland soldier;—what's the odds wha's king sae lang as we're good subjects and dutiful soldiers. Keep your wrath, man, for a mair Christian purpose than quarrelling with poor subterranean creatures who dwell in the depths of darkness, and dig coals in blind ignorance of all kind of lear. They canna be reckoned accountable creatures, seeing that most of them are born under ground—they live under the earth and we live on it—a mighty difference."

"I'll tell you what," said the sergeant, who ruled for the night in the absence of his superior officer, "mum's the word,—we are intrusted with the command of a strong battery and the care of a great town; it would ill become us to be quarrelsome, or to hold more to our head than what's consistent with sound discipline. But, damme, what's a pint of brandy—a mere tasting for the tooth-ache—when I lay among the marshes in Holland I could have snapt up such a specimen of distillation as soon as bite the end off a cartridge. Let's

have another pint a-piece by all means—and, Clunie, tell the girl at the Lowther Arms to score it to me —my subterranean friends shall taste it too—we're all God's creatures, though some of us are blasted black ones."

The messenger succeeded in arousing the landlord of the Lowther Arms, and returned with a re-enforcement of the raw material for conviviality and mirth.

"I'll tell ye what, Sergeant Sowerby," said Clunie, "there's a couple of little black rascally-looking sloops looking into the mouth of our bonnie bit harbour here like a pair of ravens looking in at the door of a dove-cote—an I were you, I would slip in a charge of powder, and give them eighteen pound weight of good advice. Ye ken it was but yestreen that we heard the rattle of cannon in the bay, and that Captain Skippon told us how a reprobate Scotchman, Paul Jones by name—Did any Scot ever gang by such a name since Fergus the first?—Paul Jones by name, aided by some more of his rascally countrymen—I wad have Captain Skippon to learn the civility of a gentleman before he speaks of his betters,—aided by some of his rascally countrymen, and followed by a crowd of American convicts,—he's right there, howsever,—and braggart Mounseers,—he speaks biting truths—was hovering upon the English coasts, and trying to pick up a morsel of food and a penny siller frae fishermen and such like defenceless mortals."

"And that's true too, Clunie," said the sergeant;—"but what of it all, man?—sit down here. If they are friends, why, man, they are welcome to port and protection; if they are enemies, let them even slip quietly away;—tell them to look at our two and thirty brazen teeth, and dread to come between our jaws. The raven looked into the black dog's mouth, and would have picked out its tongue but for fear of its teeth. Yet let us be prudent and wise.—Here, Souple Sam, you have made best use of your time, and cannot be much drunker if you remain—go to the battery—if you see an enemy 'tis well—if you see none 'tis still well—you will do the state some service. But taste the brandy before you go."

This precious sentinel, accompanied by one of the subteranean brethren, as Sergeant Sowerby called them, went to the battery. He reached it not without difficulty; but his eyes seemed glazed in his head, his sight was bounded to the length of his musket; he fell down like a piece of spare rope beside one of the guns, and all the efforts of his companion failed to place him erect. Back staggered the collier to the guard-house, and said, "Whoy, there's no fizzan in yon long coil-of-rope man of thine.—I might as well try to make my bucket-chain stand on end as him.—But I laid him with his head to the sea—so—"

"So sit you down, Ned Clevish," said the sergeant; "Providence makes his own creatures, and I quarrel with none of his works; Souple Sam has pleased him and Colonel Colthard these many years, and I dare not say I am wiser than either. So sit you down, Ned Clevish—let us drink to the pit of darkness out of which you have come into day;—here's to the coal-bag and the bucket-chain, man, and the quean that loves the collier laddie.—Eh, Clunie, ye have dauted the collier's daughter in your day, man.—We must think of those who work in darkness for our delight, and we maun cheer the wives of Whitehaven when their black dearies are tickling the earth about the centre for coal. Eh, Clunie, you demure sinner ——?"

This wild conversation was interrupted at daylight by a man in a sailor's dress, as wet as water could make him, and who flooded the floor of the guard-house as he stood to gather breath for speech. "Sing it," cried Sergeant Sowerby, "if you cannot speak it;—this fellow, now has swam with despatches from some Scottish seaport, and many a strange sight has he seen by the way—he's a kind of maritime envoy ——"

"You will see a strange sight soon," said the mariner, "if you arm not and man not your battery with the speed of light!—Your shipping and your town will be in flames in ten minutes! Paul Jones and thirty armed men at his back are now in your harbour! Up, you gazing gulls! I have risked my life to tell you!—Up, soldiers! are ye men of stone, and move not at the

sound of such an enemy?" One got up reeling and staggering—the others made an effort to rise, but they were o'ermastered by a spirit as effectual as fear; Sowerby and Clunie alone stood to their arms with a kind of drunken gravity and tipsy resolution, but they only stood.

The sailor turned away in scorn, and exclaimed as he left them, "I am too late!—by the glory of heaven the bay is already brightening with fire!—I hear the clank of the renegade's hammer spiking up the guns of the battery—and Whitehaven's sleeping as sound as if the Dean of Carlisle were preaching an exhortation sermon." At that moment not a sound was heard throughout the sleeping town—not a soul was seen in the streets—and, as the messenger of invasion thundered at one door and shouted at another to arouse the people, he observed the flames ascending in flashes through a column of thick smoke which rose slowly from among the shipping. At last he reached a house, which from its portico, cornices, and more elaborate architecture, seemed the residence of some person of importance, and at the door he thundered and shouted till the whole street re-echoed. A little window was cautiously opened, and first the muzzle of a carabine came slowly forth, and over it peeped out a visage as sharp and thin as a hatchet, as gray as time, and as hard as iron. "Hilloah, master," exclaimed the mariner, "your harbour is filled with enemies—your ships are burning now, and your houses will follow—why do you point your piece at me?—I come to do you a kindness—take it in—I have got a bit of hollow iron in my bosom, friend, and my hand is not shaking like yours." "Good sooth, Gib Grilson, look here!" said a man opening a window opposite, "here's a sailor going to shoot old Giles Wilkinson, the miser." "And what the worse will Whitehaven be?" said the other city-worthy—"I hope the lad's hand is steady and his tool in order." And he condescended not to come to the casement.

With success such as I have described did the mariner endeavour to arouse the people of Whitehaven;

but a clamour louder than his now resounded from the harbour, and the reflection of the increasing flame began to dance upon the chamber-windows and flash along the ceilings, and men rushed half-naked into the streets, wondering what this sound and light could mean.

When Paul landed in silence at the foot of the battery, he intrusted his companion with the combustibles necessary for ensuring the destruction of the shipping, retaining to himself what seemed the more arduous task, the escalade of the battery and the disarming of the guard. He was the first who leaped upon the parapet, and, gazing eagerly round, spiked up with great rapidity all the cannon, and struck the flag which floated in the morning wind. "Follow me," he said; and, hastening to the dock-yard, he saw the rising walls of three ships which lay on the stocks, one nearly ready to be launched. "Now for fire!" he exclaimed,—"a month's pay to the man who brings me fire first!" One tried to raise it by means of his pistol; but though he kindled powder, he wanted still the proper combustibles for communicating fire to solid masses of wood.

Paul looked up, and smiled to see the fire beginning to start from a ship across the harbour. "See, see!" he said, "I have not seen a more gladsome sight since the flash of my cannon that sunk the Charlotte. But is there no fire for me?—I shall have it though I should awaken the mayor, and get it by an act of town council." A little house stood at the head of the dock-yard, and in the window he perceived a faint light. He hastened to the door—it was on the latch—he rushed in—there sat an old woman leaning over a handful of fire, on which she was warming a kind of sweet gruel; a bowl stood beside her to receive it, in which was a small silver spoon. The moment she observed Paul she held up her hand, saying, "Hush, hush!"—then pointed to a little low bed on which a wounded youth lay—his eyes were closed from pain rather than from slumber—and, by the light of the glimmering fire, Paul saw his bloody locks staining the pillow. He knew him at once to be a bold and active youth, who had opposed

him in the Charlotte, and the blow which seemed about to make his mother childless was given by his own cutlass.

"It is my child," said the old woman with a sigh,—"he was found clinging to a plank in the middle of the Solway, and sorely is he wounded.—This little mouthful I am warming with the hope that he can taste it—and if you will be seated, sir, your presence will be a great kindness, I am lonely, and likely soon to be more so.—For all my stay in the world is reft if my bairn is lost, and I shall neither have a child to cheer me, nor a house for my grey hairs." Paul's tears came—he passed his hand over his eyes—thrust both hands into his pockets—dropt gold upon the floor—and rushed out with an aching heart.

Before him stood the guard-house, from the door of which a strong light came, accompanied by a sound such as midnight flings from a hostel where money abounds, and drouth is great. Many a man has died on the way to become a hero, and courage and genius are often quenched on a first field, and in a first fire. Had a bayonet or a bullet found the bosom of Paul, as with a pistol in his hand, he sprung into the guard-house, and, in presence of the soldiers, snatched a brand from the fire, and set the dock-yard in a blaze, he would have been accounted a rash leader, and the drunken mortal who slew him might have aspired to the name of hero. But the temerity or courage of Paul placed his person in no such danger; his intrusion was hailed with a kind of drunken welcome; and, as he retired with a brand, something was murmured about the Lowther Arms, and a stoup of brandy.

The work of destruction was now fairly begun; but it was far from being complete, and Paul perceived, by the gathering together of the Whitehaven mariners and the mustering of the townsmen, that he was likely to be assailed and overpowered if he attempted to fire the town, as he at first meditated. The alarm and wonderment of the people gave place to rage, when they ascertained that an enemy had descended upon them, and that the fires which they beheld were kindled not by acci-

dent or folly, but by the hands of armed men, to whom their destruction was enjoined as a duty. But they were without a leader; their arms were such as haste presents—swords, pikes, muskets, pistols, and staves; and they advanced to the contest with men well-armed, who were moved by one impulse, and who adhered to their leader from a sense of his genius, his courage, and activity.

Two vessels in the harbour were now in a bright flame, while from the dock-yard a pillar of fire ascended, mingling with a smoke thick, and dark, and smouldering. Paul to the dry wood had added a barrel of tar; and to one who viewed the scene from the sea, the town seemed wrapt in fire and smoke, while the breeze that swept along the shore raised the cloud at times, and showed the anxious and crowding faces of the people, and the two boats in the bay moving about like demons of mischief and destruction. In the circumstances in which Paul was placed, the efforts of personal courage were not only allowable, but necessary. When a man has attained the fame which intrepidity brings, and has become a general and a leader, he may be less prodigal of his person, and the safety and success of others upon his composure and preservation; but when a man has to animate and inspire others—to conduct a dangerous attack—to do a daring deed with few hands—he must then peril his limbs, and put himself in the way of danger and of death, committing himself to courage and to fortune.

Those who had seen Paul on this perilous expedition, would have seen at once that scenes of danger and dismay were familiar to his eye, and that he felt that his name as a warrior depended upon the success of his attempt. With his cutlass in his hand he was everywhere present, menacing his enemies, and cheering his friends. A shout from the people announced some unlooked-for aid, and a six-pounder was suddenly dragged down to bear upon the two boats which were now ready to return to the ships. A wave of Paul's hand, and his boat started back; he leaped ashore followed by a dozen of his comrades,—the populace retired before

the levelled pikes and cutlasses of his men, and he returned not till he had spiked the gun. His boat glided along the side of the battery, and a loud shout and a few random shots followed him seaward; the tide was ebbing with great rapidity, and, urged by oars in obedient hands, he was likely soon to be beyond the reach of musketry.

He was not yet beyond danger. A mariner with much presence of mind cut in two the cables of two of the burning ships, and, towing them into the ebbing current, let them drift with the stream; while a land breeze, filling at the same time their sails, drove them seaward with a fury which the bright flames, now spouting out on all sides, seemed to augment. The rowers exerted all their strength to shun these unexpected engines of destruction,—the blazing ships passed them distant three oars' length, and dashed away southward, arrayed in all the majesty of flames from the water edge to the tall top-mast. One was filled with sugar, the other with rum; and the fire, seizing upon these rich and obedient combustibles, sent two tall pyramids of light into the morning air, which, surpassing far the brightness of the dawn, showed the flocks of sheep reposing on Criffel side, the sea-fowl slumbering along the shores, and the whole wide and winding bay from Caerlaverock, to the Isle of Man. Paul and his companions, regaining the decks of their ships, gazed upon this grand and terrible sight, which was visible from Queensberry to Skiddaw. Its close was as quick as the progress was brilliant. The burning ships were checked by a sudden wind—they turned half round—seemed to reel and shake—then down they went with a bubble and a hiss, while the expiring flame wavered for a moment on the agitated water, and then was extinguished for ever.

CHAPTER VII.

> "Let's scale this petty tower; at sea we're falcons
> And fly into the main-top in a moment.
> What then can stop us here?"

PAUL sat down on a brass carronade, muffled himself to the chin in his naval cloak, and seemed silent and wrapt in thought, while his vessels, resigned to the charge of subordinate hands, moved slowly away southward, secure from enemies and safe from interruption. He sat summing up the deeds of his life, and his actions against his native country—and drawing from them such a conclusion as pride and vanity present to an ambitious mind. He appeared not, however, to succeed altogether in this mental review and justification; for his lip quivered, he struck his thighs with his expanded palms, and muttered, "Oh! fool, fool!" It is in moments of silence and solitude that conscience presents this bitter cup to the lips—folly no sooner drains the glass than repentance fills it anew—and the heart arises up in judgment against the head and the hand.

In the midst of this mental conflict, when Scotland was pleading her cause against pride and revenge, he was approached by Macgubb, the mariner, who disregarded as much the ceremonious observance which naval or military rank requires, as he was insensible to all nice delicacy of feeling. He was by nature a kind of leveller—addressed all men with familiarity and freedom—considered every pre-eminence of rank or intellect as mere matters of chance—and took good and evil fortune with a calm indifference. He had an instinctive love of his native place, and his affection extended on each side of the Mull of Galloway so far as a man might see on a sunny day. He even was known to call up an exclamation of glad surprise when he beheld the coast of Ayr on his return from a West India voyage; but then that line of shore was linked with that of his native

Mull, and he merely admitted it to a colder relationship, such as a second cousin or so, while for the place where he was born he had as much love as for the mother that bore him.

Macgubb placed himself beside Paul, and immediately commenced conversation. "Weel, ye see, had this happened in the ancient days, when a Scotchman had to gaur his hand keep his head frae the southron, I should have clapt ye on the back, and cried brawly, man, brawly; but what to think on't now, shame fa' me if I can tell;—had it been some town farther south the less wad ha'e been the pity; but bonnie Whitehaven, the place where I served my 'prenticeship, and which I saw ilka morning from my mother's door,—deil douk me in his deepest dub if I can get owre't, Paul. What think ye on't yourself?"

Paul regarded him with an eye which encouraged no farther familiarity: he thought, by a look of steady sternness, to quell the petulance of his ancient comrade. But Macgubb was neither to be daunted nor silenced. "I see, I see," said the Galwegian, "ye kenna what to think on't—but, od, lad, Pate Rabson kenned what to think on't—ye kenned Pate?—ane of the seven Rabsons of Rideabout—a rid-handed, ready-headed race. Pate stood where I stand now, and when he found that ye were resolved to give Whitehaven, hall and harbour, to the flames, Pate plunged into the water—floated like a cork—swam like a scale-duck—ane of your damned handy lads here presented his carabine at him—I maun give the chield sixpence to cure his cheek—I like Pate, and I couldna bide to see him shot at like a water-[illegible]bie—he was born within sight of the Mull."

"And what became of this Rabson of yours?" said Paul; "I saw him not—he is not sunk in the sea, I hope?"—"Sunk in the sea!" answered Macgubb, "I'll be his bail for that. Na, na, he made the side, man, like a water-collie—shook the sea-drops from his jacket—started up the bank, and I'll warrant he gave the drowsy mayor a wakening. An, God, it was high time, when fire and sword were his visiters. That Rabson's heart now was in the right place—he couldna bide to see the bonnie town made into a bonfire. To be sure

he was born nearer the place than me by seven long miles—a dreigh length of road in the measuring out of affection."

The commander of the Ranger eyed his countryman with a look of mingled mirth and seriousness. "Come," he said, "Macgubb, let us have some talk about your views in life—and let me hear on what terms I can obtain the aid of your skill and courage. I know you are made of the right stuff—you have an excellent hand and a firm heart—such spirits I want, and their reward shall be to their own contentment."—"Ye speak," answered Macgubb, "like a civil and considerate person; but though I join ye in your opinion of both my hand and heart, I'm thinking my head, when it's consulted on the use my hands are to be put to, may have some curious notion of its own. I remember once when I was called on to scale a little tower on the coast of Nevis, and clap fire till't, I hadna the heart to do't, it was sae like the auld tower of Kirkcudbright—the resemblance saved it, and did muckle harm to me. I fought a battle with Tam Tourick about it—he has a ball near his spoolbane yet as a token."

"Ay, but," said his wily friend, "I shall shape out some nice little agreeable piece of work for you to busy yourself about. We will leave this bay to-night perhaps. I know you have no great regard for Ireland; and, to tell you the truth, I wish it so little good myself, that I care not to encourage your contempt for it by making a descent on Carrickfergus. There are some rich ships in the bay, and some gold in the town."—"Ay," said Macgubb, "and some hard-fighting hands too—they winna sit still, and see ye kindle the roofs o'er their heads like the churls of Whitehaven. The spirit of that town is sunk seventy fathom into the ground, and lies at the bottom of one of its deepest coal shafts—but Ireland! it's just meat, and drink, and claes to its people to have brows-breaking—they bless ye for a blow, and say good luck to you when you burn powder under their nose. Let us gang and give them a day's work—they will count it an obligation."

"While mentioning my antipathies," said Paul, "I must not omit to tell you, that I have an aversion to England, which I think has descended to me from my ancestors. I could feel in my heart now to look in among the merchants of Liverpool—pick out one or two of their richest-laden ships—throw fire among the rest, and probably discharge a shot or two upon the town, merely to show that I have no good-will to them, and that they may not mistake me for a friend."

"Indeed and atweel," answered the man of the Mull, "an I were you I would na be sae sparing—what's England to you mair than Ireland, and Ireland mair than the douce folk on the other side there, that ye should pass the hand of tender mercy owre them? Ye have largely the means of mischief in your own power, and I would even let nature take the hank in her ain hand. Smite, burn, and destroy; clap fire to bonnie Saint Bees. Let them sloken the flames of auld Kirkcudbright with the waters of the Dee—set a red peat and a tar-barrel to sweet Saint Mary's Isle—the Douglasses deserve nae better—wherefore should they have a monopoly of rank, and talent, and riches? Then, ye see, I wad raise such a reek on the green Mull of Galloway as would smother the moor-cocks and man-children for twenty miles round—smeek out the hale name of Macgubb like a skep of bees—there's an auld house wherein my mother dwalls,—why should an auld carlin have sae bein a bield?—send it to the blue sky, and the carlin to the bare croft. There now, Paul, man, I have shaped out a bonnie day's work for ye." And he stood with that quiet, demure, and dull look, which might have deceived many into the belief that he was serious.

"Macgubb," said Paul, "listen to me a moment. This is language, which, as Paul Jones and your friend, I may endure, and pass over with a glance of scorn or a smile of pity; but, as captain of this sloop, it is language which I must not tolerate—your familiarity will breed insolence in others, and the very spirit of American republicanism, which makes head against European tyranny, is apt, unless curbed and restrained,

to overcome all sense of subordination and discipline."—"Ay," said Macgubb, "and ye begin then to feel, that even in unbounded freedom there is a tyranny—every ane for his ain hand, and God for us all—it's a bonnie theory! But I shall be mair prudent again; for, as ye justly say, in the spirit of republicanism there is something that rejects subordination and obedience—every man is grown sae wise that he wants to be master—and ye see that lad,—what call ye him, Simpson?—he has twice disobeyed your signal since he got the command of our auld friend Corbie's sloop. He'll be set up on his ain judgment, I guess. There's a great misfortune in having over clever servants—they encumber one with their counsel—and when they do a gallant deed they never think they owe it to other judgment. But where in the world's the yellow American going?—plague on him if he's no about to attack Peel Castle, and set up for President in the Isle of Man. He'll get the bonnie sloop split frae stem to stern as truly as the back-bone divides the herring."

Paul beheld with eyes gleaming in anger, that the sloop committed to the care of his lieutenant was hastening on a route of her own, that his instructions were disregarded and his orders disobeyed. Three successive signals to keep company were hung out in vain—he clothed his sloop in canvass from the deck to the topmast, and, favoured by a lively wind, hurried after his consort with a rapidity that left a long train of agitated foam frying on the ocean behind. Paul stood himself on the prow—his cloak flung from him—his cutlass in his hand, and a pair of gold-mounted pistols shining in his belt. The Isle of Man was distant some three cables' length when the sloops came together.

They both paused, and Paul was the first who spoke. "You have neglected my orders—you have disobeyed my signal—your reason sir? your reason?"—The American drew haughtily back, and made answer, "By what right should I render a reason to thee?—I am a free man, of a free state, and captain of this sloop of war, which I have named 'Brutus,' and I take no orders but from Congress."—"Why, thou Kentucky goose," an-

swered Paul, "you are no Congress captain—my capture of that sloop made thee her commander, and me thou must obey till we return to America. Come, come, young man, do your duty to your country, and that duty will be best done by assisting me in the plans which I have laid down of attack and descent along the coast. I wish not to do any act of severity for your disobedience. I respect your bravery—but bravery without prudence, is a ship without a compass."

"You are a hollow friend to human freedom," said the man of Kentucky, "when, under pretence of fighting in the cause, you are making maxims of tyranny and rules of base servitude to those who are associated with you in laying the foundation of a glorious republic. How could I ever look my free country again in the face, after having submitted to be ordered and commanded by a mere mortal, a man who has not the honour of being born in a free land, who drew his breath among slaves, and whose command alone extends to his own sloop of war? Sir, I am the offspring of a soil consecrated by liberty—the village of my birth, formerly called Goose-flosh, is now rebaptized Sparta; and I, whom you call Jonathan, am named Epaminondas Simpson, captain of the Brutus, and a citizen of the only free country of the earth."

Paul found it impossible to resist a smile. "Well, well, all this is very lofty, and in very bad taste. Epaminondas has already had an airing from fame in the world, and Jonathan is good enough for fighting with, and will look exceedingly well at the head of an account of some gallant battle fought, or some great victory won. I would abide by Jonathan. But come, Epaminondas Simpson, captain of the Brutus, and citizen of a free country, which has yet to fight for its freedom with one of the most warlike nations of the earth, let us be brothers in battle and in enterprise. We are on a coast where enemies are rife, and if they only knew that we are quarrelling among ourselves to show our regard for liberty, they would encourage us and aid so effectually, that you would never see Goose-flosh more, nor hear the birds sing in Kentucky."

Simpson stood unresolved what to do—even the common seamen took part in the strife, and showed, by their contention for the unfettered rights of citizenship, that they had loosed the bonds of discipline and obedience, and had gained from liberty the right, at least, to contradict and gainsay. "An I were you, Captain Epaminondas Simpson," said one tall lathy figure, who owned a mud cabin and three perches of forest on the Delaware, "I would part company with this son of slavery—a man born in such a limited nook as this, his soul must be as contracted as his birth-place. We lads, who first blest the sun on the banks of the Delaware, our hearts are as expanded as our mother-land, and it becomes us not to give place and yield obedience to men whose country has not a hill higher than a thousand feet, or a stream which three thirsty men cannot drink dry."

"Besides," said another American, a hunter from the Ohio—"the man must be ignorant of freedom who has not had a chase of a thousand miles before him—who has not nursed his free thoughts amid boundless woods, by shoreless lakes, and on unexplored mountains."—"And for my part," urged a third, "when I first set my foot on ship-board, I thought I was following a man who knew what slavery was, and would therefore allow liberty a wider sweep, a greater latitude. Ah! he feels not the wisdom of that great people, who keep the black men in slavery as a lesson of freedom to the white. Let us follow him no farther."

"And yet," said a fourth, "the man has some courage, though, I know not how he found it—he has some maritime skill, but that he picked up on the Hudson—he can speak very readily about the state of nations and the principles of free governments—that he learned from the Boston Patriot—and he has also a kind of knack of persuading others, and of picking up ships, warlike and unwarlike, which Commodore Hopkins cannot learn, and which pleases Congress. But, above all, I have ever seen, when my heart swelled big with the desire of contradicting him, and all hands were ripe for revolt, that an enemy's ship heaving in sight revived

... faith in him, and we grew glad to follow wherever ... aved his sword. My counsel is, be smooth with him on the sea till we get him home to the Hudson, and then, lads, we'll show him the difference betwixt a pedlar Scot and a pure American."

While this under-toned conversation was carried on by the mariners who followed the fortunes of him of Goose-flosh, Paul was himself exposed to the whispered wisdom of several sailors, who, while the sea was smooth, and the enemy distant, busied themselves in settling plans of new republics, but whose skill and courage in battle and storm were by no means superior to their loquacity. "Captain Paul Jones," muttered a mariner, "a strict disciplinarian of the English school, listen to me. Our admiral did three things with his navy at one and the same moment. In one division he was singing psalms—in another he was flogging the disobedient—and in the third, he was fighting the enemy—ah! a glorious old admiral was Hanging Jack! Now, I'll tell ye what Jack would do here—he would send all hands to the guns—open the ports, and as he opened the ports, he would convince Captain Goose there, by a capital broadside, that he kept the true besom for sweeping mutineers from the decks—that's what Hanging Jack would do, were he living and in your shoes."

"I would not advise an experiment so rash," said another counsellor, "as a whole broadside; but a couple of guns loaded with grape scattered on the deck would silence these talking Americans. Or, suppose that we boarded at once, and shot one or two, and ornamented the yard-arm with Saucy Simpson." "The best thing, Paul," said Macgubb, "that ye can do, is to let Mr. Epaminondas of Gosling-flosh pursue his ain course—if ye have any other fractious friends remaining send them to further his counsels—and a blessed riddance ye will have;—then, lad, the gallant Ranger will be as cantie as a new-run salmon when the sea-lice have left it—and ye can have your ain will.—This ship, the Brutus, as that haveral captain calls her,

is a kind of waste-pipe that carries off the turbulent and superfluous waters."

Paul said nothing; but it seemed that the suggestion of Macgubb took hold of his mind—he ordered the ship to keep on her original course—hung out a signal for his consort to follow—and away he started afresh on his career. The American officer looked after Paul for a little space—he then tore down the British colours, under which they had been cruising, displayed the new banner of the United States in its place, and, leaving the Isle of Man on the right, burst away with crowded sails into the Irish seas.

"It is a bonnie sample of discipline, Paul," said Macgubb, "which that conceited creature has shown ye.—But, bide a wee; he winna have a star in his firmament soon—and as for the stripes, they'll be laid on his ain back.—God, he'll gladden the hearts of the lads of Carrickfergus—there's an armed ship lying there that will teach him a lesson he has some need to learn.—But where are ye going now?—I call all this consecrated coast from Annan-water foot round to the bay of Ayr, and if ye snap a flint against it, good night to Robin Macgubb."

The sloop now moved slowly and steadily along the coast of Galloway, and Paul stood on the deck, and eyed it with a fixed and melancholy glance. Every stream that united itself with the sea—every hill that arose, green with grass or brown with heather—every rock that studded the coast, and every promontory and bay, came with their history to his heart; while with every cot, and every hall, and every ruined castle, his eye and his feet were familiar. "Blessed are ye in your barrenness, my native coast," murmured the man of the Mull,—"silver and gold have ye none—nor ships, nor towns, nor arsenals, nor dock-yards.—But all the spices of the East cannot be compared with the honey which the brown bees of Borgue gather from the blae-bells of your wilderness.—I carried a pint of the dropped treasure, and presented it to the Bey of Tunis—sweeter, he said, was never gathered on the hill of Hermon, nor in the blessed land of the Prophet.—I bore

another pint, and gave it to a Chinese mandarin at Canton.—I prostrated myself three times, and held out my present of incomparable honey—he condescended to taste it with the end of his bamboo rod, and cried, 'Slave, bring me more—here's silk and silver—this is only fit for the lips of gods or mandarins.' Now we approach the coast of heather and honey—you may feel the smell a league to seaward."

They passed the mouth of the Orr; and the tower, in which Paul had conversed with Durisdeer and the pirate, peered rough and grey from its rocks and woods. Several sloops lay quietly at anchor in Gibbie's-hold, and the course of the stream might be observed far into the bosom of a hilly country—the smoke ascended from numerous villages, and the sides of the hills were white with sheep. The American sailors crowded the decks of the sloop, gazed with anxious eyes on the hostile land, and compared it in thought with the dark and solitary shores of their native country. To them it came with a claim which the fury of civil war made them half unwilling to allow,—some of them were descended from men who had emigrated from the land of Galloway, and the names of the places had a pleasing sound in their ears.

"And what call ye this mouthful of running water now?" said a mariner of Boston, looking contemptuously at the clear stream of Orr, which at that period was beginning to feel the influence of a dry season, and certainly looked less in the eyes of a foreigner than a lover of Galwegian glory could have wished it. "Mouthful of water!" answered Macgubb, "there's no such a waste of good water in it as there is in the St. Lawrence and other rivers where the useful element runs idly to the sea.—In this river, lad, there's no a drop that can be wanted—it's just adapted by Providence to the dimensions of the country and the enterprise of the people—aught less would have been little. It's a lovely stream, and it's known over the world by the name of the Orr—its name may not have yet reached America, a country sae far frae Christendom."

"The Orr!" cried the American, springing eagerly

to the stern of the ship, "and is that the Orr,—the Orr with the silver link?—Ah, mony a day has my grey grandmother sung and danced on its braw green banks, and pulled nuts in the woods of Munshes.—Do you know a sweet wild spot—ye may pitch a quoit from the door-step into the stream—a place with a garden and a hedge of wild plum-tree, where golden-pippins grew—with an auld house of hewn stone?—plague on it, the name comes to my mind like a dream.—The smugglers stayed their craft in a bught of the river a bow-shot below the house—a man was shot within cry on't in the days of the persecution, and a throuch-stane lay over his grave—Birk something—Birk"——"Birkburn-foot," said Macgubb; "I ken the place weel—mair by token—a leel friend of mine and his kin before him have held the house since a century before Mirk Monanday—well ken I Tam Corson of Birkburnfoot, my cozie cronie, as I said, and a fu' laird." The American seized him by the hand, and wrung it with an ecstacy, which was returned by the Galwegian with the like cordial warmth; the hard gripe of their iron hands resembled the grasp of two pair of blacksmith's tongs, and would have brought blood from the nails of fingers less inured to maritime toil. "Lord, man," said the Bostonian, "I'm a Corson myself, every drop of my blood belongs to your country.—The bonnie links of Orr and the name of Corson!—poetry has na a sweeter sound in all her charmed rhymes." And he stood and held his hand over his eyes, and kept them fixed on the river as long as it was visible.

Another scene was now unfolding itself; they were approaching the mouth of the Dee, and the coast, level, sandy, and bare, began to sink, and swell, and wind—every three lengths of the sloop brought an increase of beauty. Gently-swelling knolls arose along the line of sea-mark—woody acclivities presented themselves, and rocks appeared fringed with broom and flowers—while behind lay park succeeding park, and hill succeeding hill, of rich pasturage—the united efforts of natural fertility and careful cultivation. A mild wind impelled them on, and, passing the promontory which

forms the eastern guard to the entrance of the bay of the Dee, the whole scene was revealed to their eyes as they burst at once into the immense basin where the river unites with the ocean.

It happened that the morning wind had not yet disrobed a part of the Scottish coast entirely of its night-covering. A thin mist, to which the sun communicated a golden hue, veiled, without concealing wholly, the fluctuating outline of the bay, and the smoke, unable to find its way into the upper air, added its murkier vapour, and hung dark upon the hill-tops, over the town of Kirkcudbright, and the beautiful mansion of St. Mary's Isle. The sun, forcing its way at times through the mist, dropt its light on the bay, and gleamed on the countless water-fowl which sat enjoying the motion of the billows, and floating as the water willed, like foam upon the wave. The sloop appeared, and a breeze arising, swept the whole extent of the bay, and disclosed the dusky front of old Kirkcudbright, and the mansion of St. Mary's Isle, enclosed with garlands of groves which dipt their branches in the tide.

Sheltered from the breeze by the headland, and secured by her anchor from the rapid impulse of the tide, the sloop lay quiet on the eastern side of the bay, while Paul called his men together, and proceeded to address them:—"Citizens and fellow-mariners, Congress has confided to your hands and mine a hazardous but a noble duty. When the cruel war began between England and you, she treated you as rebels, and her prisons are now filled with brave and honourable citizens who drew their swords for your sakes. From their cells and their shackles we expect they will be conducted to the gibbet and the axe—their destiny is placed in your hands. Let us visit, as we have begun, the coast of our enemies with powder and ball—let us sink their ships, choke their havens, and fill their dock-yards with fire—for this we are well prepared with active hands and intrepid hearts. But we have yet a more delicate duty to perform, in which open force must unite with wise subtilty. I have instructions to seize the persons of some of the noblest and the most esteemed among

this proud people, and hold them as an assurance for the lives of our imprisoned citizens. To this latter duty it is now my wish to lead you—thirty of you, therefore, arm yourselves; and let no one come who feels any fear or misgiving.—He whom we are about to seize upon is indeed no soldier bred—but a Douglas is a soldier born, and in a moment of peril the ancient valour of his name may arise.—Remember, we go to bind, but not to strike."

With a loud murmer of approbation, thirty of his best men proceeded to arm themselves, while Macgubb thus addressed Paul:—"Weel, ye see now, this I call a judicious kind of warfare, and of a weel-meaning and brotherly nature, compared to the other part of your commission. It is only a taking of hostages as it were; and though ye take the cream off the milk of our Galloway community by leading the Douglas into captivity, I think it is a far honester method of going to work than if ye choked the folk of auld Kirkcudbright with the smoke of their own houses.—Besides, ye see, this is a kind of work that I can assist ye in without going over the belly of my conscience."

"Ay," said Paul, "I am glad to hear that.—I hoped indeed that I should have the fortune to shape out some little undertaking to suit your fancy; but I had no belief it could be done till we had left the Mull of Galloway behind. If you would tell me now, how you have compounded so readily with your love of home, and your admiration of the Mull, I may be the better enabled to fit your taste in future." "That's kindly and somewhat jocosely spoken now," answered Macgubb; "I see we shall meet and mingle again just like twa sides of the wave which the keel divides.—Now, ye maun ken, that there's twa kinds of folk in Galloway as well as in other countries—the humble and the high.—The humble are the tillers of fields—the tenders of flocks—the raxers of leather—the weavers of webs—the lads who weld the iron together, and the chields who saw wood, and those who are cunning in the mystery of stone and lime.—Weel, these are the quiet, busy, laborious drudges of the earth, who keep the wheels of

creation greased, and haud the king in good subjects and the country in houses, in sarking, and in shoon.—Touch them not, say I.—The other kind of folk are like the lilies in Scripture, they toil not, neither do they spin.—They walk on carpets, and lie on beds of down—have the air of their chambers perfumed, and white slaves to attend them and serve their broth up in silver and their wine in fine gold.—Away with them—swith away with them!—make them useful to the world if ye can."

Paul laughed at the singular reason which Macgubb assigned for approving of his designs. "Well, my friend, you like my plan," said Paul,—"I shall take you with me to see how adroitly we will execute it.—Suppose now that we succeed in seizing the Lord of St. Mary's Isle—is there not another lord to reward our activity?—know you whom I mean?" and he pointed to a distant coast. "Another lord!" cried Macgubb. "ay, doubtless there is, but such an insect of a lord as the summer breeze creates atween the ribs of a dead dog. Man! who would exchange even an American, yellow and thin, and talkative as he is, with a lord as peevish as a wasp, and as proud as a peacock? Peacock! God, an I'll tell you a grand story about that.—Ye see there was a man frae—nae matter where—who longed much to ken what sort a creature a lord was, and there was a witty young chap who drew him the picture, and said, "Now ye ken the marks of a lord—slip away up towards the hall, and the first thing ye see will be him; he's aye walking on the lawn about this time.' Away he went, and the first thing he saw was a peacock, with its tail aboon its head, coming quivering every feather wi' pride, and gecking and strutting fu' stately and grand. Off went his bonnet, and low and reverently he bowed till the feathered lord passed by. Then hame he went like a man demented, and all the neighbours gathered round to hear. 'And have ye seen him?' they all cried with one voice. 'Seen him!' said he, 'ay atweel I have seen him—he came by me with his grand gown-tail about his head—he's a wee man, with a pleasant presence.'" Paul smiled.

Meanwhile the American mariners prepared themselves for the descent with alacrity and joy. "Now," said one, as he felt the edge of his cutlass, "this is a reasonable design; we annoy our enemies, we assist Congress, and we do an act of kindness to ourselves. It will go hard with me if I fail to pick up some golden trifle or so, merely as a remembrance of this pitiful coast."—"You speak wisely," said a fellow-mariner, "snapping, and proving the flints of a pair of pistols —this is better than running our heads against a hedge of bayonets, and laying our bosoms open to a thirty-two pounder. I cannot perceive how it is possible, that, by depriving London of a bushel of coals, we can assist Washington against Burgoyne; but I can understand well, that half a hundred weight of silver-plate will make Joshua Hudson a richer man."—"Fie on you both!" said a third sailor, placing an extra pair of pistols in his belt, "shall the patriots of the new world plunder the slaves of the old of their vessels of silver and utensils of gold? We come here to read them a great and enlightened lesson—to show them that we scorn their bonds, and despise their decrees, and that we are the free sons of the great western continent. Their lucre I covet not; but the ladies of this isle are as fair as the lilies of their native land, and one of them would I willingly lead to the banks of the Mississippi, for the daughters of my own land are lean, pale, and proud, unlike the plump and rosy dames of merry Old England."—"You are an Englishman at heart after all, Ned Blackburn," said a little thin shrivelled sailor, with a face formed for cutting a north-wester; "and I guess, if Captain Paul Jones heard you, he would leave you on board, and try this enterprise with I and the other twenty-eight heroes American born."—"Come along, thou dried specimen of Virginia leaf," said Blackburn—"come away, thou shred and remnant of manhood—thou paring of the toe-nails of arrogance—thou potato-bogle, set up to keep away the crows from the fields of freedom—thou and the other heroes!—why, thou pint of bottled spruce-beer, thou art fit for naught

but to be thrown into the sea to show which way the current runs."

A shrill whistle from the deck interrupted this curious colloquy. At once two boats were lowered into the water—the seamen descended in silence and order—Paul stood at the head of one, and Amos Garnott took the command of the other—the oars were all lifted as if by one hand—they descended into the water, and away the boats rushed for the shore, where the woods of Saint Mary's Isle shoot their boughs over the tide. "Pull away, my merry men," said Paul, "run the boat under the branches. What! Hudson, are you alarmed?—we have no wild beasts in old Caledonia, nor have we a rifle in every bush." The two little boats breasted the waters like a couple of wild swans, and, reaching the side, ran their sharp keels a yard into the green sward; whilst Paul, leaving an armed protection for the boats, sprang ashore, and at the head of his men proceeded at a rapid step towards the house of the Earl of Selkirk.

In those days, intelligence went not on wings, as it flies now; and news, whether trivial or important, were slow in penetrating into the recesses of Galloway. There were no mail-coaches, the substitutes of the ancient beacons, to bear tidings of peace or war—to rouse the country to arms, or awaken it to joy; nor were there roads over the brown moors, on which aught that wanted wings could tread; and so much was that district secluded and cut off from the rest of Scotland, that it is but lately the old saying was silenced, which classed the people of the "Isle of Galloway" among the unfriends of Scotland. It is true, that news of the war with America had long before reached them, and that the varied tales of victories won and battles lost had rung through all the dales. It is true also, that the disaster which befell Whitehaven had that morning been witnessed by many; for the fire was so bright and high, that it waked the cormorants among the caverns of the Mull. But the fire was ascribed, in the absence of regular information, to accident; or, if any one coupled it with the sounds of war heard at night in the

bay, and imagined that an enemy was among them, they could not have supposed that the little low-lying, dark, and diminutive sloop now rocking amid the tide before them, was the bearer of war and destruction; or that those two boats were filled with daring enemies, secure in the conduct of their leader, in their own discipline, and even in the insignificance of their numerical force, of accomplishing their aim, and of achieving more than six times their numbers.

A peasant at work with his bill, abridging the forest-walk of its superfluous branches, was the first who perceived the advance of the Americans, and, diving into the groves, he sought the hall by a private way, and announced the approach of thirty armed men. They appeared to him rather as a press-gang than regular invaders; and the moment that he delivered this opinion, all the young men of the place, dreading servitude at sea, vanished from the house, and sought refuge in the hills and in the woods. A man, who had been fifty years gardener to the house of Selkirk, confiding in his gray head and confirmed stoop, determined to abide their coming, and advanced down the eastern avenue to meet them.

Great was the astonishment, and greater still the wrath of this ancient representative of the vocation of Adam, when he saw the leader of this imaginary press-gang defiling with his followers through private paths, sacred to the foot of ladies of rank—when he beheld him deliberately pluck a bough from a laurel, and place it in his hat; and, to sum up, walk quietly over a bed of lilies and auriculas, crushing their fragrant heads beneath his heels as if they had been clover and gowans.

The old man placed himself in their way, and, bold in the cause of horticulture and the house of Selkirk, thus addressed them:—"What rude wildings are ye? —what ill-grafted seedlings can ye be, that's acquaint as little with civility as ye are with the sweetest productions of nature? Know ye not that these paths are sacred to mine honoured Lady of Selkirk? and that the bed of flowers over which ye have so blindly trode

contains some of the rarest of all God's auriculas, such as grow no where but in the arbour of her Majesty of France? Only look, beheld ye ever such a beauty? This truss of blossom now, which I have picked up from among your feet, cost me seven year of thought before I could entice it to unfold itself with this winding edging of pure white—that ring of dark-green—and that bosom of brandy-brown, powdered by Nature's own delicate hand, and dropped over with her own delicious perfume. O heathens!—ye are the wild beasts of whom Scripture spake, that trode down the thistle of Lebanon and the lilies of the valley."

The wrath of the old man fell upon the intruders as dew falls on a stone—"It is weel for ye," he said, "that there are no servants left in my master's house—that I am seventy years old and upwards, and that the good Earl himself is in a far land, else the lily on which ye now stand should be the last on which ye should set a foot.—"And is Earl Selkirk abroad?" said Paul—"I heard not of this before."—"Abroad!" said the old man, "what would he do abroad when there's sae mickle need of his prudence and wisdom at home? Wow, man, whare come ye frae, that has nae hard that Earl Selkirk is away to London to give counsel to the King? Ye'll see wiser doings soon, friend, for our Earl's a kind man, and a clever man, and braw advice can he give, though he prefers the fragrance of a clover-field to the odour of a bank of auriculas, and laughs at me for raising bow-kale under a cucumber-glass."

Paul stood a little while, and then taking Amos Garnott aside into an arbour of laurel, thus addressed him:—"We may return and weigh anchor—Earl Selkirk may be ours when better fortune comes; at present her fickle ladyship has taken the field against us, and it is needless to stay here, where we can neither serve our country nor annoy our enemies." The brow of the subordinate officer was cloudy and dissatisfied. "The Douglas is indeed gone," he said, "his person is beyond our power—but—I speak it with submission—let us lay his home under contribution—lay our hands on the family-plate—seize upon the young lord—

one of these, or all, will annoy our enemies—and, what is as essential, gratify your followers." Paul looked on his comrade for some time, and then answered, "I wage no war against domestic happiness—against private hearths—against women with a babe in her bosom. I draw my sword on the land that gave me birth, because it oppressed me and wronged me—I fight under the banner of America, because it is lifted in behalf of public liberty. My sword shall strike the nation, and the nation alone."

"Captain Paul Jones," replied Garnott, "have you witnessed the excesses of the English on the coast of America?—did they spare tower or town, hall or cottage, field or flock?—the public works—the private houses—the rich man's home, and the poor man's shealing? They burned my father's house with fire, and, when I returned, I found it in smoking ashes, and my mother and my only sister weeping beside it. But for this I urge not what it pains a brave man to hear. To your sailors, fierce, untractable, and free, you must yield something—let us hear what Lieutenant Lucas says—he is in the confidence of the mariners, because he says as they say, and is ever the first to urge desperate undertakings, and the last to execute them.

This maritime worthy came on a signal being given, and, without waiting till his advice was requested, abruptly began,—"Why stand we here when the house is open before us, offering a cheap conquest and an abundance of reward? Let us go boldly up—hear ye not that Earl Selkirk is in London, and that no men-servants are left to defend the place against us? Will ye not seize on a castle because the governor is gone, and there is no garrison to resist? But if you won't, I know who will,—Josh Hudson and seventeen men have sworn to take care of the whole of the plate of the house of Selkirk. Think you that we have sailed into this pickling-tub of a bay at the risk of being sunk, stranded, or taken, and that we are to walk over an acre of pearls and gold, and not pick some of them up? Let us go and make bricks to the Egyptians if we do."

Twice Paul laid his hand on his cutlass and twice he forebore to draw it, and strike his audacious officer. He reflected, too, that though his crew were all brave men and lovers of their country, yet they were averse to strict discipline, and with the gift of freedom they had taken all its license without its delicacy. He felt, that on one-third of his men alone he could place full dependence, and be obeyed without a word or murmur; perhaps he felt, too, that his mercy might be imputed to a desire of sparing the substance of one of his own countrymen; and that, having forsaken his nation and its cause for that of its enemy, it became necessary to prove his sincerity by his severity. The generosity, the very vanity of his nature suggested to his heart to war not on the domestic hearth and the feeble and the unprotected;—the poetry—the romance of his disposition interposed, and whispered, that it was unchivalrous and ungallant; but it is the sorrow of democratic principles to disobey all such impulses, and square every action by utility or advantage—it is the curse of royal natures to carry them to ridiculous and injurious extremes. Paul made no reply to the speech of Lucas, but, walking up to his men, said—

"You are all brave—I have tried your courage in many a sharp fight—you have yet one conquest to achieve—you have to rein in your natures, and show the world that when your enemy lies defenceless at your feet, you can pity and spare him. In yon house there is wine—there is silver—there is gold; they belong to one who is a tried friend of human freedom, though numbered among your enemies—it is my wish that you should set an example of forbearance and generosity. There is a lady, there, too,—her heart is tender, her person is lovely—her children are yet around her knees—it is my wish that the very loneliness of her situation should defend her. Return then with me—fortune has smiled on my course—I have through you been prosperous in my voyages, and a thousand pieces of gold and my admiration of your conduct shall be your reward."

Ten men alone out of the thirty who accompanied him shared in his sentiments, and, turning their faces seaward set an example of discipline to their companions. But the love of gain was stronger with the twenty than the love of liberty, and, with Lucas at their head, they informed their captain that they were judges of what was beneficial to their country as well as himself, and were resolved to taste the wine of Saint Mary's, and to get acquainted with the weight of the family-plate. Even one of them, who had learned just as much law as made him lose his natural sense of justice, observed, that "Paul Jones was their captain by sea, but they were their own masters by land." All farther remonstrance was fruitless—and, with Lucas at their head, they drew their cutlasses and advanced.

"Amos Garnott," said Paul, "go with these men—take those on whom we can depend with you also. Check all insubordination if you can, and smooth down the rude nature of the cub Lucas, with well-chosen words and a judicious smile. I go not openly into so discreditable an action as this; but if any act of insult or of violence is offered, he who perpetrates it would need to beware lest he see me at his hand when he least expects it—and if he sees me he shall feel me too." He vanished among the laurel-groves as he spoke.

CHAPTER VIII.

The lady stood on her castle-wa',
  Beheld both dale and down,
When she was aware of an host of men
  Come riding to the town.

SCOTTISH BALLAD.

SAINT MARY'S ISLE, as the American mariners approached it, seemed in their eyes, familiar as they were with scenes of natural beauty, one of the loveliest spots they had ever beheld. In ancient times, the monks,

who were no mean judges of fertile and beautiful places. had first consecrated it with the footsteps of a holy lady, and then, under the protection of one of the native princes, a priory was founded, which carried the name of Saint Mary through many a barbarous age. A people arose at last, who, to a rational and unextinguishable love of civil and religious freedom, added the extraordinary belief, that to worship God under a carved roof, and in the presence of ornamental figures of stone, was unscriptural and popish; and so the fair priory of Saint Mary's was reduced to rubbish, and a kirk, which presented nothing that could allure the eye or wile the heart from holiness, was erected in its stead, and at a kind of quarantine-distance. The house of Douglas, to whom the fair Isle of Saint Mary belonged, after having allowed many summer suns and many winter rains to purify the leprous and unclean place, at last showed their sense of the beautiful, by building a residence on the site of the priory, and by restoring the ancient gardens and pleasure-grounds in the express image in which tradition still presented their forms.

The bitter sea-air along the shores of other friths has ever opposed itself to the hopes of all planters of trees, whether for use or ornament, and cropped them down till they seemed cut at ten feet from the ground, like an English forest seeking to escape from tithe; but here the ocean-breeze comes with healing on its wings for trees of all natures, and they grow up and flourish under its influence with a rapidity and luxuriance which attract the notice of all the mariners who visit the havens. The groves were now in leaf, and the shrubberies in full bloom, while the tide, which rises to the height of twenty-four feet, covered all the extent of barren sand, and filled up all that was unlovely in the landscape. The mansion of Lord Selkirk, with all his varied policies, as the people of Scotland call the gardens, parks, and pleasure-grounds which surround a gentleman's house, showed then like a blooming island, united to the mainland by a narrow isthmus of green sod, which, cut through by an hour's labour, would restore the whole

promontory to the original dominion of the Solway, from whose empire it had formerly been won.

This beautiful place was worthily inhabited. With the Earl of Selkirk lived the talent and the honour of the gallant house of Douglas, which, expiring or languishing in other bosoms, still flourished in this nook of the once princely inheritance of the name. He had married a daughter of the house of Hamilton,—a lady of whom it has been said, that her pride became her as much as light becomes the morning, and that her high spirit had something in it so graceful and domestic, which pleased while it awed, and won the hearts of all the peasantry of the district. To this spirit and pride were added good sense, good feelings, and good looks. The rustic bards of the country celebrated her loveliness in many a liquid verse; while the excellence of her heart found its way into the prayers of the widow and the good wishes of the poor. I have no desire to draw any ideal picture, or to substitute the rainbow colours of fancy for the soberer hues of truth. The character of this lady I sought among the cottages of the people, and as I found it so have I described it; and on this spot good fortune seems to have made good gifts hereditary.

When Lieutenant Lucas and his companions advanced from the lawns towards the entrance of St. Mary's, Lady Selkirk was seated at breakfast with two young ladies, who were her visiters from the interior of the county. Domestic mirth and home-bred joy were cultivated as anxiously by the Lord of Selkirk among his people as the growth of his plantations and the excellence of his corn. Men, he rightly calculated, were always industrious in proportion as they loved comfort and found happiness; and he wished as much to revive among them an ancient festival in its original native spirit as he desired to see the glory of his country in the court, the camp, or the navy. In some amusement of this kind, to which music had come as a welcome auxiliary, the lady and her two visiters had been engaged late the evening before; and over the breakfast cups, in the fragrance of which the smell of sweet cream was

largely mingled, they talked of the rows of glad faces and happy hearts, the lively music of the fiddle and the pipe, and the rustic alacrity of the dancer's heel. They had poured out their second cup over a debate concerning the whirling delight of a Scots reel compared to the soberer joy of a staid country-dance, when they were startled by a knock loud and long, and then by the sound of a hoarse voice demanding admittance.

"Go, Margaret," said the lady to a young maiden who stood behind her chair, "go and see what visiters those are who announce themselves so boisterously. Some shipwrecked mariners, I fear; for guns, I am told, were heard last night in the bay, and fires were seen this morning. Stay—misery is not conversant with ceremony—let them in. I shall come down and see them myself instantly,—a man who has escaped from a raging sea may be allowed to knock a little roughly at a rich man's door." The maiden descended the stairs as quickly as a bird descends from a tree-top; she returned breathless, and stood before her lady overcome too much for immediate speech. The Countess looked on her, smiled, and said, "Why, girl, what ails you? It was not thus you looked last night, when the young Laird of Lockenham was whispering in your ear before the music began the dance. That fails to bring the colour to your cheek,—then something very strange has happened."

"Indeed, my Lady, something very strange has happened," said the afflicted damsel of old Galwegia. "Here are the matter of fifty men, and they have marched over the private lawn, my Lady, and through the laurel-grove, your Ladyship, and trodden down, like as many April gowans, the bonnie lines of auriculas, my Lady Countess; and old John Macgledrie the gardener's greeting, and naebody has seen John's tears since the great wind blew down the walnut-tree that the first Lord Selkirk planted; ye may weel be sure there's something happened, or gaun to happen, when he greets." The front door was now opened—voices were heard in hasty consultation below—and a heavy foot began to ascend the stair. The Countess rung a small silver bell; and a

youth, slender, active, and fair-haired, with lively eyes, an open brow, and a handsome face, came to her hand. "Basil," said the Countess, passing her hand with all a mother's pride over the curling abundance of his locks, "I did not call for you. Where's Halbert and Hugh? Where's all the men-servants of your father's house, my child, when strangers visit us thus rudely?"—"Mother," said the youth, "a strange rumour has reached the Isle, that a press-gang from a ship in the bay has come upon us, and all the men-servants have fled to the wood or the hill. I shall go and see what these men want. Our house is no inn that they may invade it in this rude way." He staid not for farther remark, but flew through the door, and darted down the great stair.

"Countess of Selkirk," said one of the young ladies, "Basil is become a fine youth; what a light was in his eye as he left you just now! He has a meek and affectionate look, till he hears some one speak of his ancestors, and then all his soul comes to his face, and he moves as if he had a sword in his hand, and led a regiment to the breach. Here he comes, look at him now; there's a flush on his brow—he seems taller—he treads as if he had a helmet on his head and a warrior's spurs on his heels. He will speak of wars"——

"Mother," said Basil Douglas, "there are thirty armed men in the hall, and scattered about the grounds. They are led by two men, who seem of superior stations to their comrades; yet they have no marks of rank about them, nor any thing by which I can distinguish their country. They speak, however, with English tongues. I questioned them, for they seemed unwilling to tell their errand, and they said, 'We are officers in the navy—these are our men—and we wish to speak to the Countess of Selkirk.'"

"Naval officers!" exclaimed one of the young ladies, "what a happy windfall!—why, the Solway never did so kind a deed since the day it bore King William on its bosom, on his way to teach civility to Ireland with powder and ball. Two living naval officers! what a natural curiosity they will be to us two poor maidens

of secluded Galloway!—Make haste, Basil, and bring us the two maritime heroes—we can endure the smell of boiled tar and foul jackets.—Jane Glendinning here has broken the hearts of two captains of foot, and I, Nancie Gordon, have the blood of a cornet of cavalry to account for.—But we have never tried our charms at sea.—I hear the heroes coming with the grace of seven ploughmen in their steps,—I feel the mingled odour of Virginian weed and Memel rosin, coming up the stair, together with the concentrated and peculiar fragrance of a ship's cabin after a long voyage."

"Go, Basil," said the Countess, "and desire the gentlemen to do me the honour to walk up stairs,—see that you act according to their rank, or rather according to your own birth,—I mean that they should be treated with civility and respect.—On the rolling sea, Lady Agnes Gordon, when men are every moment exposed to the caprice of the two elements, the wind and water, and every league they sail in hope or in apprehension of meeting with an enemy, they may be forgiven if they forget, in their desire to serve their country, the graces of the toilet."—"Aye, Lady Selkirk," said the satirical young lady, "but there are running streams ashore enow to provoke a man to wash his face; but all the streams in the Stewartry will not persuade a thorough mariner to pollute their water.—These two officers—now I'll lay my gold and diamond necklace against a string of rowantree berries, would tinge the Dee from the Troughs of Tongland to Kirkcudbright, with a kind of maritime complexion.—Here they come—I am a witch—I deserve to be drowned within tide-mark—I have painted their pictures from positive inspiration."

As she spoke, the two lieutenants entered the room. Garnott, with something of the ease of a gentleman, and with an evident embarrassment in his looks; while Lucas strode in like one who attached importance to the sound of his foot, and who thought that he carried an air of martial awe in his face. The Countess and the ladies rose, and a silence ensued, which, it appeared, her visiters did not well know how to break. "Gentlemen," she said, with her usual ease and grace of man-

ner, "to what fortunate accident am I indebted for your presence?—The house of a Douglas has been open for a thousand years to the servants of our kings,—have I the honour of receiving a visit from two officers of our sovereign's navy?—Whoever ye are, I make you welcome to such cheer as our house affords. If you are shipwrecked men, and come on an errand of distress, say so;—our house has never been reproached with want of respect for those whom the tempest has humbled."

"Countess of Selkirk," said Garnott mildly, "our errand is one we would rather tell to a lord than to a lady;—we are not shipwrecked men—nor are we officers in the English navy.—Yet we are naval officers, and we have business here.—Your country is at war, Lady.—I wish you could guess our errand,—for I feel that I cannot tell it as I ought." "I am no reader of riddles, Sir," said the Countess, "and you cannot expect me to help you to the interpretation of what you hardly seem to understand yourself. Of what country are you?—for that may influence me a little, though there are no lands without men who deserve our respect and admiration." "And our land merits both, Lady," said Garnott, "yet all the respect which England shows it at present is to call our patriots traitors, and all the admiration she bestows is by invading our towns with the sword, and our cities with fire."

"Americans!" said the Countess, slightly agitated,—"Americans and enemies as you have proclaimed yourselves, what want you here?—Saint Mary's Isle is no fortress that you come against it with armed men;—we have no docks on our shore for you to destroy,—no ships in our harbour for you to consume with fire.—There are flocks on our hills, but it would peril you to collect them;—our people are poor, so cannot be spoiled of much,—they are brave, and will defend their hearths,—and the sight of a foreign enemy will pour that enthusiasm into their hearts which is more to be dreaded than discipline, because nothing but death can subdue it." "We come not, Lady of Selkirk," said Garnott proudly, "to touch the hearth or the wealth of

the peasantry,—from your hills we shall drive no flocks, nor corn shall we take from your stores,—we come for another purpose,—we come for the Earl of Selkirk himself,—we wish to make him the means of mediating between your proud country and ours."

Lady Selkirk looked steadily at Garnott as she said, "I thank God who has kept my Lord from that peril. —He is now in London.—But it was no American head, crafty as they are, which counselled his capture.—It was the breath of a Scottish traitor,—I pollute not my lips with naming his name." "The proudest lips in your island, Lady," answered Garnott, "will yet be proud to name his name,—he is true,—he is honourable—and he is pure.—We are four millions of traitors, Lady, but posterity will find us brighter names.—Lord Selkirk is in London, Lucas,—I have no wish to rob his lady,—so bid a fair good-morrow to bonnie Saint Mary's Isle, and to its fairer inhabitant."

"Nay, nay, Amos Garnott, we go not away so light-handed as this either," answered Lucas; "if there's no trinket of a lord, there's my lord's trinkets,—his cups of gold and his vessels of silver.—The Lords of Saint Mary's Isle, you know, became reif-heirs to old Lady Abominable of Rome, when she shut up her mass and indulgence shop. We shall find some good old relics—some golden saints—some embossed and jewelled quaffing-cups.—I promised a religious aunt of mine the image of Saint Mary herself—I hope to find her saintship glorious yet in virgin gold, for old Robina Lucas will love her not the worse for't."

"Come, come, Dick Lucas," said Garnott, "we must be harsh to some other person—we must be relentless in another place.—St. Mary's Isle, man, is not the government mint, that we may hope to get it to shower gold upon us; nor yet is it a museum of curious antiquities, that we can look for massy gold cups and silver saints. Come, come—poor Saint Mary and Saint Andrew too found their way into John Knox's crucible—they went in dainty old popish saints, and came out capital fighting presbyterian coin.—Ye cannot get butter out of a black dog's throat,—a capital

saying, which I picked up as we passed Jenny Richardson's meikle craig at the Ross there.—I'll warrant, man, that Saint Bride of Bothan herself is cut up into crooked sixpences."

But Lucas was not to be moved from his purpose; he gave his head a disdainful shake at the close of his comrade's entreaty.—"Garnott, go your own way and I'll go mine.—Each man serve his country after his own judgment. Look you, Lady—the poverty of the people and the riches of the nobles of this island are matters which displease my taste—for all men are born equal—that's the gospel of Dick Lucas.—So, just as a kind of admonition to pride, as of a kind hint of humility, I would suggest that the Douglasses for a season should dine upon porcelain and drink out of cut chrystal.—I see you understand me, Lady, you begin to tremble for your plate."

"You are citizens of the United States of America—soldiers of the new republic," said Lady Selkirk—"commissioned members of that great and wise body who sit in judgment upon the infirmities of the nations of the earth, and scarcely think the best men of this island worthy of placing their footstools." "Lady, you have charactered them truly," said Lucas, "and I am glad that our worth is beginning to be felt among the nations.—The proud people of your island in spite of their long descents and their longer rent-rolls, will soon acknowledge the superiority of western virtue and valour." "Sir American," answered the Countess, "your country and mine must both sometimes trust their honour in vulgar and unworthy hands,—the cause of nations is decided by the basest of the people when the sword is drawn; but neither long descents, nor gathered riches, nor empty words, nor vulgar boasting, nor the folly of both, nor the brute force of both, will gain them a name for nobleness and loftiness among the nations. And of this be assured, that the name which Britain has gained in history for valour and honour, was not won in predatory inroads upon the weak and the helpless—was not won by watching till the lion was gone abroad that his royal home might be robbed se-

curely.—No—we sought the proudest princes of the earth in their capitals, and, face to face, we struck them.—But, America! she sends her banditti over the deep to steal our fishermen's nets, and rob us of our thimbles and spoons."

Lucas felt rebuked into momentary silence.—Garnott stood self-possessed and unmoved. "That you are strong," he said, "and we are weak, I know—that we fail to attack your castles and your forts is a proof of our inability, not of our want of valour. I also know that three British seventy-fours could blow all our new-born navy out of the water.—But, Lady, we have crossed the sea in a small sloop to work our enemies all the honourable harm we may,—we have already done some—we hope to do more—nor must your ladyship suppose, because some of our people speak loftily, and, like Ancient Pistol, utter as brave words as a man can wish to hear on a summer's day, that we are therefore all vain braggarts and vulgar boasters—a horde of untamed banditti come to pillage the weak and the unresisting."

"Nor must your Ladyship imagine," interrupted Lucas, "that we are come here to be soothed with soft or scared away by sarcastic speeches,—no,—we serve Liberty—a sacred mistress—she expects us to do our duty,—her work must be done boldly—nor are we, as Garnott says, men given to vain speeches or idle boasting; and we know when to do the genteel thing too, my Lady, as I think our forbearance for this half-hour shows.—I have only, therefore, to say, that unless you give up your plate—your silver and gold plate—we must even treat the coofs of Kirkcudbright to a bonfire.—Saint Mary's Isle would cast a very pretty light upon the Solway."

Lady Selkirk had mental bravery and full presence of mind for the occasion.—"Now," she said calmly, "I understand you both.—America has sent out one to make pleasant speeches—to come to our shores with honour in his lips and courtesy on his tongue, and to spread her name abroad as a valiant and a modest dame; and she has sent out the other, our Ancient Pistol here,

to strut, to swell, and swagger—to be humble with the haughty and haughty with the humble,—to pick up our stray silver, and fill all the minds of our ladies with terrible notions of American bravery."

"Damme, madam," said Lucas fiercely, "the boldest Douglas of all your race durst not have spoken so!—But I can tame a proud tongue, madam, I can.—That speech has fairly pronounced sentence of divorce between your plate and you." "My modest American," said Lady Selkirk, "say not that a hasty word of mine sharpened your covetousness.—What brought *you* here?—had my good Lord been at home, with twenty armed men at his side, your comrade would have found work worthy of him.—But *you*—to steal, and perhaps to murder, is the height of your capacity,—nature has given you such bravery as may enable you to face women and children—but you show not your face where brave men are. Go—go about your vocation—go steal."

The under-lip of Lucas quivered, and his eye-lids moved with the fury which possest him. He looked on Garnott, who with his sheathed cutlass under his arm, his hat beside it, and a slight smile playing in his dark eyes, looked on the Lady and looked on him alternately.—He glanced his eye around, and could read in the giddy titter of two or three menial maidens, and in the broader grin of the two seamen who occupied the door, that they all enjoyed his confusion. He placed his hat on his head, pulled it over his brow, and stamping thrice on the floor, called out, "come, comrades!" with a voice so fierce and stern that the whole house rang from rafter to foundation. In a moment hasty heavy steps were on the stair, and fifteen seamen came into the apartment with their cutlasses drawn.

"Comrades all," said Lucas, "you shall counsel us in this matter.—We have already settled that the Selkirk plate is ours—good.—So let us secure it, and then we shall find some other curious trinket or so to amuse us on our voyage. The Lady seems to have a kind of maritime taste, and, as I would gladly indulge a person of her rank in any thing reasonable, I am afraid we must make room on board for her too." A laugh of

approbation from his followers encouraged Lucas in his presumption, and Lady Selkirk began to feel that she was fallen into ruder hands than she at first imagined. Her son Basil stood behind her, and his clenched hands, kindling eyes, and frame which appeared to expand with the dilating of his heart, told how deeply he was moved with the peril of his mother. His profusion of fair hair seemed to move with a life of its own, and his slender and boyish form appeared touched with manhood,—whoever had that moment seen him would have known him for a Douglas, as the offspring of the eagle is known among meaner kites.—He snatched a sword from a mariner's side, threw a couple of chairs from his way, and, at one spring, placed the point at the bosom of Lucas. When the American saw the shining blade so near him, he stept suddenly back, and, parrying the thrust with difficulty, advanced to repay it with a brow on which hatred and vengeance lowered. —Two rapid cuts and thrusts were exchanged before Garnott threw himself between them, and striking up the cutlass of Lucas till it rung against the ceiling, cried, "Stand back!—shame, man, shame, to strike with fury at a child!"

The hand of the Countess was in a moment on the arm of her son—she drew him hastily back,—"Basil, my brave boy, your courage shames us all!—But give me the sword, and touch that man no more.—O for fifteen such as thee!—He will certainly kill thee, child, —see how fiercely he eyes thee—so give me the sword, —well, keep it, but stand by my side.—I thought, when I saw thee leaping at his bosom, that the spirit of the Douglasses of old was upon thee.—But thou art young, my child,—had thy sixteen summers been but twenty. —Nay, stand by my side, I say, I shall hold thee, Basil, for what is thy hand against so many?"

The Countess had not well done whispering ere the youth disengaging himself from her hand, darted through among the mariners and attendant maidens as swift as a ray of light, and, shooting along the passages with a free and familiar foot, threw up a window, and precipitated himself upon the lawn like a bird descend-

ing from the bough. At one of the corners a sailor stood sentinel,—his hasty challenge was unheeded, and a pistol snatched quickly from his belt might have been fatal.—But, ere his finger was on the trigger, Basil had placed the trunks of three broad elms between him and danger, and, with feet to which wings could hardly have added swiftness, he flew towards the narrow isthmus which connects the Isle with the mainland. Behind a clump of holly stood another sentinel with his cutlass unsheathed.—Basil owed his safety to another cause than to a tardy hand. As he appoached, a female voice said, "For shame, Jamie Branks! will ye join a pack of American reavers, and come and herry the hame that beilded ye? The very house of Selkirk that ye seek to spulzie has been the uphauding of all your kindred, and fed yourself when ye were a hungry boy.—The Countess sent me with the white wine and the red to your mother when she was sae lang ill; and it was but yesterday that she caused Willie Dikedivot to theek her house—I saw the ladder standing against it last night when I took her a present of new cheese frae young Lady Isabella." "Haud your tongue, Kate, woman," sobbed the vanquished mariner, "an I draw trigger against them may I be sunk.—Who goes there?"——

Lord Basil darted past, for he had resolved to brave every impediment, and trust to his sudden appearance and great swiftness of foot for his safety. I know not what course the admirer of Katherine the dairy-maid might have pursued in this case, for obedience to discipline acts like a spell—the prudent maid saved him from all pangs of that nature, by linking her arms so suddenly and closely round him, so as to pinion down his hands, while she kept crying, "Rin, Lord Basil, rin!—rin, Lord Basil, rin!—warn Kirkcudbright!—bring pike, and gun, and sword! Bring the gude Gordons—the bauld Maclellans—drap down the bay in boats wi' pike, and gun, and sword—pike, and gun, and sword! and tell Johnie Charteris to come here with his gun—every thing gangs weel with us when he's here."—"Curse Johnie Charteris and you both," said

James Branks, "am I to be held in the hanks of a hizzie that cares nae mair for me than for the tar aneath my thumb-nail?" And after a short and severe struggle he liberated his right hand, plucket out a pistol, and would have fired it after Lord Basil, had not the maiden, at her own risk, seized it by the muzzle, and kept the mouth down till he was beyond reach.

The tide was now at its height, and enclosed Saint Mary's Isle like a crescent, the sharpened horns of which glimmered and murmured in the woods, leaving a neck of land dry, across which a man might pitch a quoit. On either side the shrubberies, following the winding outline of shore, approached so closely, that the boughs nearly intermingled, while a smooth gravel road led from the isle along the river side. Lord Basil had reached this gorget or throat, when he was aware of a man before him wrapt in a naval cloak, his arms folded over his bosom, and bearing in his looks the stamp which the sea never fails to set upon its servants. The stranger strode from side to side of the way, eyeing for a moment the line of foam which the tide carried to the grass, but seeming to take no interest farther in what was passing around. The youth advanced with unabated speed—the stranger stept before him and said, "Stay, you run on an idle errand; stay,—the Douglass is behind for once."

"Whoever you are," said the youth, "stay me not now,—a mother's safety—a mother's fame lie in my feet. Stay me, and may a nation's deep curse be yours. But you stay me not while I have a weapon and life."—"Here you pass not," said the stranger sternly, "till I know what is the matter—nay, I must disarm you, then;" and after a hasty pass or two, in which Basil showed great agility, untameable courage, and some knowledge of his weapon, his right hand was mastered, and he stood with his eyes shining with anger and tears. "My fair-haired Douglas," said the stranger, "there is your sword again—use it wisely, for you will soon learn to use it well;—look not on me as your foe, but your friend—and now come with me to the Isle—I am afraid there is something wrong—but I shall

soon make my orders be obeyed." Basil still seemed anxious to dart away from the stranger. The latter dreaded this, and, taking him by the right hand, walked rapidly towards the house." "I tell you, young Douglas," said the stranger with a smile, "the errand on which you were flying would have availed you nothing. Before old Kirkcudbright had armed, gone on board, and dropt down the bay, our sails would have been spread, and we should have been gone. Nay, if you have a boon to ask, I am your man—all the gay Gordons and bold Maclellans in arms could not compel me to do so much as I shall do of my own free will—and all to oblige you, my young friend."

"I hear you avow yourself an enemy to my country," said Basil; "and I have no favours to ask at your hands. Be an honourable enemy;—if you are one in command—if you rule over other spirits of the same stamp, do what the laws of warfare will; but what has my mother done that her house should be pillaged, and her person carried on board your ship?"

Paul—for it was Paul himself—made a full pause, and, uttering a deep imprecation, sprung suddenly away—he passed the sentinels like one who would be spared all farther greeting;—one stood on the threshhold,—he threw him aside;—another met him on his passage—he dashed him full-length on the floor, and the marble pavement resounded to the clash of the cutlass, which flew from his grasp, while the blood spouted from mouth and nostrils the height of a man up the painted wall.

Before Paul reached the foot of the stair, Lucas and his companions, overcoming the modest resistance of Garnott, had proceeded to seize the silver plate. One of the attendant maidens, anticipating this, had flown to conceal some of the favourite heirlooms of the house of Selkirk; in particular, a pair of antique drinking-cups, composed of solid boles of pure ivory, lined, bottomed, and covered with massy gold. One of them represented a dance of satyrs and fawns, modest at first, and moving erectly to the sound of music; but as the dance went round the cup, the influence of the wine began to

appear—the figures reeled, and staggered, and finally tumbled among the scattered groups, beating, as they lay, a kind of drunken time with their heels. The other cup presented a graver subject—a procession of priests and sacred minstrels, bearing the golden casket that contained the heart of Robert Bruce, which the good Sir James Douglas vowed to bury in the sepulchre of Jerusalem—a vessel rocked on the tide, the procession had reached the sea, and the dark-grey warrior knelt to receive the heart of his illustrious comrade and king. There was an air of religious and chivalrous awe breathed over the composition which arrested the eye as the cup passed to the lip. It had been long remarked, that no man ever drank till he became intoxicated out of this cup; while its companion had repeatedly triumphed over the most obstinate heads from the Mull to Melrose.

These two favourite cups soon found their way into a certain dark and hidden crypt, and the maiden who concealed them had re-appeared in the room, when Lady Selkirk, alarmed lest her visitants, exasperated at the limited extent of their booty, should suppose that she wilfully withheld the family-riches, ordered the inventory of her sideboard to be brought, and, placing it in the hands of Lucas, said, "There, Sir, the house of Selkirk has little gold and silver to lose; take this, and you will know, when you have robbed us, of all that kings have given to the warriors of our line."

Lucas glanced over the list—"Hum, hum!—vessels of gold, fifteen—overlaid on ivory, and ornamented with sculptures—damn sculptures; Bacchanalian dance carved in ivory—I wish it had been in gold;—procession—heart of Bruce—the good Sir James Douglas—who the hell are they?—lids of solid gold—that's something. Hum, hum!—so many dozens of deep silver plates—the deeper the better;—so many dozens of shallow ditto;—large spoons and less;—dessert ditto;—damn ditto, and so that's all. Why, Madam, it would have been more for the honour of the house of Douglas had your plate been heavier."—"Sir," said Lady Selkirk, "we lay not up our honour in plate."—

"Madam," answered Lucas, "nothing has happened yet to alter my mind respecting the little voyage which I hinted at. So you have got all, my handy lads—all, according to her Ladyship's list."—"Yes, Sir," said a mariner, who entered with his companions bearing the plate—"we have got all, save and except one silver tea-pot—two drinking cups ——" "Stay, stay," said Lucas, "one thing at a time! Will your Ladyship have the goodness to command this missing vessel to be brought, unless you wish to have it melted under the burning rafters of your house?"—"Sir," said the Lady, "there stands the tea-pot smoking on the breakfast-table,—you laid your polite commands on us in the first cup;—is that, too, a specimen of republican chivalry?"

"By the thirteen stars of our banner," exclaimed Lucas, "and the thirteen stripes too, your Ladyship's last saucy speech has determined me. Republican chivalry! you shall have a specimen of it—to the sea you shall go, though the bloody Scotsman, though Paul himself had sworn to the contrary."—"Here's a soul of a boy," muttered a mariner of Hibernian descent, "a real chicken of the blue hen that laid gun-bullets instead of eggs." A bustle was heard below—the heavy fall of a man—the sound of his cutlass, as it rang on the marble floor, and a quick foot bounding up the stair. The mariners huddled themselves together like sheep when the fox is near, and Lucas stood like one transformed to stone—his hand stretched out towards the Lady, his lips parted, and his eyes staring with apprehension.

Paul burst in upon them, his face like one flame of fire, and his unsheathed cutlass gleaming in his hand. He looked his mariners sternly in the face—stamped his foot, and motioned them with his hand to begone; they hurried in a body down the stair. He went up to Lucas; and the tax which he laid on his temper in Lady Selkirk's presence was visible in the blood starting from the vehement pressure of his teeth on his lips, and from the fierce sparkling of his eyes, which his men ever observed when he was in the act of boarding

an enemy. He went up to Lucas, and whether he would cut him down where he stood, or motion him away, seemed to be the matter he was weighing in his mind. At last he set the point of his cutlass in the sheath, clanked it down, and, pointing with his sheathed weapon to the door, said, "There, Sir." Lucas seemed to meditate resistance for a moment;—he saw Paul's face darkening down,—he muttered something which probably he had no wish should be heard, and hastened sulkily away. Paul bowed low to Lady Selkirk, and followed his comrades. At the threshold he met young Basil, and laid his hand on his, and said, "I have redeemed my word—so farewell to fair Saint Mary's Isle. Is there aught I can oblige you in, my young Douglas? I love the brave and the free-hearted; —if you are spared to be a man, Scotland will have one gallant heart at least."

"Sir," answered Basil, "I ask no favour but one—let your ship stay there for two hours longer, that we may prove if you have come here with a wish to meet with men, or to wrangle with women about rings, and bracelets, and cups. Many a heavy hand and stubborn heart will come down the Dee, and if I get but one blow at one of your bosoms I shall be thankful."—"I thank thee, my fair-haired Lord," said Paul with a smile, "and were thy beard grown, I should not be slow to indulge thee in a wish so moderate; but I war not with women, nor yet with boys."—"And yet," said the youth, "you were willing to stay me from coming with my Gordons and Maclellans:—had you not stayed me, their arms would have now been brightening on the Dee, and I had not owed the safety of my mother and Saint Mary's Isle to the merciful whim of one who leads ruffians whom he cannot always command." Basil walked slowly away, while Paul said to Garnott as they passed from the court,—

"Basil is a pretty lad, Amos; had he been two years older, and two dozen good fellows behind him, he would have found us work for our cutlasses. He was born—I remember when he was born—he cannot be seventeen till midsummer. He has an eye like a wild

hawk, and a hand—I felt his hand when he had his sword in it—he would lead where man could follow. But England will not have the sense to find him out; —she never has the judgment to know the value of the hearts she produces till they have ceased to beat, or are become estranged from her coldness or neglect."

The sentinels were now withdrawn from their stations around the house; nor had their time been wholly occupied with silent and solitary watching. "Who are ye, and what want ye here, ye yellow candidate for the jouggs and the whipping-post?" said a bitter old dame, whose cares extended over the whole brood of domestic fowls by land and water; and her words were sharply addressed to the ear of a rough weather-beaten tar, who had drawn his cutlass at the door of her hen-roost, mistaking it for a place of greater importance. No response was given to this Caledonian interrogatory. The American, secure in his total ignorance of her peculiar mode of speech, continued to pace to and fro, as regardless of the squall she raised in his ears, as if he had hearkened but the wind singing in his main-sail.

A fellow-sentinel, unfortunately for himself, was not wrapt up in the warm and comfortable fur of ignorance. He was assailed by a couple of those frank and garrulous dames, whose time of life enabled them to avail themselves of the freedom of antique speech, with a slight infusion of the vinegar of modern conversation. "Lord, man!" said one, are ye afraid that nature winna do its ain work, that ye maun keep watch over these brood-geese?"—"Hout, let him alane, lass," said the other; he kens his ain capacity best,—I'll warrant, now, he's the chield that has the care of all the hen-coops."—"Only to think," said the first, "that there he stands—a likely chap with a black beard—and yet he has nae the discretion to brush a body's chin with that American prairie of his. Wha was it that tauld us that the men of America were coming to burn our towns and kiss a' the lasses by the light, just as if they were nae men enough to do't without coal and candle?" —"Them!" said her companion, "wha would suspect them of aught that's manly after this pitifu' swatch and

sample?—they are mair likely come to steal spoons and poultry. When the lads of auld Scotland gang to war they strike for a kingdom at ance,—they never come hame without conquessing an island at least where we get something to spice our broth frae."

The mariner's patience or prudence forsook him. "Ah! dames, said he, with true Galwegian melody of voice, "I wish ye had seen the bonnie hame that your cruel countrymen burnt to me, and the kindly wife and the five sweet weans that their fury left desolate."—"You!" said one of the Galwegian dames, "you a bonnie hame and kindly wife, and five sweet weans! —little hauds my ten fingers frae writing down my indignation in your face. When wad a woman be sae demented as bear five weans to such a schelm as thee? Lord, keep such a visitation frae the warst of our sex! —and that's a bauld word, since there's women in Ireland and America. D'ye think I dinna ken ne'er-do-weel Davie Dardaroch, who was whuppit through Kirkcudbright for stealing a tailor's goose, and drummed through Maxweltown for picking Bailie Peder's pouch of a half year's payment of the borough's revenue, thirteen pund Scots odd? Ah! man, I kenned yere face frae the first; and truly ye have just found out the use it was intended for—to be set up and shot at by knaves little better than yourself." It was a welcome summons which called the renegade Galwegian from his post, and the slackening of no enemy's fire to which he was ever exposed was more agreeable than when the tongues of his tormentors ceased to pour out the too-well-remembered narrative of his deeds after him.

"See," said Paul to Garnott, as they hastened through the thick shrubberies of Saint Mary's Isle; "see the tide is fast receding, and we must pull lustily to gain the Ranger in time to take up her anchor, and bear her over the sand-bar which shuts up as with a chain the entrance to this pretty basin. I can tell you, my friend, had I not kept vigilant watch and ward myself, yon stripling of a Douglas would have loosed upon us all the merry lads of the banks of Dee; and see—one, two, three, four boats shooting off under the shadow of

the old castle. I see men crowding into them, and the glittering of their arms on the water. Let us move into deeper anchorage. I know the people of this land well—nothing that belongs to either land or water can daunt them; and, if our sloop grounds, all the water of Solway cannot save her from fire, nor will all our valour save us from captivity or death."

The boats were already rocking on the tide, and the mariners seated at their oars, when Paul sprung in, and away they darted across the receding sea. The sea-weeds and wreck, which the tide had borne inland during its swelling, were now returning to the bosom of the sea, mingled with grass and flowers with which the idle shepherds of the Dee had strewed their romantic stream. But, besides these inland offerings to the ocean, the stream bore on its bosom half a dozen large boats with men whose willing hands were filled with such weapons as haste allowed them to pick up; and as the strict enforcement of the game-laws had not then rendered the peasantry ignorant of the use of fire-arms, most of them carried fowling-pieces, such as are used for shooting water-fowl, and with which they were remarkably expert. Paul, as the boats scudded down the bay, looked earnestly upon them, and laying his hand on the shoulder of his companion, said, "These, Amos, are a different people from those whom we invaded this morning—a steeve and a stalwart race—as hot as fire and as enduring as steel;—they calculate no odds—they think on nothing but success—and, like the trees in our own land, if ye wish to clear the ground ye must cut them down. See, now, they have not come away against us in blind rage; over the sides of their boat bristle guns seven feet in the barrel, which will carry and kill at the distance of a mile. Look among yon trees; some scores of people are dragging two pieces of cannon along, which, under cover of the squat bushes, will approach us near enough to bore our sloop through and through. Pull away, lads—pull away!" And the boats as he spoke darted along, dashing the foam from their oars, and Paul soon stood on the deck of the Ranger.

A word and a sign, and the anchor was weighed, the sails extended to the wind, and the sloop obeying the helm, started from her station, and sought the open sea. Nor was she gone a moment too soon: the tide, which fills the bay to the depth of twenty-four feet, had receded fast, and the bar which extends along the entrance, and which has proved fatal to so many fine ships, lay just deep enough to allow the Ranger to float freely over. Her keel touched, and no more; and Macgubb exclaimed, "That's nice calculation!—had a half-pound flounder been there it would have been cut in two—bravo, Chance! God, lads, ye maun worship auld Chance yet, —she beats good seamanship hollow; though I cannot but say that she's a kittle guide in a dark night. There, now, ye are escaped safely from the rocky jaws of this rough coast; and if there were ony body here wise enough to listen to gude advice, I would say, leave Galloway on the lee, and try some cannier coast, where there's mair to be won and less to be risked." The sloop, emerging from the mouth of the bay, moved quietly along into the open sea; while the hills and headlands behind were studded thickly with people gazing upon their enemy,—an apparition which had not visited their coast since the fleet of Cromwell cast anchor in the bay.

CHAPTER IX.

"I leave an errant knave with your Worship, which I beseech your Worship to correct yourself for the example of others. God keep your Worship; I wish your Worship well; God restore you to health; I humbly give you leave to depart; and, if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it."

SHAKSPEARE.

MEANWHILE Rumour had bestirred herself along the English and the Scottish coasts. To the damage really done she had added ships sunk, cities burnt, men slain, and ladies led captive, to an amount which would have brought Paul's achievements in the days of old Rome within the meaning of the decree which regulated naval and military triumphs. She first flew from the sea to the shore, and presently men spoke of British squadrons foiled and sunk, and of half the wealth of the merchants of England floating quietly away into Boston and New York. She was startled with the sight of sudden fire on the Cumberland shore, and away she came with singed plumes, and soon our towns and vales were filled with the busy tongues of men telling how Whitehaven was burnt—town and shipping—that a thick smoke was seen at Maryport, and a smell of fire felt in the direction of Liverpool. While she was enjoying the pleasure of hearing her own words repeated, and of witnessing the increasing magnitude of her legend, she was assailed by the cry of invasion among the very hills where she had fixed her seat. Rumour then retired into England to spread the tale of Scottish towns taken and plundered, and of noble ladies led into bondage. All the old women fled inland, and all the young maidens walked courageously to the shore, and there was a great stir in the land.

But into no ears did the varied tale of descent and onslaught come with a pain so deep and intense as into those of Patrick Macmittimus, Esquire. When he retired from the army, as the certainty of war became

manifest, he never dreamed of such a casualty as invasion; and the heart of a slumbering hare, roused at once by the shout of the hunter, and the eager view-howl of the hound, could not have throbbed and palpitated more. Seated in a green nook in little water-girt Britain, with all his poultry around him, his look an order and his word a law, he imagined himself secure against fate, and his conversation was spiced with many an "I did this," and, "I'll do that,"—and "it is my pleasure,"—and "so says law, and law is lord below." To his farther sorrow, his fears did not escape the observation of one whose nature took delight in aggravating misery such as his; he found in Lord Dalveen, to whose courage and presence of mind he looked silently for aid and protection, a most bitter tormentor; and half the wrongs which the Justice's folly wrought in the land were atoned for by the penance which he underwent, during three days and three nights of unmitigated distress.

A messenger, hot with spurring, and his horse in a foam, came at morn to Dalveen gate, where the Justice lay in broken slumber, and heavy was the clang of his spurred boots on the marble pavement, and loud were his oaths at the staring tardiness of the servants, who seemed in no haste to deliver a sealed packet which he bore, addressed, with many a flourish, to Patrick Macmittimus, Esquire, Justice of the Peace, &c. Lord Dalveen snatched it himself from the messenger's hand, and bore it to the wondering Justice, whose hands could scarce obey his wishes so far as to undo the seal. At the first glance he bestowed on the paper he grew pale as clay. "There, Lord Dalveen—there," he said,—"read—see what the folly of our rulers has brought upon us!—war, which is so pleasant in a gazette-account, has come with its dismal sound to our own door. —Read, my Lord!"

Lord Dalveen, with a grave face, perused the feigned letter, which had chased the colour from the countenance of his neighbour, and said, with a modest coolness, which went to the heart of the Justice, "We must arm ourselves and our servants;—a good cutting sword

and a couple of pistols will be best, it promises to be close work and warm.—After sinking all the ships, and burning all the towns on the English coast, the enemy proposes, I see, to pay us a visit;—we must welcome him, Justice, with blows and with bullets.—He's a hot-headed, heavy-handed fellow this American leader;—he proposes to carry away our ladies and our flocks, Justice,—he will not even spare our hen-roosts." "I wonder at your coolness, my Lord," said Macmittimus,—"but that comes from your not being in the Commission, and from your utter irresponsibility.—Will the enemy content himself, think you, with some of our idle women—a commodity the country may spare?—will he be satisfied with some of our flocks?—I shall order all the sheep and oxen within five miles of sea-mark to be driven down to the shore instanter. This condescension may pacify him.—Hen-roosts, said ye?—is that said in the letter from the Provost of Dumfries?—are ye sure it is written hen-roosts?—Oh, that's the cruellest item of all!—and naething but private knowledge of what would pain me could have made the American congress instruct their commander so unhandsomely.—They strike at the heart of the land."

While this conversation hurried on, the speedy clatter of another horse's hoofs sounded in the avenue, and presently the rider's voice was heard, coming along the hall, calling, "A despatch from government!—a despatch from government!" A hasty knock shook the door of the apartment, and the representative of ministerial haste burst into the presence of the Justice, plastered with mud from head to heel, carrying apparently on his person the accumulated befoulment of seventy miles of miry ways. He seemed not a man of much speech,—he had learned the diplomatic mode of disposing of anxious friends and intricate subjects,—but held out a heavy packet covered with a seal of some four inches diameter, and containing half a pound of wax, and said, "There—a despatch from the Home-office." The Justice extended his hand to receive this ominous packet; the messenger deigned not to move a step, nor stretch his arm a hair-breadth farther—terror

ked the one, a sense of etiquette held the other, and, after a ludicrous delay of half a minute, the despatch dropt on the floor, and its late bearer strode out of the room, rustling his cloak in all the fulness of offended dignity.

"You have found two enemies in one morning, Justice," said the comforter, Dalveen;—"you have deeply affronted one of the under-messengers of the under-clerk of the under-secretary of the Home-office,—and here I see the enemy has already landed, and burned Whitehaven—harbour and town.—I wondered where the cursed smoke came from, which has been half-suffocating us all this morning.—It must have made a pretty picturesque blaze;—but I suppose we shall have fires at home soon. There's Dumfries, a well-timbered town,—Lochmaben being a finished borough, it would be a pity to molest; but there's Kirkcudbright—Maryport blazing on one side, and Kirkcudbright on the other,—ye might see to read your despatch in the Isle of Man by the light. What would you think now, Justice, of taking a boat, and sitting quietly down in the old castle of Peel, to enjoy the illumination?"

Sore in spirit did the Justice groan, but little durst he say; for he felt nature fast failing under the load with which public misfortune seemed anxious to burden it. Of this new communication he mastered enough to show him that government placed great reliance on his military skill, and on his wisdom and promptitude, and desired that he should lead the military array of the district upon all the points on which descent was threatened.

"Oh Lord!" said Patrick, in gall and wormwood of spirit, "here's a reliance on my valour and wisdom indeed!—lead the military array of the land upon all the points threatened with descent!—Can I divide myself? —can I be every-where present?—am I more than one? —And then go down too to be shot like a wild-duck! —These Americans are such infernal shots, I would be maimed for life at least.—And to command too!—good Lord! me to command, that can scarcely endure the report of a gun, and can abide the flashing of cut-

lasses far worse.—The burning of gunpowder drives me blind—a born infirmity—I had it by the mother's side.—It would be far wiser to compound with these damned Americans—so many head of cattle, and so much money,—I would cause the composition to be lifted, and lightly it would fall upon us,—we should go free,—our prudence would save the land."

"Why, to tell ye the truth, Justice," said the subtile counsellor, "I have thought of that kind remedy myself, and it seems a safe salve for the bleeding sore.—For ye will observe now, that these Americans are beginning to found an empire, and it is the materials of life and population which they are mainly in quest of.—Now, so many thousand sheep. And so many hundreds of black cattle, and so many idle and willing young women, would be to them better than silver or gold.—Besides, they are chiefly ambitious to be thought to resemble the Romans, they are baptising their saffron progeny with names from Livy and Plutarch, and they will be glad to begin their empire like Romulus of old,—the daughters of Britain will yield gallant men-children.—Will the ladies be a difficult matter, Justice?"

"Oh, naught more easy—naught more easy," said Patrick, his terrors diminishing at the prospect of relief, "the young women of these parts have a natural tendency to wander and go astray.—Let but a regiment march through the land, and the scarlet attracts them as candlelight brings moths.—A quean, meek and mild, and in whose mouth butter would not melt, as the proverb says, when she hears the drum, and sees the scarlet, casts prudence away, and shame behind her, and sticking a handful of feathers in her noddle, takes the top of the causeway, and the devil won't turn her.—There can be no doubt but that kind of tribute would be readily paid,—the women will be well pleased, the Americans well wived, and the land well delivered.—I shall write incontinent to the authorities about it,—it's a wholesome counsel and safe."

"In the meanwhile," advised his Lordship, "you must assume a warlike posture,—arm yourself and arm the land,—put on a martial front to the invader,—line

the shores with armed men,—place signals upon every height,—and though, as you wisely said, you cannot, without inconvenience, divide yourself, or, without danger, fight in four places at once, you can be every where present by your spirit and example.—The people will catch animation from your looks, and I shall answer with my neck that, when well led, they will fight till they are wet-shot in their own blood and that of their enemies.—Come, Justice, you must act as well as think."

Thus goaded, Macmittimus, in mere self-defence, was compelled to put on the outward bearing and looks of a hero.—He demolished, at a few hasty mouthfuls, a cold fowl which had presented itself on the breakfast table,—tea he tasted only; he considered it a most unwarlike beverage and supplied its place with a bottle of wine, which he gulped in the feverish haste of of one forming some resolution out of harmony with his nature.

"Why, Justice," said Lord Dalveen, "you are wearing a blood-thirsty look already,—what a martial appetite you have acquired!—the chief labours of heroes, down from those of Homer till now, have been dining and fighting.—And, let me tell you, the mere fighting is the easiest of it;—'tis but draw your sword, clench your teeth, and rush right on,—you either kill or are killed, and the thing is settled;—but in dining there is a laborious assiduity of hand and eye required in selecting pleasant morsels to fill up the gaping orifice, and you have to carry on a system of stratagem and warfare with some voracious neighbour who covets the good things of life, and seizes upon them like these rapacious American visiters of ours."

The Justice had half-forgotten the descent upon Whitehaven in the image of culinary comfort which the words of Lord Dalveen presented to his fancy. His own quiet table and his own well-stocked hen-roosts rose upon his imagination; and the sound of a trumpet, summoning him to blows and blood, was forgotten in the rural call of the cock at dawn, and in the united cakle of his feathered seraglio. But his lordly tormentor

had laid down a system of annoyance which allowed of no repose to the unhappy Justice. For a couple of couriers came spurring towards the castle, their horses in a foam, and so eager did they seem to be delivered of their tidings, that they both sprang at once from their saddles at the gate and clattered into the hall, calling out with one voice for the Justice. Without ceremony or delay they rushed in upon their victim,—he gazed upon them in alarm, nor did he well know whether to hold them as the van of the invasion, or as messengers come with tidings of weight.

"The enemy's ships are on the coast, your honour," cried one; "I saw them cast anchor at the mouth of the Dee, their boats lowered and their armed men descending, and I came off to warn you."—"And I," said the second courier, "saw the men land upon the shore in hundreds;—they have already burnt Whitehaven—Maryport is a cinder—Liverpool is charcoaled, and I am sure the smell of fire followed me fast on the wind—the smell of houses burning—a strange sooty smell."—"Smell!" said his brother-courier, determined not to be outdone in marvels of that nature, "where were your eyes?—a volume of smoke came rolling for seven miles behind me—a darkness came over the hills which the hand might grope. For the space of half an hour it was a strife between my horse and the smoke—the smell is about my clothes yet."

"For the love of Heaven," said the Justice to the young nobleman, "what is to be done?—had we not better retire to the hill-tops and direct from thence the plan of resistance or attack?"—"Mr. Justice Macmittimus," said the second courier, taking off his hat, "the magistrates of the county charged me with a message to you, requesting your immediate presence,—they have resolved to hold out the old castle of Kirkcudbright. The government sent them a messenger at midnight, commanding them to resign the defence of the whole district into your hands;—the Gordons are incensed—the Maclellans are angry—so are the Macullochs—and your presence alone will allay rival heats, concentrate the national energies, and direct them

against the common enemy. I was also desired to say privately, that the enemy is strong, daring, and well-disciplined, and led by a man the sworn foe to those who have better coats on their backs than himself—a fellow who intends to plough the High Street of Kirkcudbright, and sow it with rye-grass."

"You have acquitted yourselves well of your commission," said Dalveen; "there's gold for you—you will find wine below. Justice, I give you joy. The wind of good fortune fills your sails—the very clouds rain honours upon you—all the steeds of the district will be burst bearing intelligence through the land of the deeds of the man whom the king delighteth to honour. Come, mount and go—give your horse the spur, and let us smell the smoke of old Kirkcudbright. I shall go with you; and if one slate is displaced, or causeway-stone disturbed, or the priming of a pistol burned against my pretty little town, we shall follow these Americans round the island, and have a hit at them whenever we overtake them. Come, Justice, our horses are saddled and bridled below, and will carry us to the spot in a couple of hours."

With many a reluctant step, and many an inward groan, did the Justice descend to the court-yard, and never with more sorrow did he lay his thigh over the back of a horse. He got into his saddle he knew not well how, and he found himself hurrying along the bottom of a woody ravine before he had formed any distinct notion of the nature of the journey into which he was driven. At last, emerging from the solitary glen, and ascending to the upland, they shaped their course over wild moorlands, the abode of the heathcock and curlew, and saw a brown wilderness of heath waving for many a long Scottish mile around them. The Justice, for the first time since he started, opened his lips, the image which the messenger had drawn of the American commander dwelt painfully upon his mind, and he began to think he was hastening into the jaws of destruction, by going to war with a man who fought not only for all the ordinary prizes of successful war, but who had proclaimed a kind of crusade against all

earthly rank and family importance—two points on which he thought the ancient name of Macmittimus was particularly assailable.

"He must be a terrible fellow this American," said the Justice, "a very terrible fellow!—I'll warrant he will not abide by the usual civilities of warfare—fair fighting and honourable quarter. He has come, you hear, to fight against birth and rank—a base plebian idea!—but it is our own fault—we encourage too much the insolence of the vulgar and the base. For my part, I was never happier than when I was setting the legs of some brutal ploughman in irons, or fixing some audacious mechanic by the neck in the jouggs. O! I have trimmed, and pruned, and clipped the wings of the peasant-pride of the district. The condescension of men of rank has put steel spurs on the heels of those dunghill cocks."

"Indeed, Justice," said the young nobleman, "you have spoken with the gathered wisdom of many years upon you. Our condescension and kindliness of nature have brought forth evil fruits. The world is filled with knowledge as a man is filled with wine; knowledge working on a noble nature will bring forth noble fruits; but working on an evil and vulgar nature, it will produce such monsters as those whom rebellion has thrown upon our coast. Knowledge will do what it has ever done—teach us how to make our swords sharper, and learn us more subtle and effectual modes of destruction—but it will do no other good; genius will ever make its way to distinction by its own efforts, and though some village Hampden may go to the grave unnoticed, a mute inglorious Milton is a man who cannot dwell in darkness any more than the sun can be kept from shining."

"But what has all this to do with this levelling American?" said Justice Macmittimus, reining up his horse. "I'll tell ye what, my Lord, I sometimes think that this whole morning's work of sweating couriers, tired nags, and well-sealed orders, is but a trick, mark me,—a kind of clumsy ruse, to try what mettle we are of—to see how we look when we bestir ourselves—to ob-

serve how awful incensed Justice seems when she moves in wrath. And now, I think me; those couriers from Kirkcudbright told a strange tale of descents, and smoke, and fire;—they saw too much at the same moment of time, my Lord;—I think I know their faces too;—one of them I shall remember while I live,—a blue eye, a hook nose, carroty locks, and a mole on the upper lip. You look moody, my Lord,—a ride to Kirkcudbright by yourself will do you good;—I think I can know my friends from my enemies in this matter,—and the latter will find I am made of flesh and blood, can resent a damned bad joke, and punish a spreader of false news, my Lord."

But Lord Dalveen was not a man to be daunted by the will-o'-wisp courage of the Justice;—the intelligence, on which his system of annoyance was built, was too well-founded to be shaken by any discovery. The news of the enemy's motions were accurate enough,—the wishes pretended to be expressed by magistrates and government-authorities alone were imaginary, and his Lordship relied on his own address, and still more on the terrors of his companion, for carrying him triumphantly through. He was about to reply to the insinuations of Macmittimus, when he was startled by the thick beating of horses' feet ascending from a little woody glen which ran parallel with the shore. He made a full halt, when some twenty stout riders, well-mounted and well-armed, disengaged themselves from the hollow way, and issued upon the brown moor about fifty paces before them.

When those armed apparitions rose out of the ground, the heart of Justice Macmittimus fainted within him. They dispelled, as a breath of morning wind scatters a wreath of mist, the hopes which he entertained, that he had been the sport of Lord Dalveen; and whether friends or enemies, their arms and martial appearance stamped the character of war upon the times, and startled the district authority like the fire of a platoon. "In the name of God," murmered the Justice, "are they for us or against us?—But the leader eyes us, and speed of foot will do nothing for us now, if that blue-eyed fiery

fellow heads the pursuit. Oh, speak him fair, my Lord, speak him fair!—a soft speech—you know the Scripture."

"Tom Halliday, my friend," said Lord Dalveen, moving his horse to a quicker pace, "what calls you to the stirrup?"—"Truly, my Lord," said Halliday, "I hear of enemies on the coast—that they have done some mischief, and mean to do more,—and so I e'en put my foot in the stirrup, and stuck some military tools in my belt, and with nineteen braw lads, all of my own kin, I am come here to return the enemy what evil we may. But wherefore rides your Lordship alone when the fire's come to your own threshold,—when the blood of your country's staining your door-step?"

"Alone! didst thou say, Tom Halliday?" replied Lord Dalveen, "why man, I have him by my side whose presence will do more for us than a whole legion of the kindred and vassals of the house of Dalveen. Know ye not Patrick Macmittimus, Esquire, Justice of the Peace; now made, by his Majesty's special command, Captain-general of the district, and leader of the twelve tribes of Galloway? The commission came this morning, and he is hastening to the scene of action. I hope we will be in time; it will be pitiable if the headlong Douglasses and Gordons have repulsed the Americans without the presence of the Justice. But the terror of his name will have flown before him, and fought for old Kirkcudbright. So the praise and the honour will be his."

Halliday heard with an unbelieving ear, and looked with a suspicious eye. "My Lord," he said, "I know you delight in roguery of this kind more than a gled delights in gore; but this is no time for making mouths at men, and seeking mirth out of their terrors. Let us go and repel the enemy, and when we have wiped our swords, washed our faces, and got the peace-cup in our hands, then give a loose to mirth. If we ride not the faster, we cannot be in time to avenge the wreck of Kirkcudbright;" and he gave his horse the spur, and quickened the pace of his companions.

The unexpected appearance of Halliday was too fa-

vourable a circumstance to be left unemployed by the young nobleman; he roused up the horse of the lagging and spirit-quelled Justice into a trot, and thus continued the conversation, which had for a moment or two dropt. "How happened you to hear, among your hills, of the coming of the enemies?"—"Faith, man, queerly enough," said Halliday; "I was told in no other language save words of fire;—Whitehaven harbour and shipping made a bonnie beacon, that lightened us up as far as Corrie-water. We dropt down from Annan water-foot to Colvend in a couple of boats, and here we are. A fisherman told us as we came scudding along, that the Americans had landed at the entrance of the Dee; and, to tell ye the truth, we are all in a fear for bonnie Saint Mary's Isle. God, an they have so much as dinted an angry foot on the sod of St. Mary's green, and none but the Lady at home, they deserve to be moored in a bottomless boat off the Mull, when the tide is growing and the wind westerly. But here's a man will tell us more. Good day to you, Bailie Micklejohn; and how's auld Kirkcudbright, and how's sweet Saint Mary's Isle?"

The person thus addressed was a hale, stout, bustling personage, well-mounted, and bearing pistols at his saddle-bow. His words were few, for he was in haste, and his horse bloody with the spur. "Saint Mary's Isle is herried, spoon and trencher—Kirkcudbright is to be burnt to-night, stick and stow, and the provost and bailies carried away,—it will bankrupt Britain to ransom us. But I maun ride and warn town and country. Spur on, Thomas Halliday; there will be braw work this night. O, man! strike as gude a stroke for the auld borough as your ancestors struck for Scotland of old, and a meikle-made-of man will ye be;" and without abiding farther question, he dashed away on his errand.

Kirkcudbright, town and bay, soon lay before our equestrian acquaintances, and they were struck with the calm diligence of the townsmen, who were barricading the principal entrances from the bay, filling the windows with marksmen, and placing the old and ruin-

ous castle in a posture to annoy, if not to resist, the invaders. The country villages and retired glens were pouring out their martial population,—the fowling-piece, the favourite weapon of every peasant, was seen in all hands,—while swords and spears, which had lain disused since the invasion of Cromwell and the days of the persecution, were polished anew. Even the women caught the martial spirit of the moment, and, like the damsels and ladies of yore, armed their husbands, or sons, or lovers, with sharp weapons and much good counsel, and accompanied them towards the scene of expected action, bidding them strike, and spare not, for their homes and their families. "I am averse to war and bloodshed, (thus a Cameronian dame strengthened the purpose of her husband,) and cursed be he who would sell his strength and his body, which is God's image, to fight on a foreign shore for a quarrel about an acre of snow, or a point of idle ceremony; but cursed be he, who, when the enemy lands on his native earth, will not fight to the knees in blood for the redemption of auld Scotland; and doubly cursed be he who would not spill his heart's blood on his own door-stane sooner than see his wife, or his daughter, become the prey and the bond-maid of the foe and the alien.'

"Well-counselled, Dame Milligan," said Halliday, who overheard this patriotic advice; "I wish you could infuse a little of your spirit into the heart of a certain Justice who rides behind,—he seems more willing to lead the retreat than head the advance." The Cameronian dame threw her arm over her eyes to concentrate her vision and shade off the sun, and stood looking on Justice Macmittimus, who, laying the bridle on the neck of his horse, allowed the animal to take its own will, and was borne silently along as froth is borne on the stream.

A shrill laugh from Dame Milligan startled the horse, if it failed to arouse the rider: "Lead the retreat!" exclaimed she, "give him a peeled wand and a rag of scarlet, and let him lead turkeys to the south; but when will such a capon become a leader of men? Gae hame," she said, addressing the Justice, "gae hame

and feed your hens;—ye ken weel that ye have nae a spunk of courage within ye—ye ken ye are only fit for banging poor bodies and settling a point of precedence between a beggar's staff and a cripple's crutch."—"Woman!" said the Justice, whom this sharp address had placed upright in his saddle—"woman! the hen that lays the least egg aye cackles the loudest,—go home and card and spin, and scold your neighbours,—or, if you will abide here, for God's sake think as much and as foolishly as you please, but say nothing,—we will have need of all of our courage and our coolness if the enemy attack us."—"I'll be sworn will ye," shouted the spouse of the Cameronian; "little ken ye who is coming against ye—one that will teach ye the value of uprightness—one that will visit upon ye the sin of unrighteous judgment—one who will clear off all scores between the oppressor and the poor—and one whom I would not allow my husband to withstand, if he only came to wreak his own wrong on the head of a caitiff like thee. Shall I name him to thee, thou misinterpreter of law, and thou oppressor of the weak?—Soon wad ye turn your bridle northward, if ye kenned wha your enemy is."

Lord Dalveen began to dread, if the real name of the American leader were disclosed, that Justice Macmittimus would then begin to feel his own personal danger in the attack of a brave and vindictive spirit, whom he had so grievously wronged—he foresaw much amusement abridged, and much mirth silenced by the disclosure, he therefore stooped from his horse, and whispered to this martial virago, "Hush, good dame! hush? you will spoil much prime sport, and prevent the Justice from making plentiful amusement for three winters for all our firesides. Name not Paul's name now—let us bring it out as a spell to overwhelm and confound him when he thinks himself safest, and has put on all the dignity of his imaginary command." "Ay!" cried Dame Milligan, "I understand you; but dinna spare him, man, dinna spare him; pluck the gowk weel for trying to soar like the eagle. Mind that he's a midden-cock, and claps his wings, but canna craw. Ah! I

see by the roguish laugh in your ee, that ye winna spare him; wherefore should such a potato-bogle as that strut at the head of men, and cry, do this and do that? When ye have extracted your ain fun out o' him, deliver him over to us; we will send him home in such trim, that his very capons winna ken him, and his hens will cackle as if they saw the fox." And she went laughing away.

When the Justice and his companions came close upon Kirkcudbright, Lord Dalveen said, "Now, Halliday, be so good as to put yourself under the guidance of the Justice here, and instruct your followers to be orderly and obedient. Advance quietly down the streets; and, hark ye, pay great outward observance to this magisterial goose, and I shall promise you a whole night's amusement that will shake the sides of your comrades, if they were made of iron. Let us pick mirth out of vexation while we may; sorrow will come soon enough. I know you despise him as much as any honest man may, and that you like to take a hearty long laugh at human folly. Justice Macmittimus, here are a score of gallant lads who will face fire or water with you,—it is not every gentleman who can come with such spirits at his back. I ride forward to see what defences are making, that I may report to you the state of the town;" and spurring his horse, he vanished down the street, making the fire stream from the animal's heels and the smoke start from its nostrils.

Some twenty minutes elapsed, and Macmittimus, with his new companions, had advanced near the centre of the town, when they were met by several of the gentlemen of the district—young, pleasant, and facetious spirits, who knew the character of the Justice, and who, prompted by Dalveen, were anxious, even amid the bustle and preparation of the place, to cast a little of the sunshine of mirth into the surrounding gloom. They therefore approached him with all the external symptoms of respect, and even alighting from their horses, walked leisurely by his side, requesting to know what his commands might be. A strong idea of his own increase of consequence flashed upon the mind of the Justice; vanity for the moment vanquished fear,

and, raising himself proudly in his stirrups, he ruled, in imagination, the whole of the ancient domain of Galloway, with all its proud gentry and nobles.

"We are commanded," said one of his new council, "to put ourselves under your protection; we come, therefore, to submit our mode of defence to your judgment and experience; and happy are we who have got a commander of such prudence and valour."—"And we," said another counsellor on the other side, are commanded to follow wherever you may lead; but we have received instructions also to save your Worship from the danger into which your own courage may lead you,—fifty men have vowed to abide by you, and share with you in victory or death."—"Moreover," said a third of those district-authorities, "as the attack will be made under the cloud of night, ought we not like the Athenians of old, to hang up our bridles in the church, and betaking ourselves to our ships, allow the Americans to land, and then, under the guidance of our new commander, attack and carry their sloops. We can then destroy our enemies at our leisure. What says our gallant leader?—Like Cimon, he is valiant alike by land and wave."

The Justice nodded graciously, maintained a most magnanimous silence, and rode down the town looking loftily around, while many a proud Gordon, Stuart, Maxwell, and Maclellan, trudged at his horse's side, all anxious to catch but a glance of his eye, and desirous to receive and obey his commands. The people of the town gazed with wonder on this unusual sight, and marvelled who this man might be before whom the proudest of their gentry thus humbled themselves.

"I'll warrant him nae small drink," said the keeper of a change-house; "a barmy browst carries aye a capital head. Only look now how he bears himself aboon a' other persons. Eh! but it is an awful thing to look upon the face of one of rank aud rule! I never can look the simmer sun in the face, nor yet the supervisor."—"He's but a dippit candle after a'," said a shopkeeper, who hastened from the melting-vat to see what the shouting of the people was for—"ye may as

weel try to make a wax-light out of goose's grease as make a captain of him."—"There's some grand joke now in the middle of this, if I had the sense to find it out," said a Halliday of Annan-bank to his leader. "For, ye see, ye may as weel take a ewe-lamb for a dog-fox as that body for a chap of soul and spunk. But ane cockers him up on ae side, and another airts him on the other, while the third pushes him on behind; and then there's that demure, doure devil, Dalveen, wha can make every body do his bidding, just flying about like the black angel of mischief, and every time he comes by he whispers fresh courage into Mackmitt—what's his name's lug, and then the sly laugh flies round. Faith there's prime fun in't, if a body could pick it out. God, when Paul—Paul—ye ken his name—lands, with his cutlasses, and pikes, and pistols, ye'll see that captain of ours flying like an auld craw from the smell of gunpowder—dom me if he winna."

In the old castle of Kirkcudbright all the dignitaries of the burgh and neighbourhood were assembled, and as the sun was fast descending to the tops of the western hills, and the hour of expected attack approached, all the preparations necessary for an obstinate defence were completed. A loud shout announced to these worthies the approach of the Justice; and, as Dalveen and several of his companions had already possessed them enough with the story of his imaginary pre-eminence, they received him with gravity and respect. This completed the triumph of the confederates over the moderate intellect of the Justice: he strode through among the citizens like a being of a superior mould: he placed himself in the upper seat with an air entirely regal, and then desired to know the force of the invader, and the hour and point of attack.

A Maclellan, who knew the character of his victim, stood up and said, "I shall tell the truth: we have now got a leader of capacity and courage, and the story which would have brought faintness to our hearts before, will now incite us on to deeds of daring and strong resistance. Seven hundred Americans, well disciplined and well armed, will be thrown upon our

town an hour after sunset,—this castle is the point of attack,—no males are to be spared, and the women are to be carried captive away." The Justice sunk two good inches in altitude with these astounding news: he looked round him in great dismay, and saw that every brow was solemn—all his hopes that the enemy had, like a hawk hovering over a brood of chickens, flown away without making his stoop, were dissolved and thawed down. Even in the bold face of Dalveen he read apprehension and dread; and he was about to resign himself to utter despair when a Gordon observed his condition, and, as he hoped only for a continuance of mirth by holding the hare and hunting it, as the proverb pithily expresses it, he rose, and proceeded to allay the fear the other had raised.

"What you state," he said, "was true five hours ago; but hearken another tale. I saw even now a mariner who shot over in a boat from the Isle of Man; he is standing reeking with haste telling his news in the street yet, and his story is, that two of our British ships of war appeared off Saint Bees, and stood over for the Galloway coast, with their pennons flying and their cannon ready. The moment that our doughty Americans saw them they crowded on all sails from the sky-scrapers to the very water-edge, and darted away along the Ayrshire shore. We have the honour of being brave enough untried, and so farewell to invasion. Yet I cannot but lament that the wind has wafted them away, since we would have had the pleasure of repulsing them back to the sea with shame and confusion."

The person of Macmittimus seemed to expand and swell with these agreeable tidings. No turkey-cock—the similitude is in strict keeping with the character of the Justice—no turkey-cock, at the head of all his female train, ever swells out with a greater flutter of pride and courage when he marches to the attack of some vagrant school-boy, than did the Justice, when he heard that the hour of danger was past and gone. He stood up in his place,—he shook back the disordered folds of his travelling-cloak,—he bared his right arm

from the shoulder downwards, and looked around with a loftiness, and with a promise of wisdom in his face, which begot awe and attention in the assembly. "Hear him!" said a Maclellan in an under-tone; "Wisdom is about to cry aloud in the street, and no one will mind her voice."—"Hear him!" whispered a Stuart; "he is about to utter as terrible words as a man would desire to hear,—he is ready with his tongue when he should be ready with the sword."—"Hear him!" muttered a Gordon; "loud coos the dove when the hawk's no whistling, and loud cheeps the mouse when the cat's no rustling,—two capital rhymed saws that I have made expressly for the present occasion, and which come as pat to the purpose as corn to a capon." The Justice waved his hand, and there was silence and attention.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the government of our country is prudent and wise—it knows on whom to confer honour in the moment of peril and dismay, and on whose valour and discretion it can most surely depend when the enemy visits our coasts. This is a proud moment to me,—invested with the chief rule in this land, and selected by royal discernment to guide the courage and means of this district, I come among you, and see all willing to follow, all ready to obey, and all resolved to resist even to blood; and to blood let resistance go, if the enemy be so presumptuous. I confess that I think, had the mariners landed, the descent would have been a blessing,—it would have shown us our own strength, and told us how strong a country is when it contends for its liberty—for its domestic freedom—for its warm firesides—for the flock on the hill—the fish in the flood—and the feathered fowl on the perch. Had the enemy but tarried on our shores, gentlemen, I should then have had the honour of leading the ancient, and noble, and famous names of this district into battle against the invader, and have enjoyed the glory of dyeing the Dee with the heart's blood of our enemies."

"Well," said a bold Gordon in a half audible tone, "speaking bravely is one thing and fighting bravely's another. I'll answer for't now, that there's ne'er a Douglas nor a Maclellan among ye could have made

such a martial and becoming speech, though I know well that ye would have done gallantly with sword and pistol. But there he stands, a mere man of broad-cloth and pomatum,—a creature begot, like a regimental coat, between a hot goose and a smooth lapboard,—a fellow with a heart in his bosom no bigger than a pin-head,—only to think how fluently and pithily he spoke. God! I'll wager, had Paul's cutter been lying within gunshot, his words would have flowed less freely. But what's yon I see?—one, two, three armed boats coming up the bay,—fire away, my gallant lads! down to the water's edge with you!—fill all the line of water with muskets!—by Heaven, the enemy has begun to fire already!—Was that a ball which came whistling through the castle-window?"

A hundred men sprung to their feet at once—arms were in all hands—and the castle-gate seemed too narrow to allow them to shoot themselves out into the expected scene of action. Three armed boats moved steadily down the centre of the bay,—the muskets and pikes with which they were filled glittered in the light of the moon,—the sun had been some time set; but my narrative was too crowded with matters of importance to notice it in the proper place. In the middle of the tide of armed people the unhappy Justice was borne unwillingly along, and "Make way for our General" resounded on all sides. They stayed at the water-edge. "Halt!" cried a hundred tongues; "let us move as our leader bids us;" and, with their muskets ready and their lances levelled, they hemmed him so completely in that the sea presented the only avenue of escape. He grew as pale as an apparition.

"Now, Justice," said Lord Dalveen, "act up to the promise of your speech; draw out your men—place your pikemen in front, and your muskets behind—and when one man falls let another fill his place. Halliday and I have dismounted, to live or die with you. Order the men calmly—put yourself in no hurry; for, as the action will be obstinate and bloody, you may throw away your chance of victory by rashness and haste."—"I'll tell you what," said the Justice, while his knees

smote against each other with alarm, and his teeth chattered as if his jaw-bones had been of ice, "I'll tell you what, Lord Dalveen, it will be an idle waste of human life to stand here on this naked shore; besides my genius for war belongs rather to the mountain-districts. I could even maintain a valley against the skill of man; but this naked shore—why a seamew could not escape here." "Ah! now, Justice, you say this to try our courage," said Dalveen; "but come on—I can smell gunpowder with the wisest of you, and slocken a ball too, if no better may be. Let us, if it be your pleasure, charge them waist-deep in the water."—"For the love of life," said the Justice, "do not act so madly!—life is a sweet thing, and those American savages would respect our gentle blood less than they would as much brandy. Send a flag to the enemy—let us compound for the town and people;—go, Lord Dalveen—go and ask their terms of retreat and civility,—and O be calm!"

Dalveen kept, and only kept, his gravity. He sprung into a boat, followed by three or four of his companions. "Tell the Americans," cried one, "that the price of their retreat shall be the best blood of their bodies." —"Tell them," cried a second, "that we have a brave General, and they shall have no ransom but blows."—"Tell them," cried a third, "that we shall all die where we stand, and that they may march to Kirkcudbright over our dead bodies."—"Tell them," cried the Justice, "that they shall have gold and silver and ship-stores in abundance, if they will hoist sail and begone,—we can spare such trifles better than life, which never returns to a man like wealth."

Lord Dalveen went in his boat—stayed some minutes' space, and came scudding back, leaving a line of foam behind him. He sprung ashore, and addressed the Justice:—"Sir, you can be the saviour of your country—you can stay the ruthless hand of war, and leave behind you an imperishable name; for thus said the commander of the Americans, 'I wage no war against Scotland—I draw my sword against one man alone—the oppressor of my youth, who banished me

from my native country, and chained me like a slave. 'Tell the people of the county, if they will deliver into my hands, Patrick Macmittimus, of Macmittimus Hall, I shall hang him at my mast-head, and so molest Scotland no more. I, formerly John Paul, now Paul Jones, have said it.'" The peril of the moment armed the Justice with supernatural strength: "Paul Jones!" he exclaimed—and burst through the array of pikes and muskets—shouldered man, woman, and child aside—rushed into the town—mounted his horse—gored its sides with the spur, and, leaning forward over the ears, vanished from the pavement, followed by a roar of shrill and unextinguishable laughter, which burst from the entire population of old Kirkcudbright. "You have done your devoir bravely," said Dalveen, as some fifty youths of the place leaped ashore from the three boats; "the Justice has flown off with the speed of a wild-goose, and I think he will carry his folly more quietly in future. Paul Jones, too, has probably carried his pirates to some more defenceless port; so we are freed of both fool and knave. I have only to say, that wine is free at the Douglas' arms, and brandy is free at the Gordons'—go drink and be merry." A loud cheer proved how welcome to many this announcement was, and all fear was banished, while the wine flowed, and the brandy ran, and that was till late at night.

CHAPTER X.

> Lay her before the wind; up with her canvass,
> And let her work! the winds begin to whistle;
> Clap all her streamers on, and let her dance
> As if she were the minion of the ocean;
> Let her bestride the billows till they roar,
> And curl their wanton heads.

When Paul and his companions passed from the bay of Saint Mary's Isle, the vessel stood right away into the centre of the sea, between the Irish and Scottish

shores. He paced the deck moodly and silent: his sailors laboured with alacrity and spirit, according as the rising or falling breeze demanded their attention; they saw that he wore the stern look which was natural to him when some point of discipline had been neglected or his commands disobeyed, and no one wished to become the victim of his displeasure. "The red spot's on our captain's brow to-day," whispered a sailor as he busied himself with a refractory rope, "and some inexpert hand will be admonished with the back of his cutlass."—"The back of his cutlass!" answered his comrade in the same tone, "say rather with the edge on't; it's but seven days since that he struck Andrew Paton, one of his own countrymen, till the red blood flowed through the gash in his hat, and all for giving him some obstinate counsel. But I can tell ye, he's as like to draw his pistol as his cutlass, for the man that has caused the red wrath on his brow is on the deck beside him. You will hear something before we get this rope made fast, —see he goes up to him. I would rather be a lobster than Lieutenant Lucas—look at him now—see at him!"

"What is this, Sir?" said Jones, touching a trunk with his foot which sat on deck, and which rung to the touch with a silver sound,—"I saw you bring it carefully on board,—have you sold your good name and that of our crew for what it contains?" "Captain Jones," answered Lucas, "that trunk holds the plate of the house of Selkirk,—you desired to carry away the Lord —a Lord is but a mere man, and such samples of titled flesh are plenty; but it is not on every coast and cruise that we can reward our followers, enrich ourselves, and impoverish our enemies by such a prize as this." "Lucas," said Paul, "you set yourself up too much for a judge in these matters—you have not yet learned to obey—I know not when you will learn to command.—Know ye not that you have disobeyed your superior officer, and that such disobedience, because it destroys discipline in others, is punishable by your country?" "I know," answered Lucas, "that I am a free American—born free and declared free, and commissioned by freemen to fight for the good of my country.—The cause

of liberty is best maintained by him who annoys her enemies the most, and Congress will trust to the judgment of a native American sooner than to the mercenary sword of the proudest Scot that ever ran from his native land for fear of the whip and the noose." Paul pressed his lip with his teeth—he folded his arm over his bosom—he dared not to trust his hand near the hilt of his cutlass—he strode twice across the deck and said sternly,—

"So you think the cause of your country is best served by him who speaks the boldest words and does the basest deeds!—Mind what I say,—the personal insult offered to myself I pass over,—you have robbed a private house,—but for me you would have carried a lady away as a captive,—and but for Garnott you would have answered with your blood to her child for your insolence,—you have therefore deserved to die for disobedience of orders and breach of maritime discipline. But I wish to restore to America all the children whom I carried from her.—Now, mark me,—I have intelligence that two ships of war are on their way to give us battle,—if you do your duty bravely when we lie side to side, no man shall ever hear your name but with praise from me;—if you betray the trust of your country,—if you desert your post, or call for quarters, you shall die on the instant.—I know you are valiant with the tongue—valour with the hand and head will save you from the imputation of a vain boaster, and enable you to claim fellowship with such men as Garnott and Paul Jones.—No reply, Sir—no reply ——." And so this fiery colloquy closed.

Paul paced the deck for some time, darting hasty and moody glances from beneath his lowering brows, and taking strict note of all that was said and all that was done. Lucas, with a sulky brow, a hanging lip, and a heart which vowed future vengeance and immediate rebellion, proceeded about the usual duties of his station; while Garnott, with an anxious eye, inspected all parts of the ship to see that she was in battle-order, and whispered words of good counsel to the mariners, who, one and all, bestirred themselves with active hands and

little appearance of bustle. The serenity began to return to Paul's brow and the cheerful brightness to his eye, when, wrapping himself up in his thick and ample cloak, he threw himself down, and, exhausted with watching and labour and anxious thought, soon sunk into slumber.

The sun had been for some time set, and a gloomy night had fallen dense upon land and sea. The parting luminary, as he sat bright on the top of one of the western mountains, glowed fiery red, and streaks of a dark blood-colour crossed horizontally over his disk. In a moment all the hill-heads, the tree-tops, and the curl of the waves, were dyed in the same tint,—the birds trembled on the forest-bough, the cormorant uttered a melancholy cry from his crag, the rooks flocked closer together, and with a sense which presaged storm and tempest, sought their roosts in the sheltered recesses of the woods. The sun suddenly withdrew his light, and thick darkness succeeded—there seemed but time to breathe between the brightness of day and the murkiness of night; while, to the ear of the mariner, the sea sent from afar that deep and hollow sound which precedes the impetuous commotion of its waters.

Lucas, inexperienced in maritime matters, and promoted to his present station in the republican navy from the boldness of his language and the interest of his friends, paid no heed to this admonition of the sea; his thoughts were wholly on predatory inroads upon the coast, on the plunder of little tows, and the acquisition of booty. He made up to Garnott, and thus opened his mind;—"Congress, my friend, is but squandering their means in sending us upon this unprofitable cruise, with this self-willed man to command us.—What have we gained by our long and hazardous voyage?—we have sunk some armed ships, set fire to a dirty dock-yard, picked up a few silver trinkets on St. Mary's Isle, and that is all.—Now we are to wait till a couple of armed ships come down upon us,—but what will a hard battle do for us?—if we conquer, our gain is little; if we fail, we are thrust into an English prison, and stript of all we possess, and probably hung out like so many political tas-

sels to adorn the yard-arm.—Here we lie idle on the water,—the night is very dark,—the people of Kirkcudbright are very secure,—a couple of well-armed boats would capture their town,—an hour would plunder them, and another hour bring us back to our sloop.—There sleeps Paul,—he would not waken till we had our booty on board,—and when we unite heart and hand, who cares for his anger?—I for one despise his person and undervalue his judgment."

Garnott, a mild though a brave man, wanted decision of character; he hesitated a reply, and, while he balanced the matter between the anger which he felt and the prudence which he thought necessary, a more fiery and decisive spirit interposed in the person of a slender fair-haired youth, an American by birth, and one of those patriotic persons who left the comforts and pleasures of wealth to fight in the cause of independence. Of British parentage, with a warm heart and an enthusiastic mind, he was an ardent admirer of all those daring and active men who first resisted the harsh measures of the mother country; and, captivated by the valour and considerate courage of Paul, he offered his services as a volunteer, and in every action distinguished himself by quick presence of mind, and by great courage of heart and firmness of hand.

He heard the concluding words of Lucas, and stepping up to his side, said,—"You despise the person and scorn the judgment, Sir, of a man well worth all who ever bore your name.—He has fought and conquered for our country, and honours our cause by his genius and skill.—What has Lewis Lucas done that he should slight the meanest mariner in all our national navy?" "And who is Frank Freebairn," said Lucas, with a voice trembling with anger, "that he should question his superiors, and give his undesired opinion?—A raw lad from the Delaware, with his mother's milk between his lips, without a hair on his chin, and who is known from stem to stern by the soft name of Miss Frances Freebairn.—Go to,—sew your sampler, and leave warlike work to men."

The youth reddened with anger, and more with shame,

when he heard the titter of the seamen; but he was not to be daunted. "Sir, you say well," answered Freebairn,—"you are my superior here, and by my submission I shall teach you what you have yet to learn—obedience.—When we reach shore we are then equal, and you must defend your words against Paul by your cutlass,—what you have said against myself I can soon disprove when we have an enemy to board,—I think your wisdom then usually keeps you in the rear." "Go, sirrah," said Lucas, "carry that girl's face of thine to the looking-glass; or mind your duty, lest I should acquaint you with my superiority by a rope's end."

Freebairn hesitated between the observance of discipline and his natural scorn of all insolence and oppression,—his hand was on his cutlass, his eyes were gleaming, and it was only a sense of the interests of his country which kept the blade unbared. The mariners looked to each other and smiled. "Ay, ay, Gilbert," said one, "those volunteer gentlemen fighters are far from blood-thirsty,—they talk high and look proud, and that's all,—when a hard hour's fighting is wanted, why, we common rational creatures must e'en do the needful." "And that's too true," responded Gilbert: "yet I have seen that smally lad, on whom Bully Lucas has put the hard word, I have seen him fight side by side with the fierce Scotchman himself,—there's a drop or two of the right blood in him."

He found yet a more effectual advocate. There was something about him which had caught the notice of Macgubb. The more the Galwegian observed him the more he was pleased with his looks. He had been seen following young Freebairn wherever he went, pleased with being beside him, and glad of conversing with one for whose heart and head he had conceived so much affection. The American repaid the homage of the rough mariner by listening to all his curious stories and odd out-of-the-way sort of notions, and by picking up with a lively fancy and an obeisant heart, all the maritime superstitions which haunted Macgubb's imagination, and all the knowledge which he possest in nautical affairs.

"Ye do right, ye do right, lad," said the Galwegian, in a loud whisper; "never commit a breach of discipline,—be obedient and eyedant, and mind na a touch of the rope's-end while ye are a fee'd and hired servant, —Maister Lucas is your maister, and ye maun bow your neck and obey.—But if Maister Lucas be your maister, I'm sure he's no mine; and if he keeps na a mair civil tongue atween his teeth, may the pellocks of Robinrigg supper on my spule-banes if I dinna read him a lesson of civility with the sharp side of my hanger.—Ay, ye may glower, Lucas, man, and ye may gloom,—wha the devil cares for yere bent brows?—it is na the man of the Mull I trow, Robin Macgubb by name." And he drew his cutlass half out of the sheath, and stepped in between Freebairn and his officer.

Lucas seemed unwilling to come to an open quarrel with one who set all the discipline at naught which he recommended to others, and who to great personal strength and skill of his weapon added a hot head and a hasty hand,—it was a word and blow with the mariner of the Mull. Lucas resumed his march on the deck, and appeared to dissmiss the matter from his mind. "Now, man," said the Galwegian, "I like you for this,—it shows your sense, man,—and I take it as an acknowledgment that you were wrong, and I wad willingly give ye my hand on't, only the darkness winna let me see your face, and ye may have abundance of malice in your heart and your head, though ye are whistling the tune of Merry mariners a'.—A wipe wi' your cutlass would be an awkward requital for my condescension.—I'll tell you what, lads,—Americans, or whatever ye be —look to your ship; for the sky this afternoon hung out all the ensigns of a growing storm, and here is darkness coming in the shape of fog to confound and bewilder you, then follows the demon of elemental wrath, and snaps you up at a mouthful,—I hear his hollow growl in the distance."

Paul who had slumbered, or appeared to slumber, during the rough conversation which I have described, now threw his cloak from his eyes, sprung to his feet, and, looking anxiously into the night, and listening to

the increasing cry of the waters, said, "Macgubb, my friend, come here." The mariner was instantly before him. "How looked the sun as he descended?" "Ou—fiery hot like, and crossed with blood-red bars." "Did he withdraw his light hastily, or did it sink slowly away?" "Ou—at once,—daylight gade out like a flash o' the pan, and night came down on the world and the waters at ae step, just as if Providence had dropt a thick tarpaulin on the universe." "How looked the hills and the waters in the setting sun?" "Faith, Paul, man, just as the hills of Cumberland looked and the frith of Solway when Whitehaven flashed up to heaven this blessed morning,—only nature's paint was more fearful to look upon,—the deeds of man are naught to the work of Providence." "How long has the sound which now shakes the sea and runs along the shore continued?" "When I heard the first deep sea-sough, I said to myself, that's the water jowing owre auld Robinrigg's sand-bar;—I listened,—the sough and the sound deepened mair and mair, and ye would have thought that the very dumb creatures kenn'd that heaven was about to become terribly manifest; for scream, quo' the cormorant frae the rock—squeak, quo' the seamaw frae the cliff,—croak, quo' the raven frae the tree-taps,—and the very eagle, which can face heaven when the forked lightnings are flashing, cried like a beaten bairn on the top of Erne-craig, I quaked for very fear."

Paul then addressed his crew and said, that the dying day had exhibited all the signs of a tempest, and that, as far as he could judge from the present aspect of the night, the storm might be with them soon after midnight, they must therefore be prepared to meet its fury like prudent and practised mariners,—"We are," said he, "on a hostile coast—the harbour which gave us protection would betray us into the hands of our enemies; we must therefore brave it in the open sea, and trust to my knowledge of the frith for our safety. Go—make the ship ready for the most furious of all a mariner's enemies—a fierce wind, a raging sea, and a dangerous coast."

It might now be about ten at night, and, save some heavy drops of rain, one or two sudden gusts of wind, which shook the ship for a moment, and now and then a flash of distant lightning, which kindled up the darkness of the sea and air, all was tranquil; many of the mariners began to believe, that the symptoms of storm described by Macgubb betokened a mild night and a favourable breeze. Lights were now and then seen to glimmer on the Galloway coast, and the Isle of Man threw along the sea quick flashes of light from its windows, while sloops came scudding by, seeking some safe or favourite port, and, with many a friendly hail, warning the Ranger as they passed, that a storm was approaching. Macgubb, who stood watching, with an experienced eye, all the symptoms of the expected tempest, strode suddenly up to Paul, and said, "Do you believe in spirits of the deep—yea or nay?"

Paul made answer, "My friend, I know not—no spirit of the deep has ever met me face to face, unless I can believe that the deep moan which precedes the storm comes from a spirit, and that the cry which runs along the caverned coast of old Kirkcudbright has something supernatural in it. I must say, that my experience has gone no farther."—"And wherefore should that moan no come from the fiend of the tempest?" questioned Macgubb, "and wherefore should that cry from the caverns no be the cry of a warning spirit? But will ye tell me now, d'ye no believe in Maggie Mounsey, who sails in a vessel of glamour frae the mouth of the Dee every blessed Hallowmas eve, and doubles the Mull of Galloway? The sea works like barm as she sails, and her shallop's prow dashes the foam over the headland of the Mull, till it's hanging as white on the rocks fifty fathom high, as snow hangs on the bush in December. I have seen the white foam there wi' my ain een, and seeing's believing, ye ken."

"Well," said Paul, "suppose that I believe with you in all these supernatural matters, what then? Shall we be treated now to an interview with your water-fiends, or with your cavern-spirits? or shall we have a hail from the lady who hangs the Mull of Galloway

with wreaths of foam?"—"Whisht, whisht, Paul! ye're but a heathen yet in these things," replied Macgubb; "as the storm's coming, and the spirits of the deep are on the wing, I would counsel ye to speak lowne. If we were on a hill-top, instead of dancing like a cork in this agitated water, I would say that the sea's swarming with spirits of good and evil. There was Jamie Houlet; he could whistle ye up a spirit, either black or white, as deftly as he could whistle on the quiet wind till it blew a bonnie breeze.—He would have learned me the tune, but I have nae ear for music—the mair's the pity."

Paul smiled internally at the hardy belief of the Galwegian; but, like most mariners I have ever conversed with, he was very indulgent to such notions; and it was no easy matter to gather from his actions or his words whether he credited the maritime legends of his native coast to their fullest extent, or only entertained them so far as to have a dread of anchoring in a haunted bay, or keep a strict look-out in all places where popular belief had laid the scenes of some of its romantic stories. Even as Macgubb spoke, Paul was busied passing in review before him many dubious sights which he had himself seen, many strange cries which he had himself heard, and he added to these the legendary lore of many grave and devout mariners, till he half prepared himself for an interview with those spirits of good or evil which the Galwegian seemed partly to promise him.

"Now ye see, Paul," said Macgubb, "there's many strange errors afloat anent maritime spirits; but they are the idle tales of landsmen, wha ken naught about the shapes that dwall in the great deep. They think that the good and evil spirits of this noble kingdom of the ocean are like the spirits that haunt the earth; but, lord man, they are nae mair to be compared than a stoup of wine is to a cup of skimmed milk. I wadna lengthen my step a hair's-breadth now, if all the land-spirits between the Tweed and the Dee were at my heels. English spirits are no worth reckoning. But a sea-spirit! aha!—Guide me, what am I talking about?—

here comes the mist, and with the mist there will come shapes—Lord be near us!—Mist!—it's a kind of glamoury vapour which the fiend chokes the sweet air with, and sends to mislead us among rocks and quicksands."

As Macgubb spoke, a thick and smothering vapour came rolling along the ocean, filling all the space between the sea and sky, and mounting the deck in wreath succeeding wreath, till a man might not see his arm's-length around him. It was thick and suffocating; and Paul, though he had sailed the Solway since he was a child, had often heard of, but never seen, this dark and sulphury vapour which now environed him, and seemed in no haste to roll away. His mariners, who possessed an intimate knowledge of all kinds of tropical exhalations, were confounded by a new and an alarming enemy, who filled their eyes with utter darkness, and assailed their understandings with wild fears. Not a breath of wind moved the waters—not a wave murmured against the ship—the hail of some benighted crew was alone at times heard, while the cry of the sea-raven, which on some emergency had fled from its seat on the shore into the bosom of the mist, now sent its note down from the darkness overhead, and completed the triumph of superstitious belief over their minds. They stood in groups conversing on deck; and the dread of an enemy, the fear of the coming storm, and the danger of a fatal shore, had less influence over their minds than the presence of this thick and unaccountable vapour, which they dreaded as the herald of some fearful calamity.

The terrors of the seamen were increased by the sketches which their Galwegian associate gave of moving accidents which had happened of old on the Solway, where the spirits of the deep scrupled not to display, like the evil wizard of old, their grim forms and their fiery eyes. "Ye see," said Macgubb, to a score and a half of gaping mariners, "this vapour has sailed down upon us from the haunted bay of Glenluce,—a place where all the maritime fiends hold sport and holiday in. I'll warrant now, if we were to sail away into

that treacherous anchorage, we would behold a beautiful harbour, as wide as the vale of Nith, and as still as a mill-pond, with many a bonnie ship riding quietly at anchor; we would see their lights glancing, and hear the din of the mariners' feet dancing on deck, and the squeels of wanton hizzies as they lap and flang to the sound of fiddle and pipe. And blithe wad we all be; for there's nae deceit mair imposing than the glamour which deceives our sight, and makes a will-o'-wisp of our understanding. Blithe wad we a' be, and gladly would we drap our anchor amang them, when, lo and behold, shipping and secure anchorage would sink away like smoke, and we would find a fathomless sea beneath us, a wild tempest behind us, and an unattainable shore before us, and to the bottom wad we gang wi' the first words of a prayer in our mouth." A general hum of terror announced how deeply this affected the crew. Freebairn alone questioned the existence of such a danger, occasioned by supernatural means. "It is true," he observed, "that a spectre-ship navigates my native shore, and men yet living have spoken to the visionary crew; but then this shadowy shallop comes as a warning of approaching misfortune; wo to them who first see the tall top-mast, and the Dutch colours waving on the prow!"

"Weel, man, weel," said the Galwegian, "ilka shore has its ain spirits, ilka land has its ain freets. But I can tell ye, man, that you Americans are a poor people in these things. There's mair right true real poetic romance in a single Scottish bay than in all the bays and lakes of your immeasurable coast. When I was in the West Indies, man, and in the Hudson, and in all your chief stations for shipping, I cared nae mair for your Jack and his Obi, or for your Flying Dutchman, than I did for a Jack and his lantern, or a flying goose. I could have cracked my thumbs in the teeth of all your maritime warricows and lang-nebbit things. But when I sailed back to the Solway, lord, that was another matter;—here I am dressed as it were in an enchanted jacket and trowsers, and I see things whiles that ither men are no so gleg at seeing. His presence be near us! —did ye hear that?"

"Hear what?" said Freebairn; "why, it is only the croak of some wearied night-raven, that has sought a roost on the top of the mast. I'll soon drive your plumed spirit from his station, if powder and lead will do it."—"Powder and lead winna do it, ye wild callan, ye," said Macgubb; "gun-bullets would rain off his wings as water runs off a wild-duck. It's nae earthly fowl that, ye young dare-the-devil, it's ane of Beelzebub's winged messengers—it was known of old to the heathen as ane of the harpies—ye may read of them in the voyages of ane Captain Eneas. They are harpies nae mair, but turned into a kind of subaltern fiends, or feathered devils, by the kindness of the Christian dispensation."

"I shall shoot, nevertheless," said Freebairn, "and write home an account of my exploit with a pen plucked from the devil's wing:—here it goes, Macgubb."—The Galwegian smiled, and, laying his gripe on the pistol, said, "Ye shanna do sae daft a deed: if ye dread nae the evil bird, dread this;—if ye snap a flint amid that fat and pitchy vapour, it will fill the air with fire from sea to sky. It will spring like a mine, and we will make port ready roasted—quite eatable—all smoking sacrifices. God! a tribe of Cherokee Indians would lick their lips at us. But we would be dished-out in vain here,—there has been naebody roasted and eaten in Galloway since the Reformation, and that's nae ancient tale, for my mother as gude as minds o't."

A laugh, such as fear allows, circulated among the mariners, and there was silence for a while, during which the vessel made little way, and Paul began to feel alarm lest he should run foul of a passing ship, or wreck himself on a rocky shore. While he stood looking steadily at the darkness, into which a sudden rush of wind allowed him now and then to penetrate, Macgubb came to his side with a face as pale as death, and lips quivering with emotion,—"Have ye seen it, Sir?" he whispered; "it has appeared to me twice—his right hand help me, there it's the third time!"—And the Galwegian gazed upwards with eyes expanded with terror, and seized or rather anchored his hand

in Paul's bosom, with a clutch which it was hopeless to try to disengage. Paul looked eagerly—but he looked in vain. "And did ye hear nothing, Sir?" said his comrade; "it may be revealed to the ear when denied to the eye."—"I heard nothing," said Paul, "save a rushing and rustling noise, resembling a ship under sail touched by a sudden wind."—"It's it! it's it!" cried the Galwegian, "down to our knees!—our last voyage is nigh done—no man may look upon it—no man may listen to it and live—no man but Alick Lauder ever beheld the spectre ship of the Solway and survived it, and his life was a sad and a bitter one. I kenned him weel—he's buried in Colvend kirk-yard, and there's the fiend-ship carved on his grave-stane."

At this moment, high above head, and right alongside, the sudden rustle as of a ship's sails was heard, and there emerged from the middle of the vapour for as long as a man might clap his hands together, what, to the imagination of the sailors, seemed a grove covered with snow.—"Sir," said Garnott, "there is a ship concealed in the darkness on our left—shall we hail, or shall we take to our boats and board, or shall we fire a broadside at once? we can only find enemies here—there's no risk of harming friends."—While Paul stood, attentive with eye and ear, Macgubb drew Garnott aside, and said, "The ship that sails here this unhappy night belongs to no nation of Christendom, nor to Turk nor American. Board her!—ye may as well try to board the waves when the wind hillocks them top-mast high. Hail her!—d'ye comprehend the language of the pit, and can ye understand the devil without an Irish interpreter? Fire a broadside!—lord, ye may as well try to shoot away an eclipse from the sun as stir a plank of a ship that's made of smoke and moonshine. I'll tell ye, man, the devil has ta'en it into his head to turn mariner. Have ye a wish to be a man afore the mast to a captain who sails into the latitude of the pit?"

"I believe," said Paul, "that a ship is near us; "twice have I seen her masts, covered with white canvass, start from the cloud like a mountain of snow. Let us hold on the course we are now keeping, and

hope, that, if she be an enemy and our match, that the vapour will glide away, and give us a clear sky and an open sea. It would be rash to fire upon her without aim and wholly at random,—have all ready for battle,—I think we shall find a prize, when the mist clears off, well worth a score of broadsides."

Macgubb heard these directions with a grave laugh, and walked away muttering, "Aweel, Paul, if ye win rightly through this mad contest ye may tie the besom at the mast-head, and defy all from purgatory to Peru. As for me, I'd as soon cock my pistol at the evening star with the hope of hitting it as level a gun or point a pike against Belzie and his bark. We'll see, we'll see—a braw job will they make on't—their bit sloop will be caught by the tempest, and spun round like a totum. For first comes the sough and sound—next comes the thick vapour—then comes the visionary ship,—[Willie o' Windiewans ance sailed in her frae Barnhourie to the Mull,—the conscientious bodie gave sixpence for his passage, and the fiend took it too,]—and then drops down thick tempest and storm—and by my soul it's here!—speak of the deil an' he'll appear. Ho! look out there!—whirlwinds a-head!—there it comes, as dark as Barcaple's angels, and they were a' of the wrang hue."

A sudden wind swept up the mist at once from the sea—the Isle of Man and the Galloway shore glanced out and were gone; while onwards came the tempest, lifting up the water mid-mast high, and filling all the air with foam, so that it seemed to snow. The sloop, guided by skilful hands, encountered the tempest and the congregated waves as a star meets the storm which sweeps over heaven—the cloud departs, and it beams out as brightly as ever. So seemed our little ship; while you gazed on the wave that appeared to devour her, you beheld her breasting the next, and dancing on the summit of that which succeeded, shaking the foam from her prow, and casting the water from her decks as the wild swan pours it from between its wings.

"I told you how it would be," said Macgubb; "I'm glad the storm has come on—we will breast the billows

dauntlessly. But, thick and sudden though the tempest descended, I found time to look after the spectre-ship. She gae ae spring when the storm struck her, and lap a quarter of a mile away. The whirlwind just claught her by the hair o' the head, and gae her ae rash whirl, and o'er she whomel'd—ance gane and aye gane. I heard the shriek o' the fiend-crew. God, they dinna like the saut water—they uttered a cry just like sinking souls. I almost wished myself alongside to have lent auld Cloots a hand,—I wad hae liked a sucking devil as a specimen.—I wad hae fed him with a lang spoon on sweet milk and brimstone—cockered him up, ye see, and soothed down his nature with weel-waled words and wise. But I'm growing as hoarse as a corbie speaking against the blast; and ye heed me nae mair than the Mull of Galloway did Meg Murdoch, when she bade it haud up its hip till she picked the partans off't."

"This bitter storm," said Paul to Garnott, "must not alarm you; our vessel is as tight as if she had grown in the forest ready to be launched, and I know that shore as well as I know this deck. There is one thing which troubles me much."—As he spoke a sea struck the sloop, and the foaming brine rushed along her decks three feet deep abreast;—she shook off the water the moment it was shipped—lifted her dripping prow over the summit of the succeeding wave, and darted forward, while her canvass was rent to ribbons, and her masts quivered like reeds. The mariners quitted the cords, or whatever they clung to for protection, dashed the water from their jackets, stamped it out of their shoes, and looked to one another to see if their numbers were diminished. "I'll tell ye what, lads," said Macgubb, "this bit sloop dances o'er the waves like a cork—she just floats away like foam—sae let us e'en stick to her; and though it's no pleasant to douk like as money witches against our wills,—Faith! a wat skin's ae thing and a watery grave another. Work away in the hope of being shot, for we'll be as near drowned as may be."

"Garnott," said Paul, as the sloop, escaping from

the enormous wave, dashed rapidly onwards; "Garnott, I am sorely troubled,—as sure as fire from heaven is now flashing along these waves, our poor, brave, wilful friend, Simpson, and my gallant men, are at rest in the waters beneath us. The spectre-ship which haunted the imagination of Macgubb, and passed for an enemy with you, was the pirate-sloop we captured. I knew her as the mist cleared off, and I saw her go down head foremost. America has lost a stout heart, I have lost a disobedient servant; and so his moan is made. Should this storm continue, our masts will be splintered into fishing-rods. See how they quiver and quake; but they spring like a well tempered blade from point to hill."

To no one did the tumultuous sea present such an image of terror as it did to Lieutenant Lucas. He looked on the incensed surge, which, despising all obstacles, hung its wreaths of foam top-mast high, and threw such a heavy and bitter spray into the air as made respiration difficult. He hearkened to the shrill cry of the storm amid the shrouds and the groaning of the masts, and his ears were open to every casual word of dismay which escaped from the lips of the mariners. He gazed on the sea glowing dark-red from shore to shore, as the rapid fires glimmered athwart it; he heard at every minute's interval the tremendous thunder-burst which seemed to rend heaven asunder, and under which the earth trembled and the agitation of the sea increased; and he felt the shower which, heavy and thick, and wafted by the wind, made the sloop smoke from stem to stern, so that she seemed to be about to burst into fire: add to all, that the tempest appeared rather to augment than decrease, and that to his eyes the sloop looked unequal to this contest with the giant-element. A fear came upon him which he was unable to conceal,—a circumstance which escaped not the unconcerned glance of Macgubb, who found his way to his side, and proceeded to administer such comfort as the bold give to the timid.

"They may talk as they like," said the man of the Mull, "about death having nae fears for the brave, that

ane can die but ance, and a' thae senseless saws, which look weel in a fule sang, sound weel in a lang sermon, and which folk exult o'er when danger is far away and death distant. As for me now, though I would rather gang frae ae world to anither through the medium of water, being a seafaring man, and because it is a noble element, yet I am frank to tell ye, that I am far frae fond o' coming to anchor evermore amen, in fifteen fathom o' water. This sea of Solway, now, is a dangerous trough for a cockle of a boat like ours; and, as there is nae chance that we will see the morning dawn, wad it no just be as weel to stave in the head of twa or three brandy-casks, and gang to glory with the liquor-cup in our hand? I can tell ye, to a chap that has a hankering after existence, and who would die hard, the drap drink is better than a parson; there's no a black coat of them a' could send ye down to Davie half so cheery and comfortable. D'ye feel ony curious whims now in yere head about going to the grave in a wet jacket,—the noblest of all graves is the fathomless sea?"

There was something neither wholly serious in this random speech of the Galwegian's, nor yet altogether comic; there seemed such a mixture of both in the manner, that Lucas knew not well how to answer. "So you think then," said he, "that we are in a perilous place, and that there is no escape from destruction?"—"That's simply and seriously my opinion," replied Macgubb; "and I can tell ye, to a man who has some taste in the place of his interment, and who would like to lie in a bonnie bit, where would he find such a place as the fair sea of Solway? But I'll warrant now, ye wad rather lie on the coast of America, and I have nae quarrel with your predilections; I may say that I was flung into the Solway when I was a bairn, and I have paidlet in't these thirty years and more, and it's become like a mother's breast to me. I wadna like to be drowned ony where else, and that's the God's truth on't."

No dismay was visible on the bold face of Paul: his spirit seemed to rise with the occasion, and a light was

in his eye, and a glow on his face, of which no other face partook. He walked to and fro with a measured step, with an ear that caught and defined every sound, and an eye that let nothing escape its observation from the top-mast down to the raging sea. He never spoke a word: his men knew what the wave of his hand meant, and repaired the wreck which the tempest wrought with a diligence which was rewarded enough by his glance of pleasure. He was no niggard of his praise, nor did he spare his censure; but he was rash and injudicious with neither; and his praise was considered very precious, and his censure equivalent to corporeal punishment. His men watched his looks during the raging of the storm, to see if his eye revealed what was passing in his mind; but they saw nothing that warranted apprehension, and, reposing entire confidence in his genius, they toiled with unabated diligence; but they seemed to toil in vain. The wind above and the sea beneath formed an alliance which naught from the hand of man appeared capable of resisting.

It was not, however, the danger of wind and wave which they had alone to dread. The sea of Solway presents a difficult navigation during the sunniest days and the calmest weather, and it requires all the skill which native mariners possess to guide a ship amid a labyrinth of invisible sandbanks which rise high in the water, and amongst which many a fair ship attests, with shattered sides, sunken keel, and the waters whirling around her in foam, the perils which beset the most consummate seamanship. One bank alone extends along the entire line of waving coast from the foot of Annan-water to the Mull of Galloway, and only leaves two or three intricate gaps or passages for vessels which seek the Dee, the Orr, and the Nith. It was not therefore, a love of saying something reckless which made a seaman exclaim, after he had threaded the perilous intricacies of Robinrigg, for so is the bank named,—"Bravo! Davie Corsock, this is thine ain deed!—Providence may be a gude guide on other seas, but he's a bad guide in a dark night on the rough side of Robinrigg,—bravo! Davie, this deed's thine ain!"

The crew still laboured, and the ship still endured the unbroken descent of the storm: and though she danced like a mere bubble amid the foaming undulation of the troubled element, and appeared, in the war which she waged against the brine and the blast, to be but as a scale to measure the mightiest of man's works with those of God, she rushed on her way as buoyant as a feather; nor did a single plank start, nor did one of her masts rend. For five weary hours this contest continued, and frequent were the wishes expressed for morning light. The heavy and incessant rain rendered the night dark, and the broad and vivid lightning so dazzled their eyes that the men looked with pain upon the sails and the waters. But the longest night will draw to day, and the heaviest tempest will have an end,—light at last began to glimmer in the east—the lightnings flashed less frequent, and the rain and the thunder abated. It was still, however, dark enough to conceal the dangers of the coast, and Paul, glad that the storm was at least throwing off some of its terrors, and that the dawn was come, and light at hand, looked with an eye that enjoyed his triumph over one of the fiercest tempests he had ever encountered.

At this moment, Macgubb sprang forward, seized him by the arm, and, holding his hand to the northward, cried,—"The Mull!—the Mull!—she will be crushed like a cockle-shell!" Paul looked hastily up—sprang to the helm—changed the course in a moment—and, aided by an alert crew, sent the sloop dashing away from the shore, her prow snoring amid the waves, and groaning from stem to stern by the weight of the sea on her side. A flash of lightning on the right revealed the perpendicular precipices of the Mull, over which the storm threw the sea-foam far into the air; they were distant scarce two ships' length, while the chafing of the surges on the caverned rock came roaring down the wind, with a sound as loud and far more mournful than thunder.

Macgubb looked back on his native rock, and said,—"It was just instinct, and no knowledge of mine, that made me guess the bonnie Mull was there.—God, an

ye were to blindfold me in the Bay of Biscay, I could tell ye when ye come within a mile of that foamy rock; a something comes owre my heart,—there's a motherly kind of softness drops into my eyes, and I feel a kind of delight that no other spot of earth affords me.—I could begin and sing now, I am so brimfull of joy; but I have some doubt that it's the Lord's day.—That there's no Sunday in fifteen fathom of water is no proverb of mine, and I aye try to mind a crum of a prayer and a verse of a psalm when the good day comes about. —Aweel, ye are a' as weel as saved frae death, and I am of opinion that we should, the moment the wind abates, get up, if we can, something resembling religious service among us,—I can tackle the psalm."

"My friend," said Paul, "grave things should be spoken gravely about,—I feel now, what I have not felt for some hours, that we will outlive this tremendous sea.—I would far rather be quelled by a brave enemy, and sunk seventy fathom deep, (for I shall never be taken,) than be driven about by an elemental foe, to whom you can oppose nothing but patient resolution, and who sends you remorselessly to the bottom, and goes foaming over you against another prey." "Ay, truly," said the Galwegian, "I can comprehend that,—I dinna understand sae weel what ye say when ye talk about loving all the world alike, and embracing a' mankind as if they were yere born brethren.—Lord, there's a mighty differ atween a wild shaggy deevil, with a red head and a rung in his hand, frae Connaught, and a kind, hearty, manly fellow from the Nith or the Dee.—But daylight comes at last,—it canna help its civility,—it came not when we wanted it, and the storm's lessening,—the wind sees it mayna master us, sae it gangs growling away like a beggar from the door of Justice Macmittimus, as the folk of the Mull say,—a proverb which has sprung up in the land of late."

The sun now climbed into a quiet sky, which showed the tracks of the thunder in many a red and ragged line, the wind dropt down to a gentle breeze, and the sea-fowls appeared on the cliffs adjusting their disordered plumage. The sea alone refused obedience to

the voice of peace; it ran, heaped into hillocks, carrying foam a foot deep on its surface, in which no boat could live for a moment. But it gradually abated its undulation, the foam subsided, the waves relaxed their huge curls, and sent a moderate murmur inland,—a sweet sound to the ears of the mothers and wives of mariners.

CHAPTER XI.

> The cannon from my incensed father's ship
> Ringing our knell, and still, as we peeped upward,
> Beating the raging surge with fire and bullet.

As a sea-bird after a stormy night expands and replumes itself in the awakening sun, stretches out its neck proudly, balances its head between its advanced wings, and submits itself, with a cry of gladness, to the subsided element, so, in like manner, the ship of Paul Jones trimmed her disordered and dripping sails in the full risen sun, expanded all her canvass to the breeze, and danced gayly over the bright and dimpling waters according to the wishes of her mariners. The shore of Ireland, with its towering rocks and deep bays, appeared ahead; while, on the right hand and on the left, the coasts of Scotland and England receded slowly, and the little Isle of Man, with its rocks and its ruins, lay in the rear. The seamen crowded the decks, exposing themselves gladly to the increasing warmth of the sun, and gazing on the scene around them with an admiration alloyed by fear.

With the departure of the storm departed also the fears of Lieutenant Lucas. To the aversion which Ajax expressed against dying in darkness, the American had added terrors altogether his own,—in every shock of the whirlwind he heard his death-warrant, in every mountainous wave he beheld his grave, and he stood terror-struck, exhibiting to the sailors an image

of unmanly dismay, which to some seemed ludicrous, and to others pitiable. In some measure to retrieve his character, and to pass off the natural cowardice of his heart in imminent peril for a casual fit of despondency, Lucas exerted himself, when the storm was gone, to restore the ship to her original condition; and, as he was young and active, he began gradually to regain the confidence of the mariners, and all his presumption returned full upon him. He ordered one, he assisted another, he praised a third, advised a fourth, and had a smile for most, and a word for all; he seemed, however, to have fairly lost the confidence of his countryman Freebairn, and Macgubb the Galwegian.

"I'll tell ye what," said the latter, "friend Freebairn, this sapskull, Lucas, after all, is but a fair-weather officer; and I like his swaggering, and his ordering, and his hoisting, and his handling, and all his jumpings, and his smilings, and his noddings now, as ill as I liked his blank visage, and his look of cowardly despair, when the wind raged, and the sea roared. My auld cronie Paul sleeps soundly below,—an hour of slumber satisfies him at any time,—and here's that muck-moth spreading out his gilt wings in the sun, and fluffing and fluttering, and singing, self-satisfied, frae stem to stern.—God, I wad give sax buttons off my jacket, and they are of solid silver, just for ae half-hour's hand-to-hand hard fighting, to take the shine off this transatlantic peacock of ours. O that little Carrickfergus now would send out one of King George's old black oak bull-dogs, with a row of sound teeth in its head,—why, we would have some sport with this May-morning lieutenant.—And I can tell ye, friend Freebairn, such a chance is exceeding likely."

"We have been in this bay," said the young American, "two nights and a day, yet no enemy have we found equal to cope with our broadside; and though I like the sough of bullets, and the fury of battle, where strength is proved, and skill and presence of mind tried, yet I am afraid that England has nothing on her coast at present which would give us two hours' work, except in a chase."

"God help the lad!" said Macgubb, "and yet what need I say, it is but a modest specimen of American presumption.—I'll tell ye what, this revolution of yours has begotten a spirit of arrogance in all and sundry.—Here's this veal-fly Lucas, he struts—only look at him—he struts an admiral in his own esteem, yet the sough of the sea sobered him last night till he was as quiet as a baby.—Now, if your country had not confounded good talking with good fighting they would never have given a command to him.—Then there's yourself—a bit of steeve flesh and a firm spirit, that will fight, and can fight, and does fight,—but, Lord, man, what signifies that?—the chief merit of man is to know himself and know his enemies, and weigh them in a fair balance,—no an American balance, where vanity makes valour kick the beam,—and then he will see with an ee like an angel.—Oh, man, then would the transatlantic darkness vanish from before you, and you would see the armed might of old England, and spread your sails and begone.—But why need I preach?—before ten hours fly o'er our heads, in the natural course of things we will find ourselves along-side of a British ship, and we shall catch it thick and fast, hot and heavy."

"Your reproof is just, and I thank you for it," said the gallant American. "It was not from ignorance of the might of England that we went to war with her,—when the weak are injured it is time to resist, though a nation a hundred times their strength is against them,—were I stricken I should strike again, though I opposed a giant." "I believe thee, lad, I believe thee,—that's the stuff that true valour is made of,—thy words ring in my lug like the stroke of a hand-hammer on a steel anvil.—I understand now why ye fight against us; I say us, because I'm no sure yet whilk side I shall be on, and ane should aye connect their name with their native country till prudence bids them cut the string.—But what in the foul fiend's name tempts John Paul—Paul Jones ye call him—to fight against the land that nursed him kindly and never wronged him?—his is a flight fairly ayont my comprehension.—Have ye ony notion of the principle?—principle!—it is a bonnie

word—but if I followed principle now, it would lead me into some impassible bog, and leave me to grope my way out, as it has done with Johnie Paul. Curse principle,—I like something that has reason in't."

"Why, my friend," said Freebairn, with a grave smile, "all men are free by the law of nature, and God expressly gives no precedence of man over man when he bids them replenish the earth and inherit it.—By this law the strong should not hurt the weak,—the principle of universal freedom to all should be acknowledged,—we should be all as brothers,—all equal and all protected,—and it is for this noble principle of personal liberty and universal citizenship that my gallant friend Paul Jones draws the sword,—ye understand me?"

Loud laughed the man of Galloway till the tears dropt over his cheeks. "Why, Paul's mad, and ye're mad, and America's mad, and I'll be mad too if I bide another minute on board with such gulls and gomerals.—Lord, man, nature's every act and deed rises up against you,—the very crew of your ship cry shame on such ridiculous notions,—and the very word of Paul, which ye must obey, is a proof that ye shape the garment which ye cannot find thread strong enough to sew.—Will this grand principle make all men equal?—will it make Lucas brave, and bring down the ambition and vanity of Paul to the level of sober citizenship?—will it make thy nature a common nature?—Damn citizenship, and thrice damn scoundrel equality.—I tell ye—go and alter the ebband flow of the sea—make the sun hang out a light warm enough to ripen black grapes on the rocks of Mull—keep an Irishman from lying and a Highlandman from stealing, and then come to Robin Macgubb, and he'll turn a citizen of the world too, and not till then."

Paul had thrown himself down, as was his custom, on the cabin floor, and, folding his mantle about his head, had dropt into slumber. When the body is resting the imagination is sometimes most at work, and there was presented to his fancy the coast of his native sea; he had anchored his ship-of-war, after a long and victorious voyage, and by the evening light, which

shone clear and full, he proceeded towards the shore;—the bay of the Seven Caverns opened before him—his boat touched the ground, and he had lifted his foot to spring to land. Something dark stood before him,—he looked, and a shuddering came upon him, for the shadow which hovered in his sight assumed a warlike form,—a helmet glittered on its head, its limbs were clothed in mail, a sword was in its hand and an angry light in its eyes. Paul drew his cutlass, and, waving the figure off, attempted to leap ashore; but every bound he made was repelled without a touch,—the very air wafted him back again to his boat. A courage more than his own was given to him, and he thrice tried to spring on land, and thrice was he repulsed, the last time with such violence, that the cutlass flew out of his hand, the pistols dropt from his belt, and he staggered and fell in the boat as if a stroke had been given to him. Stung with shame, and his courage animated to desperation, he sprung to his feet and exclaimed,—"Show thy face, base shadow, and meet me in a way that can feel a brave man's arm!" The dark face of the phantom grew bright at once; it waved its hand for him to be gone, and he heard a voice say, "Begone! the spirit of thy father is in arms against thee!" Paul gazed on the glowing visage of the martial vision; he beheld a face, he never said whose face he beheld; he dropt his sword, he bowed his head, he closed his eyes, and stepping back, muttered, "Oh, mother, mother!" and fell lifeless into the water.

This singular dream had thus terminated, when Garnott came hastily into the cabin, and gazing on the face of his captain, beheld it covered with large drops of cold sweat. His hair seemed to have forsaken its usual elegance of curl, and his hand had clutched an hour-glass which sat beside him with such force, that the brass frame was crushed, the crystal broken, and the fragments were yet fixed in his grasp too firmly to be removed. Garnott touched Paul gently on the shoulder;—he shuddered with horror from head to foot, and when he spoke, he covered his face with both his hands, and muttered something about his mother, which the

listener could not make meaning of. "I know a cry which will awake him," said his officer, and shouted out, "A sail! a sail!" Paul started to his feet with a wild look, and hastened to the deck.

There he found all eyes busy observing a ship, which, yet in the distance, showed large and warlike; a sailor with a glass sat near the top of the mast, eyed her as she approached, and called down to his comrades below, "A vessel of war and of force! I cannot yet count her guns nor read her flag." Five minutes more elapsed, when the voice came again from aloft, saying, "Carries forty-four guns,—her decks are crowded with sailors and soldiers,—can't distinguish colours nor uniform."—"Then come down," said Paul, "you have done enough. Comrades, are ye all ready?—we may be obliged to build on canvass from sea to sky,—or we may be compelled to stand battle even against this odds. Remember, not a shot must be fired till I give the word; and when I cry, Board! you must board, from the cabin-boy to the captain. I shall cleave the head of him who lags; and know, that we must not, and shall not, be taken. There floats the flag of America. I gave it first to the breeze on the Delaware—there shall it ever float while blood warms my heart,—if we sink, we sink with flying colours. They are never to be struck,—you all hear?" And, snatching the glass from a mariner, he stood on a gun, and looked long and earnestly on the coming ship.

The ship whether for peace or war, now neared upon them fast; and the seamen, who had leisure to observe her structure and the shape of her rigging, concluded that she was not of English make. "I can tell ye what," said Macgubb, "it takes nae witchcraft to discover that she is French. There are three signs by which I know her: First, she is painted like a rainbow—a Frenchman always puts on his embroidered waistcoat when he's gaun to be shot at. Secondly, she is perfumed like an East India ship that brings a dead governor hame, mummied in spice and aromatic gum. —Foh! she is a mile a-head and yet she's scented like thirteen ladies' maids escorting their mistresses to the

kirk. A Frenchman dips himself in all manner of perfumes to drown the smell of tar,—I would as soon fight with a pomatum-box. I once fought with one, and I could nae conquer him for my soul till I had knocked the civet out of him. Thirdly, an Englishman, when he sails the sea, comes recklessly on—weel he kens there's nane dare make mouths at him; a Spaniard comes praying to saints of wood and stone; and a Frenchman comes with the terror of John Bull upon him, and one-half of his crew sit watching in the rigging, reporting every sail, from a fishing-boat to a fifty-four. Lo, look and behold! see the masts are quivering with a load of quaking flesh! It's a French ship, and I'll warrant she's commanded by the son of some prince of the blood, France is filled with princes of the blood. A Frenchman is sprung from a prince—an Irishman from a king—a Scotchman from Fergus the First—and an Englishman is begot by subscription—engendered by act of parliament. I never met wi' an Englishman yet wa kenned or cared about his grandfather, except ane, and he said, he was descended frae the firm of Cleg, Sklegg, Skipmire, and Co., makers of Birmingham buttons. Well, Captain Paul Jones, what make ye of her—a friend or a foe—a surly John or a scented Mounseer?"

"She bears the Bourbon lilies," answered Paul, "holds a gallant crew, and is commanded by one of the first maritime captains of France. I have the word of the monarch himself, that this ship contains the very flower of his mariners."—"And the scent as weel as the flower," said the careless Galwegian,—"ye may feel it in the wind already. Is this captain ane for the hard day's work, the bullet and the boarding-pike?—or is he ane who likes to gaze at his shadow in the sun—a captain made to be looked at, not to be used—a customer like citizen Lucas here, a capital soldier were the tongue a sword—ye understand me?"—"I understand ye, friend Macgubb," said Paul, concealing his pleasure under a forced frown, "and I advise ye to beware,—hope not to conceal your slander under outlandish Scotch. A Frenchman will pick a quarrel with the roguish twinkle

of your eye, with the curl of your lip, and he understands Scotch as well as ye comprehend the nature of the great cause for which one half of mankind now draw the sword."—"Then," said the Galwegian, "he has a very clear understanding of the rural language of auld Caledonia. I am advised—I am schooled."

The French frigate now came within hail, and there was much pleasure on both sides at the meeting. When the first out-burst of satisfaction was over, the French captain hung out a signal for the captain of the Ranger to come on board. Paul coloured to the ears when he saw this displayed, but hastened to obey; a boat was lowered, and, with Garnott and fifteen seamen, he went on board. A shout rung from stem to stern of the frigate when the well-known face of Paul appeared; nor was he slow in expressing his pleasure at this cordial welcome and confidence, and he observed with a joy which he sought not to conceal, that one-half of the crew were his familiar acquaintances—men trained up in the same hardy school with himself, who obeyed without a murmur, and were ready to follow where any one dared to lead. Macgubb, who followed him close when he glanced his eye along the lines of gladdened faces, whispered to Freebairn, who was at his side, "Scotch! Scotch upon my soul!—ken them all, man and mother's son—born devils ilka ane, who will strike before they speak,—clecked under the wings of auld Caledonia—a brood of ravens and gore-hawks. But this Captain Lace-and-frills, the Frenchman—look at him—he stands like a dancing-master about to lead off the ball; struts like a midden-cock on the top of his own dunghill; while there stands the fighting Scotchman, like an eagle lighted on a dove-cote. Think ye they will speak first and fight afterwards, or strike and speak?"

Paul walked up to the French officer, and, holding out his hand, said, "Captain Landais, I believe—Captain Roy Landais, I give you such welcome as a man may who has escaped from six battles, and two descents and a storm, is still on an enemy's coast, and expects a battle every hour. Will you have the goodness to describe to me the instructions which you received when

you came from France to join me? We will find little time for ceremonious conversations—there lies Scotland—there England—there Ireland, and down two channels we may look for our foes—so let our conference be brief."

"Upon my honour, Chevalier Jones," said Captain Landais, "you pay a pretty compliment to my understanding, to assume that I have committed to memory all the diplomatic jargon of our grand monarch's ministers. I had a conference, it is true, with old Chamont; but his words were so well wetted with wine, that they flowed off at once—they were not worth minding if I did not remember them. Then I have some such thing as a sealed packet, to be opened in a certain latitude; but the latitude was sailed over when I was asleep; so here I am, Captain of the Bon Homme Richard, of forty-four guns—what do you propose to do?"

"Captain Landais," said Paul, "will you have the goodness to undo the sealed packet?—since the words of M. de Chamont have escaped from your memory, perhaps they are not all obliterated in the paper, and it concerns the service somewhat to know them.—"Captain Jones," said Landais, "you may be a good seaman, yet you are ignorant of the etiquette of the court of the Bourbon. But you are not too old or too obstinate to learn—allow me to instruct you. I was to open the seal in a certain latitude—I slept, and the ship sailed on—well. Here comes the delicate point; if I open the seal in any other latitude, I disobey orders; I do worse, I commit a breach of etiquette. Sealed, therefore, it shall remain, till I return to Versailles. Do you understand me, Chevalier Jones?"

"Perfectly well," said Paul. "Look you, Captain Landais, this is no observance of court etiquette, but an evasion, a shuffle,—do you comprehend me? Give the sealed packet to me; I stand upon no ceremonious observances when the cause of freedom is in jeopardy. I pitch etiquette into seventeen fathom of salt water, and those who love it may fish it up." Captain Landais lifted his lace hat from his head, and the smoke of.

imprisoned odour diffused itself over the deck; he pulled out a perfumed and embroidered handkerchief, waving it with a graceful air, to let its balm circulate round him; he then applied it to his reeking brow, and, finally he took out a chased gold snuff-box, bearing a mermaid combing her locks on the lid, and, tapping it thrice with great composure, regaled his nose with a prolonged pinch of snuff, and then he spoke.

"Sir, in my court, etiquette is honour; honour is a sacred thing, and distinguishes noble blood from the base plebeian puddle which fills the veins of the rude and the uncourtly. We worship etiquette, we fight for etiquette, and for etiquette we will die. He who disclaims it ceases to be a gentleman, and the name of Landais, Sir, has been coupled with honour since the days of Pepin till now."

"All this avails little, Landais," said Paul with a stern brow; "your ancestors were worthy citizens, and let them pass. A man is the father of his own fame, and he cannot obtain reputation by proxy. To come to the point—here are the instructions which give command to me, and impose obedience on you. They are written by Benjamin Franklin, and signed by Louis of Bourbon; a copy of it is in your pocket. You will have the goodness to take the command, under me, of the Ranger, with as gallant a crew as ever triumphed over flood and fire, while I assume the charge of the Bon Homme Richard, and endeavour to seize the homeward bound British fleet—they are in the channel by this time. You know the writing—read it."

With a sullen brow and quivering lip, Landais perused the instructions which Paul produced. He gnawed his lip, and said, "I am glad all this is arranged without any breach of etiquette. There are men in this ship, children of the great nation, who will sink before they will surrender, and who will follow me through the English fleet as fast as they would through the gardens of the grand monarque. I have promised to my country to take care of her sons—the destinies of her children are lodged in my hands, and I shall therefore take them on board with me, returning Cap-

tain Jones an equal number, or more, of his own men. Who loves Landais, let him follow me."

The mariners to whom this national speech was addressed, were men little acquainted with the perils of the sea—or with the bravery of the English; and if they had known them both, their vanity would have aided them in despising them. To the love of fame, and the desire of distinction, which animated the people of France, they added a scorn for all other nations; they thought the sun of military and maritime glory shone for them alone; and, possessing all the enthusiasm necessary for ensuring success, they despised the labour and discipline by which alone their natural valour could be made terrible to their enemies. They received the address of their leader with many a shout; and when Landais stepped on board the Ranger, he led a band of Frenchmen more than equal to the full equipment of the ship. By this arrangement, the crew of the Bon Homme Richard was made up mostly of the sailors of Britain; the rest were of the same blood; all natives of America; and some of them, like Freebairn, glowing with a love of national independence, and a determination to do or die.

When Landais took the command of the sloop, he walked for some time, followed by his officers, and some of his men, looking through the cabins. At every glance, he uttered an exclamation of wonder or horror, gave his shoulders a painful shrug, and screwed up his features to a pantomimic representation of what was internally passing in his mind. "O! my God!" he said, after spreading his perfumed handkerchief upon a couch, casting himself upon it, and taking a prolonged snuff out of his box of gold; "O! my God! into what a porker's stye have I fallen! the place is an abomination to the nostril—all the odours of Saba would never sweeten it. A thing swimming in the water never to be washen—a house inhabited by men never to be swept or fumigated—why, if such a stinkard as this were to sail along the coast of France, men would think they felt the first breath of pestilence, the smell of a floating palace of Queen Cloacina. Bring water, bring vine-

gar, bring spice, bring odours of all sorts, and, for the love of heaven! try and expel, or smother, this tremendous exhalation, which steams upon me equal to suffocation."

Landais had not well concluded this lamentation, when Paul entered the cabin, and said, "Captain Landais, I give the Ranger into your keeping—there lacks not a rope, nor a ring, nor a bolt, nor hook, nor staple—gun, or shot, or sail, that a gallant ship should have; nor does there sail the sea at this moment, a better built vessel, or one more completely equipt for the service of the country. You have a picked ship, and a picked crew—fight her till she has not a minute to swim, and then board your enemies. Your skill and your courage will soon be tried; for this is no voyage of show, but one of service—stand by me while two planks stay together, and you shall be to me a citizen and a brother;—desert me, or assist me coldly, and expect the name with which I shall brand you—I am a warm friend and an implacable enemy."

Landais shook Paul's hand, his eyes sparkling, and his face smiling from centre to circumference. "Ah! spoke like the brave Paul Jones; you shall see, we will fight like water-devils, and battle on the last plank. Ah! it is a pretty thing, a handsome little sloop, as trim as a maiden on her marriage-day, and goes singing through the water like a lark through the air. We shall drub these bravading Englishmen; let us see them, only see them, Roy Landais asks no more. We will so pelt them and pepper them, you shall see, and there will be such a shout in France when we return, the road before us to Versailles will be strewn with flowers, and the long-gowned dames and noble damsels of the court will so glance and sigh—we shall have only to pick and choose, pick and choose, Chevalier Jones."

"Do you know," said Paul, "that the nation against whom our confidence has to contend is powerful and warlike? Englishmen seem as native to the sea as a swan to the water. They fight with an obstinacy which has often made them victorious, even over the seamen

of the house of Bourbon—they never know when they are beat—they fight against any odds—they fire with a rapidity and an accuracy which breaches the firmest ships—they never discharge a gun till they are sure of hitting—they never fire at the rigging, but at the vital parts,—and when they strike, and that is seldom, their ship is a wreck, and three-fourths of their bodies given to destruction. Such are the people with whom ere three hours fly over us we are doomed to meet. Let me hope that the men of Captain Landais add experience to spirit, and temperate fortitude to enthusiasm.

"Ah! prettily spoken, Chevalier Jones," said Landais, "very prettily and poetically spoken. The English are a brave people;—well, the French are a braver; well, we can do no more than conquer them, you know, Chevalier, and that we will readily do. Only I hate to fight nigh rocks or sand-banks; give me a calm sea and the weather-gage, and then let the sulky islanders come, Chevalier,—we will so trim them. I remember, when I commanded a little skipping sloop thing called the Ariel,—Gad, I did lead an English cutter such a dance—it would have done you good to see how the saucy islanders followed us. Away we went, dancing on the top of the waters—dropt our guns into the sea, that we might use our wings more handily—pitched the government despatches overboard, that we might not be encumbered in our progress. Down came the damned cockle-shell of an English cutter, and smacked half a dozen shot into us before we could get under the cover of Dunkirk guns. Ah! I have often thought how the devil we got home, seeing that the Arial was twice the bulk of the enemy, and that we had twice as many men on board. It was a very pretty sight, Chevalier Jones, and Chamont promoted me to a higher command for saving his little Ariel."

What answer Paul might have returned to this curious speech can be but matter of conjecture. During the conversation the scene had shifted from the cabin to the deck, and there stood Paul lifting now and then his glass to his eye, and wearing in his looks the anxiety of one expecting the appearance of an object that

interested him. He suddenly took the glass from his eye, and said, "They come!—they come'—be ready, Captain Landais—my signals will tell you what is best to be done. Their ships of war will throw themselves between us and the rich merchantmen; let us grapple with the strong first, and pick up the weak afterwards. Remember, you cannot do wrong if you lay yourself muzzle to muzzle with yon English sloop of war,—I shall try the frigate." And, descending the side as he spoke, he hastened on board the Bon Homme Richard,—the crew were gazing upon the fleet, which filled for miles all the space between the sea and sky with their lofty masts and expanded sails.

In a few seconds the sails of the Bon Homme and its companion were spread to the breeze, and the ships, catching a fresh impulse, started forward on their course, running as smoothly and calmly as if the sea had been of oil, and some unseen hand, like those which, in the stories of old, impelled fabulous ships, had been urging them on from behind. Their Bourbon and American pennons were exchanged for those of England, their appearance of being ships of war carefully disguised, and they hoped to be taken by the armed convoy for ships seeking their protection and escort. But they could not impose long upon the penetrating vigilance of the commender of the English ships of war—he reconnoitred them anxiously—he hung out a signal for the merchantmen to continue their voyage, and seek the protection of some fortified port—and then calmly placed himself in the way of his pursuers, and prepared for battle with the usual tranquility and despatch of his nation.

Some three miles now separated the Americans and the English, and that was space rapidly diminishing. The day was clear, the wind was gentle, and the coast, from which they were but a short way distant, was free from dangerous rocks and other impediments to naval operations. A small harbour, which ran into the country in the form of a crescent, with an ancient town rising on its extremity, and an old castle, perched on a precipice which commanded the entrance, might be some

short mile distant on the right; while the coast of England and that of Ireland, with all their innumerable villages and towns, receded in the hazy distance. But the solitary beauty of the scene was spread in vain in the eyes of those who were preparing for the struggle of death or life; and, as the ships dropt down to the combat, there was a silence and an absence of all bustle on their decks, which betokened strict discipline and calm fortitude.

The decks of the Bon Homme Richard glittered with a profusion of pikes, pistols, cutlasses, and muskets, scattered on all sides; while twelve chosen marksmen from the woods of Kentucky took their place in the shrouds, and made ready those fatal and unerring weapons which have so often thinned the ranks of Britain of her best and her bravest. In the midst of his men, with a brace of gold-mounted pistols in his belt, and a smaller pair in his pocket, and a sharp and short cutlass in his hand, Paul stood quietly looking on his antagonists, and glancing occasionally his eye upon his own preparations; while his men, accustomed to such scenes, stood prompt to obey the wish of their leader.

Well armed, and with a serious air, Macgubb appeared among the crew: he felt the edge of his cutlass, which carried token of many a martial stroke: he examined the flints of his pistols, and gave the locks what he called a tasting of oil, and finally he put a brace of balls in each, and fixed them in his belt, bringing their stocks near his hand. He then turned out some seventy or eighty pieces of gold into the crown of his hat—counted them carefully over—wrapped fifty of them up in a rag, put the rest in his pocket, and twisted this treasure-bag thrice round to secure the gold from dropping out. He then hastened to a pale-faced studious person, who officiated as chaplain, and said, "Listen—every body kens, Marjory Macgubb of the Mull—she's a kind woman, and my mother. Should a pike or a bullet find out her son Robert, ye maun see and airt these fifty pieces of gowd her gate, for sair will she need it. What makes the man stare sae? Tell ony reasonable lie ye like to keep the pose frae the English;

—if they conquer, they never rob parsons; and there's five yellow chaps to sooth down conscience. God will forgi'e ye, man, for covering a merciful deed with a small deceit. Be true to trust, else there's sic things as drowned and slain men coming back in anger when their gear's misguided." And the Galwegian again sought the deck, where he was accosted by Paul.

"My old comrade," said Paul, "I am glad to see you with your tools at your side. I am looking around for some little post of honourable danger that will suit you; but you are a fellow of sense,—look and choose—you can take no place but what you are fit for."—"Ye have spoken the God's truth on that," said the Galwegian; "for, were it to command, I can command,—were it to obey, I can obey; but I have not just made up my mind in the emergency yet. Canna say that I rightly see how I can snap a flint in your favour,—I dare say I maun be a looker-on. If I saw naught but the coast of Ireland, I might lend ye a hand; but, O man! that grey tower there on the right just looks in my face like an auld friend, and says, Robin, bairn, will ye forget yere mother's hearth while that auld borough at the head of the bay just cries frae its foundation-stanes, 'Robin Macgubb, will ye fight against yere country?' Plague on't but it's a sair thing to settle!"

Paul looked for a moment upon the tower and town, and cast his eyes for nearly a minute's space upon the sea, while his brow darkened, and his bosom swelled, and a deep sigh broke from him. A gun fired from the English ships disturbed his painful reverie; and, with a brightened brow, a kindling eye, and a step as elastic as tempered steel, he sprung forward, and saw the iron shot dipping slightly in the curl of an intervening billow, and, continuing its course, almost graze his vessel's side. Paul made no return either by gun or signal to this challenge; but continued on his course, followed closely by Landais, who obeyed every motion and order as shadow follows substance.

Now distant little more than a good musket-shot, the English ships came down to meet their enemies; while

many a mile remote the shoal of merchantmen which filled the sea retired with speed, to which fear added wings, and nothing but their sails were left visible. The old tower was already crowded with spectators, and the hill-tops peopled, all gazing upon the approaching ships, admiring the skill with which they were navigated, the beauty of their forms, and the splendour of their equipments. The ship of Paul was fresh from the royal arsenal of France,—a picked and a chosen vessel,—presented to the American people by the unfortunate Louis, the sixteenth Bourbon, and named the Bon Homme Richard, in honour of the most illustrious of all the spirits who planned and perfected the American republic—Benjamin Franklin. This sage and patriot admired the shining qualities of Paul; and, anxious to work the good work of national redemption with the readiest tools, he overlooked the filial ingratitude of the proud peasant to his native land, because he had use for his skill, and could not do well without his courage. It was to his affection that Paul owed his present gallant crew—the companions of his early wars—and they obeyed the summons gladly, which placed them under a man in whose genius they had entire confidence, and in whose rising fame and fortune they aspired to share. Paul, as he glanced proudly over them, felt assured of success; and he showed in his eyes that kind of forerunner light which his men ever hailed as an omen of victory.

But to those who looked on the English ships such assurance might seem extremely dubious. The largest ship, the Serapis, carried the same number of guns and nearly the same number of men as the American with which she was likely to be matched; while the young mariner who commanded her, Richard Pearson, was esteemed one of the most gallant captains in his native navy. His ship was entirely new,—her cannon new cast,—and she glided over the waters with an ease and a beauty which seemed more the work of magic than of man's skill. The lesser vessel was called the Countess of Scarborough, a light, active, firm, and compact sloop, carrying eighteen brass guns, with a crew of able sea-

men, and commanded by a Percy of Northumberland,—a name never coupled but with deeds of daring and bravery.

Thus matched, without a hail or challenge, each bearing the colours of their various countries, and while the sun was fast hastening into the western sea, the rivals met, met as friends meet on a foreign land, with a pause, and a look, and a glance of recognition; but there the similitude ceases—their salutation was a mutual broadside double shotted, which filled the decks with smoke, and made the vessels rebound, while the sea between them was showered over with wadding and splinters. At the same moment, the Countess of Scarborough ran alongside of Landais, and poured in a rapid broadside, which was slowly returned by the Frenchmen, who were confounded and daunted with the terrible rapidity of her discharges, and, after receiving some six or seven of these destructive visitations, they sought to avoid rather than return her attacks; but they exerted all their skill in manœuvring in vain. Percy clung to them as a hound to the haunches of the deer,—found them out with his shot wherever they turned,—and ere the battle had endured half an hour, the decks of the Ranger were dappled with blood, her sides pierced with many a shot, and her crew, intimidated by the death of forty of their comrades, fired faintly and at random.

But Pearson found a far worthier foe than his friend Percy,—one whose broadsides were returned as rapidly and with an arm as mortal as his own; and who, instead of seeking distant warfare, courted a closer encounter, and seemed resolved to conquer or die. The English fought, inspired by their ancient fame, conscious of their superiority on the sea over all mankind, and fulfilling their rules of discipline and warfare rather than exerting all their prowess, or calling in animosity to their aid. Their resistance or attack was therefore constant and equal, and the time of their broadsides could be calculated to a moment. Another feeling animated their adversaries,—a feeling which, grafted on naval skill, and courage, and discipline,

made them a match for the ancient and present sovereigns of the sea;—they fought for infant independence—for name, for fame, and, as they believed, for life. The ministers of England had not determined to treat their prisoners as enemies or traitors, and held them in close captivity. Paul imagined that a higher principle kindled his courage, a universal love of mankind, an admiration of human liberty, and a generous patriotism, which aspired to call all men brothers; but in the moment of battle the abstract rule of mental right yielded to the desire of teaching his country what a son she had lost, and the land of his election what a warrior she had gained.

After the mutual exchange of some dozen of broadsides the ships sought a closer encounter, and Pearson, availing himself of the dauntless dexterity of his men, pushed suddenly a-head, and endeavoured to rake his adversary; but Paul darted after him, and having consumed some minutes in dexterous but vain manœuvring, they both, as if by mutual consent, dropt side to side, and renewed their hostility. The English eighteen-pounders flew, I may say in flocks, to the work of destruction, and the Bon Homme was pierced between wind and water, and already began to leak in spite of all the vigilance of her carpenter. Composed of hard tough black oak of great thickness and strength, it required great weight of metal and half-pistol distance to render the attack deadly, yet the battle had not lasted an hour till the American looked more like a prize than an impregnable adversary. Nor had the broadsides of Paul flown in vain. The lower sails of the Serapis were shorn to shreds, her sides were mangled, several guns dismounted, and during the intervals of discharge the groan of the wounded was distinctly heard, and the blood of the slain seen.

Paul placed great dependence on his Kentucky marksmen, and the quickness and precision of their fire fulfilled his expectations. Wherever a bold and active mariner was observed on the decks of the Serapis, a brace of rifle-balls flew at his bosom; and already ten or twelve of the bravest of the crew had fallen victims to those

terrible adversaries. The thick smoke, the ceaseless cannonade, and the mortal strokes which the mariners of England direct against the vital parts of their enemies, perhaps had prevented them from looking aloft;—certain it is, that it was not till a ball from one of those unerring rifles had killed the second lieutenant that a gun was aimed against them, and they were doomed to experience in their turn a skill as destructive as their own.

It happened that an old mariner, who had first taught naval knowledge to the officer who was slain, was standing by his side when the fatal ball stretched him lifeless on the deck. He had observed the flash of the rifle, and from the man who discharged it he never removed his eye: he lifted a loaded musket, and, taking a quick and steady aim, his ball struck the American under the left eye: the cocked rifle dropt from his hand; and the ship moving at the moment, he descended headlong into the sea, sprinkling the sails as he fell with his blood, and dyeing for a moment the agitated waters. The old man snatched up another musket, and so true and steady was his aim that one of the riflemen leapt a yard high as the ball went through his bosom, and he fell lifeless to the deck. A third musket was put into his hand by a youth, one of Pearson's followers, who whispered in the old man's ear, "Mark me down him with the slouched hat and feather—thrice has he aimed at our captain, and thrice have I saved him by standing in the way;—see, he eyes us,—put me a ball through his brain." He had scarce done speaking when a ball from the rifle which had sought the life of the captain struck the youth on the upturned brow, and he dropt without a groan. Nor was death less slow in finding his enemy—the old mariner took a careful aim; and, ere the American had withdrawn his finger from the trigger, the bullet which carried his fate was lodged in his heart; he leant a moment on the netting,—darkness came over his eyes,—and he fell on the deck at the feet of Macgubb.

The worthy of the Mull had been for some time sorely perplexed how to conduct himself in a broil which was

fierce and threatened to be deadly. While the sun remained above the sea, and the hills of Galloway glowed bright and green, his heart was with his country, and he rejoiced internally at the destructive closeness of the English broadsides, and saw the crew of the American ship thinned with a glance that nearly approached to satisfaction. But when the twilight came, and the land of Galloway grew misty and grey, his sigh was less ardent, and he looked towards it with doubting and perplexity. The darkness which followed fast on the twilight may be said to have accomplished his conversion,—the hills were shut out from his sight,—he gazed, but could no longer distinguish their misty outline,—there lay the English ship before him, her balls tearing the planks under his feet, and mangling the bodies of his old companions at his side;—he felt the stocks of his pistols,—a shot struck a seaman as he passed, and sprinkled him from head to foot with blood,—he laid his hand on the hilt of his cutlass,—another ball carried from his side a little leathern secretary well filled with jewels, the fruits of many a dangerous descent,—he plucked his cutlass from its sheath and exclaiming, "Curse the ship that fired the shot!" mingled with the crew, and added new life and spirit by his presence and activity.

CHAPTER XII.

> "She filled the skyes with the smoke of her shott,
> And her enemies bodies with bullets so hott;
> For one of her owne men a score killed she,
> Was not this a brave bonne lasse, Mary Ambree?"

THOUGH distant many a mile, the sound of this fierce engagement rung among the hills and headlands of Kirkcudbright, and the people who had laid aside their arms resumed them with alacrity, and hastened along the shore to the tower and the bay, which gleamed bright with the insessant flashing of cannon. As they

hurried on, an almost total darkness dropt over sea and shore; not a star could shine through the descending cloud, and, as the moon would not visit the earth for an hour, it was expected that an end would be put to the engagement by the night, if valour failed to do it.

Darkness has often been a glad visitant to the weary and the wounded, and a welcome arbiter in many a deadly quarrel, from which neither side could of his own accord retire with honour. But here it came uninvited and unwished-for. The hope of victory alike animated Paul and Pearson; they had no wish but to fight it out, and no dread save the fear of each other's escape. Though they were compelled by the cloud of night to suspend their hostility, they moved but a little way apart, and lay to with the eagar hope that the moon would dispel the darkness, and afford them light to conquer.

During this brief period, assistance, but of very different kinds, arrived to both. The aid which came to Paul was a French frigate called, but most improperly, the Vengeance, Denis Ricot commander; for she was a ship manned by ignorant and holiday spirits, wholly innocent of blood, and innured to nothing but drinking and dancing. Her presence, however, prevented the Ranger from falling a prey to Captain Percy, and her bulk and weight of metal overawed that gallant mariner, who warily withdrew to a little distance, determined to fight the battle while hope remained, and even cheered by the presence of the Bourbon lilies, for which he had an English hatred and an English contempt.

The aid which came to Pearson cannot be described so briefly. The din of battle, while it called the populace to arms, furnished them with dauntless rather than disciplined leaders, and the tower and the bay were filled with men eager for the success of their countrymen, from whose prowess the expected deliverance from danger, and to whose strength they were willing to add their own. How this might be accomplished was a serious difficulty; but all obstacles yield to bravery and perseverance.

In the hour of pressing danger a martial and com-

manding spirit is soon singled out,—it goes to the battle front—it obeys the voice of nature which calls it to lead others—men recognize its claims to their confidence, and follow it without questioning whence it came or sprung. To such leaders the people had already obtained; but, in the eyes of the martial peasants, they seemed of very different merits: one was fiery, active, and impetuous, who scorned counsel, resented contradiction, and was ready to admonish with a blow any stubborn follower who presumed to think for himself. His handsome person and commanding eye, his voice o[f] music and his noble descent, contributed to his popula[-]rity. The other was a man of another mark, cool, sedate and considerate; of open nature and warm affections, wh[o] courted counsel and listened to advice, but who did no[t] show by a glance of his bright and blithe blue eye ho[w] much of it he resolved to adopt. Youth, and a fram[e] firmly knit and fairly-proportioned, were in his favou[r] and he was followed by all the graver and calmer spirit[s] and more especially by a dozen of young men, wh[o] looked as he looked, thought as he thought, and nev[er] moved from his side.

"Halliday," said Lord Dalveen, for it is of them [I] have spoken, "this darkness is very awful,—I wish o[ne] corner of night's grim curtain were but lifted up fo[r a] moment to show us these enemies of ours. The mo[on] has a half-hour's journey yet before she rises on us; [is] it possible to grope out our own ships in the darkn[ess] and throw some fifty good marksmen aboard?—And n[ow] by Saint Andrew, if the saint has power now— by Saint Parliament, who usurped his authority, [it] would be no great matter if we were thrown into [the] ship of honest Paul himself; we might baulk Pea[rson] and capsize the pirate.—How say you, Tom Hallid[ay?]"

"Why, my Lord," answered the other, "i[f we] could be taken up by enchantment, and dropt at once on his deck, I would answer for our success; but to approach him would be like bearing a lighted match to a barrel of gunpowder,—he would blow us out of the water.—And to tell you the truth, the like risk will be run by venturing to the aid of Pearson or Percy,—they

would in the darkness think us enemies, and an eighteen-pounder would settle us from being friends to one or foes to the other.—We must abide the coming of her ladyship the moon, and then act as we best may."

"You are right, Halliday," said Lord Dalveen; "but how shall we while away the intermediate time?—I wish we had Patrick Macmittimus here to find us in mirth till the moon comes,—I was a fool to dispose of him so soon.—Yet there was no variety in the Justice, it was always fool and coward,—fool and coward, sometimes separate and sometimes together.—The Justice will be seated now on Corsincon, with his poultry and his people around him,—I wish we had him here. But who is this?—the herald of some kingdom not laid down in the last discovery,—the chorus of some dramatic representation of the times of slashed sleeves and gold-chained boots,—why this fellow has fool written on his face, by the same hand too that printed ass on that of Patrick the Justice, and yet he has an outward bearing too,—he is a rustic riddle."

The person who called forth these remarks from Lord Dalveen was a tall well-formed young man, with a face which only wanted an informing spirit to be accounted handsome. His dress was, however, the first thing that attracted notice; it was a rustic imitation of the clothes with which fiction and history cover the heroes of chivalry,—close pantaloons, and brown boots reaching mid-leg, and folded down again so as to make him resemble a cooted cock.—His waistcoat was wholly hid by a close jacket, like that worn by our hussars, with a collar ornamented with thistles, over the shoulder of which a broad belt passed, sustaining an enormous old sheep-headed broadsword, into which the inveterate rust of two centuries had bitten. A bonnet with a feather from the raven's wing covered in this rustic warrior, and he carried a fowling-piece in his right hand as black as jet, and seven feet long in the barrel.

When this martial volunteer presented himself, he was followed by some fifty of his fellow-peasants, who seemed to consider him as a subject for mirth, but who

were afraid of opening his eyes by direct merriment, and therefore looked on him with grave eyes and hearts that swelled with laughter. Lord Dalveen and his visiter both opened their lips together; the latter had his speech ready, and therefore spoke first :—

"My country hath called me to its defence,—I have left my peaceful profession,—buckled this weapon to my side,—taken this gun in my hand, and bid farewell to my father's hearth.—Our enemies are before us; why stay we here while blood lies unrevenged and our flag droops dishonoured?" Lord Dalveen heard this address with a gravity which seemed once or twice nearly shaken. He said, "Sir, I bid you welcome,—I hail you as one of those great natural characters whom Heaven gives to a land in a time of calamity and dismay,—I shall gladly fight along with one whom Providence and native heroism have united in stirring up to deeds of high daring,—we waited but for your Worship and the moon to leap into our boats and hasten to the aid of our countrymen.—May I ask the name of him who thus comes as it were to fulfil prophecy and save his country, and what profession he has deprived of the aid of his talents?"

"Tis well said, my Lord, and I thank you," replied the youth,—"my name is one of which the world has hitherto taken no note,—Luke Laubord, my Lord, descended from the Laubords of Breekbanhead, and from the ancient family of the Guses of Gusecraft by the female side,—crest—a pair of sheers, and motto, 'Cauk afore ye cut,'—my house is a house of old standing."

"Hout!" exclaimed an impatient rustic who stood near him, "he's a born gowk, but a good tailor, and I would rather other twa gade to the wars,—a nimbler finger never shot steel through a garment,—we canna want him.—Nine tailors make a man! Od, that might be sae in the days of Willie Wallace, but the tailor makes the man now, since fine garments mark the gentleman; sae, on that principle, Luke Laubord may be mair than man." A blow over the head from the end of Luke's musket admonished the rural satirist, who stept back, muttering, "Weel, I shall eat all he'll slay without being called a cannibal."

"My Lord," said Halliday, "the sky is beginning to brighten a little,—the boats are ready,—I can see the ships when I lay my face close to the water, and, as the moon will be up before we can reach them, had we not better leap in and begone?—See the clouds are parting, and the moon is sending up her forerunner radiance." "It is a cursed chance this," said Lord Dalveen,—"O Halliday, man, here is a glorious gull!—I wish I could bribe the moon's absence for an hour more till I lighted myself through and through him.—Macmittimus was but a capon to this.—The fellow is inoculated with a kind of second-hand heroism,—his valour, like an overworn garment, has been twice turned,—he is as rich in mirth for me as the dream of a Mexican shareholder is in imaginary wealth, to whose fancy the rivers of Peru and Mexico run with melted silver and contain fish of pure gold,". "His valour," said Halliday, "like the heat of his goose, is artificial, and you'll find he has not spirit to shape out the actions he has chalked,—but bring him for ballast,—bring him for ballast." And the impatient man of Annandale sprung into the boat, and, with about twenty followers, started from the shore.

Lord Dalveen was not slack in filling another boat with an equal number of intrepid peasants, and followed distant from the other about half an oar's length. But he failed not to bring his new auxiliary with him. No station suited Luke Laubord but the head, where he stood holding his long gun before him, and lamenting the absence of the moon, that he might show his heroic form to his foes, and strike them with that tremour which ancient story invariably makes a chief attribute of its heroes. The moon, as if obedient to his wishes, rose suddenly over the hills of Cumberland, the sea gleamed as far as the eye could reach, and, to fulfil all the wishes of his heart at once, the Serapis and the Bon Homme Richard, with their companions, suddenly renewed their contest. The sound of their cannon shook sea and shore like the loudest thunder; the incessant flashing of their broadsides extinguished to the spectators the more gentle light of the moon, while the smoke touched by a slight wind, rolled heavily away to the eastward.

"Halliday," cried Lord Dalveen, "can you tell me Paul's ship?—look for the stripes and the stars,—where the battle is fiercest there will he be, and there shall I be,—I wish to confront him in the cause of my country with my sword in my hand." "I see," answered the other, "two vessels attacking one—a little light gallant ship which seems to move as if it wore wings, and carries English colours,—if we could throw ourselves aboard of it with our marksmen, it might make the combat more even." "There—there!" said Dalveen, "look there!—the work of death is there!—hear how the thunder comes out of that boiling torrent of smoke, and see how the flashes of their broadsides burst through!—in the middle of that I must and shall be!—stoop to your oars, lads,—mind neither smoke nor sound, ball nor pike,—that's my true Scottish hearts!—a happy victory or a hasty grave!—Mind, when we come alongside,—down with your oars, up with your muskets, leap with me on board, and fire away.—Aim as if every American were a hare, and never shoot for the sake of the sound.—You smile,—that's the mark of true heroism—no coward can smile when danger looks him in the face."

Yet his Lordship had one heart on board, at which terror was now knocking loudly. The heroism of Luke was only an infection—the glow of his valour was, like the glare of the moon, a reflected light—he had felt as a hero, and caught from story and song the impulse which hurried him into the presence of death. But his heart now told him, that he could not act as a hero, and, all these deceitful aids deserting him when the balls whistled and the cannon roared, he stood like an image of dismay, carved by some hand skilful in allegory, on the prow of the boat. Fear hindered him from setting down; in his looks was utter misery, the light of hope was extinguished in his eyes, and the agony which convulsed every limb bedewed them with cold sweat. Dalveen stood beside him, and with a calm tranquillity perused the person of Luke from head to foot; he put himself in his posture, held his musket before him, looked as he looked, and, with a face with-

out a smile, enjoyed the banquet which folly had so unexpectedly prepared. One who was present told me, that he thought a living and a dead man stood at the prow, and he felt a slight fear himself. Lord Dalveen seized Luke suddenly by the shoulders, laid him carefully down in the bottom of the boat, where he moved no more than a corpse, and, motioning his followers to exert themselves, darted into the cloud of smoke which came volleying along the bosom of the sea.

While the darkness continued, Paul, with unremitting assiduity, refitted his rent sails; and, what was more important as well as more laborious, he repaired, as firmly as brief time and imperfect light allowed, the breaches made by the English broadsides. Fifteen of his mariners were slain outright, and about twenty wounded; the former were dropt silently into the sea; the latter were tended with great care; and, as Paul looked on each, they smiled satisfied with his tenderness, and some of them conjured him to spare himself in the decisive battle which they knew was approaching.

In like manner, Pearson prepared his vessel for the coming strife, and, with an eloquence which used few words, confirmed every seaman in his own resolution to fight to the last. "Think, my lads, what shame will be ours," said the young warrior, "if we are beat by the sons of fellows who were transported for thieving—petty-larceny rascals, whom England threw from her bosom. Led, too, by a scoundrel Scot—Macneil, I beg your pardon—no harm meant, none—a fellow come back to steal linen and rob hen-roosts. When the moon sets up her horn, then for hot and hearty broadsides; cut a way through their ship's sides, for the moonlight, my lads;—then down goes either ship or flag, and the matter's ended." A hearty cheer assured him how acceptable his speech was, and his men stood all anxious for the return of light.

As Paul moved from post to post, preparing for a combat, in which he had determined to conquer or die, he became aware of the presence of a young man, who, during the action, had moved as he moved; and, while exposing himself to the hottest of the fire, had used his carabine with such skill, that he deprived the Serapis of

several able sailors. Paul looked on him, and said, "I know all my mariners, but I know not you." The youth smiled modestly, and said, with something of a French accent, "Let my name be a secret till it merits to be known. I am not of your regular crew, but I come to learn maritime warfare under our best captain. I stole from my father's house, and here I am, where I wish most to be. But, O Chevalier, how dauntlessly these islanders fight! how coolly, how dexterously they work their ship, and how close and rapid are their broadsides! Twice I forgot my carabine, so much was I charmed with their skill,—and how close they lay themselves!"—"We must be closer yet, young man, before we can hope to win them," said the commander; "we must silence our cannon, lift our pike and cutlass, and leap on board—we must turn the deck to a battle-field."—"O! board! board!" said the young Frenchman with earnestness—"I like not the strife which puts the lives of noble persons in the keeping of base gunners and sordid seamen—but breast to breast on the battle-field—sword to sword on the deck—that's what a Frenchman loves—and it is there and then he is the hero—O! board! board!"—"Keep your enthusiasm, young man," said Paul smiling, "till you spring upon the English deck, and then you will find use for your courage and enthusiasm too."

Light at last came, and the first gush of the moon's radiance along the dimpling waters was welcomed on both sides with a shout—by a reciprocal broadside—by a discharge of musketry from deck and shrouds, and by the eager endeavours of Paul and Pearson to join in closer and deadlier encounter. The ships approached nearer and nearer, and Pearson felt that he had skill and courage opposed to him such as he had never encountered on the deep before. The exact discipline and long experience of the English, their familiarity with maritime warfare, and with the whole internal and external management of a ship, gave them an advantage over men less inured and less famed. Their ship moved obedient to the human will, as a horse obeys his rider; she seemed a living thing, and submitted, like a being endued with sense, to the con-

trol of her keepers. Paul knew his deficiency, and that his crew, composed of people of two distinct nations, could not work heart and hand like his adversaries. It was the practice, too, of the navies of France and Holland to aim their broadsides against decks and rigging, to ensure their own escape, or to leave their opponents helpless; and in this practice his own crew had been trained. Availing himself, therefore, of the skill of his gunners, and the still more deadly accuracy of his wild-wood marksmen, the decks of the Serapis were soon swimming in blood, and her rigging was torn to shreds. For his sails Pearson cared little; his men exchanged a straggling and ineffectual fire with the American musketry, while his broadsides, heavy and incessant, invaded the Bon Homme in her more mortal parts, mangled her massive sides, and gave admission to the water, which was soon heard to sing and bubble through the numerous shot-holes and the starting seams.

Yet ignorant of the arrival of the Vengeance, it was with some emotion that Paul beheld a ship of force equal to his own bearing down upon him under a press of sail. From a vessel bearing the Bourbon lilies he expected aid; but the moment he distinguished her colours, she poured in a broadside upon him—then continued her course—tacked, and conferred the like favour on the Serapis. The Vengeance then moved away, and divided her favours so equally between Percy and Landais, that it became difficult to know whom she considered her enemy. The presence of this dubious friend brought a moment's respite to Paul. Pearson turned himself against this new enemy, and, while he thinned her crew and shattered her sides with his unerring discharges, his adversary backed his top-sails, and, by a sudden movement, the united work of judgment and good fortune, the ships came in close contact. The bowsprit of the Serapis lay partly over the American poop. The action of the wind forced the stern of the former on the bow of the latter, the yards got entangled, and the cannon touched. Thus they lay, presenting one level deck, and so fast locked together, that when the night-wind touched their sails, they movedas

if they had both sprung from one keel. The Serapis held up her enemy, and held her up for her own destruction; it was in vain that Pearson laboured to free himself from this deadly encumbrance—the fruit of his skill was now lost; for the ship, while thus sustained, could not sink, he had, in a manner, to begin his warfare anew, and direct his attacks against a less vulnerable part. Six of his bravest men, who sought to disentangle the rigging, were dropt on the deck by the American riflemen; and, after a brief and bloody struggle to free themselves, the English desisted, and resolved to make the most of their situation: their fire, which had slackened, was renewed as fierce and as fast as ever.

Paul was sensible that his ship, from the incessant broadsides of her adversary, was in a dangerous state. The situation in which she was fortunately placed, while it delayed her fate for a time, afforded him an opportunity of making use of the valour of his men, and he now contemplated boarding as his only chance of salvation. The valour and the prudence of Pearson made this a matter of uncertainty and danger. Though his masts were maimed, though the Vengeance had paid him a second visit, and now threatened a third, and though his crew were diminished to one-half of their original number, his confidence was unshaken, and, prepared alike for the wiles as well as the open force of war, he met, and foiled for a time all attempts to board him. Against the marksmen of Paul he let loose the whole fury of his upper guns; and, during this hurricane of iron shot, twenty of the best marksmen of the Bon Homme were slain or sorely wounded, ten of her guns dismounted, and their defenders, stretched beside them.

Macgubb gazed on this carnage, and touching Paul's arm said, "See! there's two ways to win out of this evil plight. We maun either board, and make pike, pistol, and carabine, do for us what his cannon are doing for Pearson, or we maun get hold of that goose the Vengeance, throw ourselves on board, and renew the the fight. There's a third way, but I never advise sink-

ing while there's hope to swoon; it's only to fight this wounded ship to her last gasp, and gae down with our hats in our hands. I have been below, Paul, lad, and I guess, as Lieutenant Lucas says—by the by I saw Lucas, as pale as a ghost, and shaking like a leaf of the linn.—I guess the sea will give us a gude half-hour to make up our mind. It's coming bubbling and belling in through the ship's side, soughing away like the Troughs of Tongland. I can hear the damned hissing of it here. What say ye?—a bloody jacket's better than a wet one, —it's all one to Rob Macgubb."

What failed to daunt the bold spirit of Paul and the regardless nature of the Galwegian, spread terror among the inferior mariners. Amrose Dobie, once a fisher on the Solway, but whom the pressure of the excise-law had driven from his halve-nets and his ankers of smuggled brandy, looked on the gradual influx of water which the pumps failed to master, and crossing himself—of the old faith was Amrose—uttered a prayer to the astonishment of all who heard him, and he lived to acknowledge, to his own. "O! saints above and saints below! staunch these shot holes, else the time's at hand when we'll neither be here nor naewhere else, but on the stormy bank of Drumroof, swooming to doomsday on auld pot-lids."—This singular picture of a maritime purgatory was engraven in a moment on the ready memory of Macgubb. "O! Amrose, man," he cried, "I wish we had half a dozen of your wooden saints in these shot-holes, to haud out the sea; but dinna gloom, man, they may be gude saints for all that they are timmer anes; and if ye'll give me a knife and a broomstick, I'll make ye as capital a ane as ever ye prayed to—I ken the way." Then, turning to Paul, he exclaimed, "Oh! saints of Amrose! condescend to creep into these ball-holes and haud out the sea, else the time's at hand when we'll be neither here nor naewhere else, but in Dobie's new maritime purgatory, swooming on auld pot-lids." And, reducing the sailor's prayer to something like musical order, he chanted it whenever a ball crushed into the ship's side; and so destructive was the fire, that he

hummed it almost without intermission for the space of ten minutes.

While this passed, Paul had silently taken his resolution—he summoned his men suddenly to his side—drew his cutlass, which till now he had kept in its sheath, and availing himself of the momentary alarm which a new visit from the Vengeance occasioned, he darted on board the Serapis, at the head of fifty picked men, making good his footing in spite of showers of shot, and all the opposition which pike, carabine, and pistol, in dauntless hands, could offer. Through three mariner's bosoms Paul plunged his sword, and, stretching out his left hand to the English flag, and waving his bloody weapon, cried, "Down with it! down with it!"—To save their banner from this humiliation, there were men found who willingly gave their bodies to destruction—man after man died before it;—and Pearson, though weary and wounded, hastened forward in its defence, and with many a gallant hand with him. Yet so furious, so compact, and so determined was the attack, that the colours would have sunk, had not Paul been suddenly assailed by an unlooked-for enemy, as fierce, as brave, and as implacable as himself.

On Pearson, who fought with a courage worthy of his station, Paul had precipitated himself; when, thrusting two men through, and dashing another down with a hand too impatient to strike, Lord Dalveen sprung over the bodies of the dead and dying, and, with his sword reeking from point to hilt, and his eyes streaming with a savage light, he confronted Paul at once. Paul gazed on this unexpected assailant—he stept half a pace back—his colour changed—his mother—his dream—his suspicions and the country's belief rose all upon him: and waving Dalveen away, he said, "I war not with you, Thomas,—retire and leave me to my course. "But Dalveen, exasperated with the difficulties which had detained him from reaching the ship sooner, and stung to fury with the opposition which met him as he ascended the ship's side, and deprived him of some of his bravest followers, rushed on his adversary without reply, and made a blow and then a thrust, which were eluded with difficulty. Mac-

gully, muttering, "O! saints above and saints below!" snatched a pistol from his belt—his finger touched the fatal trigger—the muzzle was within a foot of the young nobleman's temple, when Paul struck it down, exclaiming, "Touch him not!" The Galwegian turned his weapon against Halliday,—the balls grazed the cheek of the intrepid borderer, and one of his comrades dropt behind him.—The strife was renewed—men fell thick—the decks reeked with blood—the smoke rolled over head, and the ship wrung and rocked from side to side with the volleying cannon. The contest would have been decided now, had not one of those accidents which sometimes interpose between genius and success happened. The young French volunteer had fought with the foremost, and, though slight-made, and unwarlike in his looks, no one bore a sword whose thrust had been more deadly; and by his uncommon agility, as well as his science, he had hitherto escaped without a wound. He had opposed himself to Halliday, and a deep wound in the side admonished the youth in vain to fight with more caution. As he made another attempt, his foot slipt; but he lay not at the mercy of his enemy; for at that moment, a French sailor, from the shrouds of the Bon Homme, threw a hand-grenade, which, striking the blade of the borderer's sword, flashed on the deck, and kindling some eighteen-pound cartridges which lay strewn around, the explosion struck down a dozen of the combatants, and for a minute's space dismayed the rest.

This accident depriving Paul of the aid of several gallant men, he resolved to make his way back to his own ship;—all opposition failed before him,—he gained the deck,—and recommenced a destrctive fire on the Serapis, cutting down her defenders by means of his musketry, and assailing her masts with his double-headed shot. But in his turn he was doomed to experience a well aimed and fatal fire from the marksmen, led by Dalveen and Halliday, while his ship's mangled side was visited by another storm of eighteen-pounders. Nor was this all, the same movement was directed against himself which he had lately made against the Serapis; and a boarding-party, among whom Dalveen,

Halliday, and Pearson, were conspicuous, threw themselves so suddenly on deck, as if they had been discharged from an engine. It was now for Paul to do or die,—his men flocked to his side firm and devoted,—the Galwegian stretched his sword before him, while Garnott, inspired by the cool and intrepid countenance of his commander, stood firm, seconded by the young Frenchman, who, though wounded and bleeding, presented a sword, the thrust of which was still deadly. The attack, when led by such a fiery spirit as Dalveen, was fierce; and the contest rung from stem to stern of the ship;—few who fell were allowed to rise again; while over the head of the combatants the unremitting volleys of musketry from the shrouds kept fire, and smoke constantly flashing and rolling.

Lieutenant Lucas, ever foremost in the war of words, had been hitherto invisible to Paul, and had only appeared clothed in the livery of fear to the fierce Galwegian for a minute's space or so. It was alleged indeed afterwards, in his native land, that he was in a station of honour and danger below; and the slaughter on board the Serapis, and her final surrender, were claimed as his work by a meek American, who inherited his property and his modesty. Whatever was his employment, Lucas suddenly emerged from below, neither bleeding from wounds, nor smeared with the gunpowder-tokens of battle, but whole and fresh, with his cutlass drawn, and his face white with apprehension. It is believed that the gurgling of the water through the opening seams and the shot-holes at last smote upon his ear like the music of a death-dirge, and, dreading a sudden visit to the fish of the sea, he braved the bloody tumult of the deck. Two men, one struck through the body by a boarding-pike, and another pierced through the brain by a ball, dropt at the same instant at his feet, and sprinkled him with blood. He uttered a faint exclamation of horror, and, rushing forward, saw with alarm, that the ship's decks were possessed by the enemy. When he saw the faces of Pearson, Dalveen, and Halliday, smeared with powder and blood, and cutlasses striking, pikes pushing, and guns and pistols flashing, his heart died within him, and he hastened to,

his country's colours, and struck them in the place where they had been fastened by the hand of his commander.

A shout from the English announced to Paul this dastardly deed. A pistol was in his hand—it was cocked—his finger was on the trigger, and the muzzle was within arm's-length of its victim—a blithe native of Corrie-water—when he saw his colours sink. The hand of Lucas was just forsaking the staff, and he was opening his lips to proclaim what he had done, when he reeled where he stood—dropt heavily down—blood spouted from his nostrils—and with hands and feet he beat the deck for a minute's space, and died. The colours were in a moment raised, and Paul hurled his empty pistol in the face of one of Dalveen's marksmen, struck his cutlass through him, and calling on his men, charged the assailants with a fury and earnestness they had not experienced before.

It has been remarked, that the man who exposes himself most, and courts danger as if he scorned it, frequently attains his victory unhurt; nay, it has been observed by men of a less superstitious nature than myself, that a soldier—I ought to say, a hero—seems sometimes endowed with immortality; that he braves the bayonets, rides through the storm of balls unharmed, and though blood flows like water around him, and his bravest drop at his side, still he is there, without one drop of his blood drawn or his garments touched. The fury of his enemies, the treachery of Lucas, and the imminent peril of his situation, animated Paul; he fought with all the enthusiasm which contempt of death inspired, and with all the fury of one resolved on glory or the grave. Ten men's might seemed given to him; he uttered his well-known boarding-cry of "Paul! Paul!" with a voice which rung like a trumpet-call above the clamour of battle. Whoever he struck molested him no more; wherever he pointed his pistol, there a body dropt. Though blows were aimed at him on all sides—though discharges, from which it appeared there could be no escape, were poured in upon the place where he fought, still he fought like one invincible and invulnerable.

Dalveen saw, not with alarm—for no mortal danger ever awed a heart so dauntless as his—but with wonder and admiration, the activity and valour of Paul; his own blows, and they had hitherto been deadly, fell lighter as he looked. Then the thought came upon him that he had done him mortal injury, had driven him from his country in infamy, and insulted every feeling of domestic love and heroic honour; yet Paul had forborne to strike him when he could do so safely—and had even saved him from the pistol of his follower—something of ancient brotherhood revived in his heart; and such was the waywardness of his nature, that he half reproached himself for his present hostility; the edge was taken from his sword, and the deadly aim from his pistols. But though Dalveen withheld his hand from Paul, he had no desire to abandon his followers who were diminished to half their original number he directed them with a skill and a courage which revived, if it failed to restore, the fortune of the fight. Garnott, who fought among the foremost, retired with a serious wound; and Macgubb was compelled to acknowledge, by a blow which severed the iron lining of his hat, and made the blood trickle over his brow, that the young nobleman had the soul of his ancestors, and much of their strength.

The English, sorely pressed, their captain being wounded, and Halliday, who rescued him from instant death hurt also, were compelled to retreat. Pearson, with a silver call which hung at his neck, summoned his men to retire, and, overthrowing all who opposed them, they regained the deck of the Serapis, leaving many of their bravest dead behind them, and Dalveen with seven followers resisting the concentrated attack of a third of the crew. Of his seven men, three soon fell; and, stung to madness at the sight and by the retreat of his companions, his fierce and unyielding spirit was kindled up; but kindled too late for the safety of his men or for his own protection. Dappled over with blood, untouched with sword or bullet, and with two men by his side, he retired utterly regardless of aught save his enemies' annoyance, to the prow of the ship; where he slew several mariners, who pressed on him,

with the wish of making him captive. For some minutes it was the united labour of a dozen of Paul's bravest men to endeavour to seize him; but so thick rolled the smoke, and so eagar was their rush that the attempt of many was less dangerous than that of few; add to this, the fire which Halliday and his marksmen poured among them from the Serapis saved him for ever from the fury of half a dozen of the fiercest, and his own activity, which killed or maimed as many more.

Paul rushed on Dalveen with the resolution of closing the contest. Their brows grew gloomy as the smoky heaven above them; their eyes flashed, and their hands directed their blades with a skill and a strength which promised a long and a dubious combat. It was soon decided. Macgubb, fearful for the safety of his commander, snatched up a boarding pike, unconscious that its head had just been cut off by the young nobleman's sword, and, rushed forward, struck it under his belt, and suddenly exerting his great strength, pitched Dalveen headlong into the sea. Paul passed his hand over his brow, rushed to the head of the ship, and gazed eagerly down; but the smoke rolled so thick, and the cannon roared so loud, that he could neither see nor hear. Macgubb leaned over with him, and said, "God! I know not what to make of Dalveen and you,—I can tell you what I thought,—when I snatched up that broken loom, and ran forward, I had to look twice before I could tell the one from the other. Ye had baith the same dark doomsday brows,—the same savage eyes,—the same deadly activity of hand,—the same position of limb and planting of the body; the one was just the image of the other; I am scarce sure yet that I have pitched owre the right ane. Ye are nae sae like when yere weel pleased; but yere brethren, I'll be sworn, when the fit of blood-spilling's on ye. God! ye need nae look there for him; he swam away like a sheldrake,—he's fated to die on land,—the deil's aye gude to his ain,—his Lordship kent weel he couldna be slain on saut water, else he wadna hae fought as he did." Paul gazed on Macgubb,—muttered "Brethren!" and hastened to reanimate the battle.

Paul, though many of his men were slain, more

wounded, and though most of his guns were disabled and his ship sinking, seemed alone cheered by hope and placed above despair. His small arms still poured a close fire upon the decks of the Serapis; his cannon, though few, were well served, and well aimed, and, whilst the Vengeance made her periodical appearance a-head, and opened her straggling fire, a lucky shot, directed by the hand of Paul himself, struck the main-mast of the Serapis. The wounded mast stood upright for a moment, then it tottered, and, snapping suddenly in two, the lofty ruin with all its sails descended, making the waters flash, and precipitating ten of the seamen into the sea. The English, their ship maimed and unmanageable, half their number slain and wounded, their decks running with blood, and an enemy on each side, heard with dismay the dash of the main-mast in the water; and Paul, in this moment of consternation, throwing himself upon their decks with many of his bravest men, the colours of England were lowered, and Pearson yielded up his sword to the victor.

The Americans now flocked on board, quickened by joy before and by terror behind: and they were not conquerors a minute too soon. They removed their wounded, and proceeded to secure their prisoners. Their own ship was in a perilous state—her rudder was shot away—the stern-frame and transoms cut to pieces—the timbers between the stern and the main-mast smashed, as Macgubb declared, into skuttle-pins—the waters were overpowering their pumps, and their decks were soaked in blood. Paul was standing by the side of Pearson, when the Bon Homme slipped slowly downwards for the space of half a minute or more, and then descended like lead. An agitated whirl of the water and stifled shrieks were heard. Paul sprung forward, and all that he beheld on the spot where his ship had fought and conquered was the boiling element, and the foam stained with blood. Pearson gazed on the vacant space, looked on his colours, over which those of the American now floated, and sighed and went below.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.